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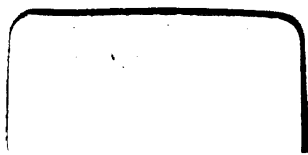
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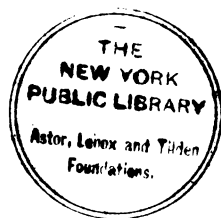
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★ Publishers Weekly.

25 Nov. 1905

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JAMES HARVEY TUTTLE, D.D.

REV. JAMES
HARVEY TUTTLE, D.D.

A Memoir

BY

MARION DANIEL SOUTHER

Minister of the Church of the Messiah, Minneapolis



BOSTON
UNIVERSALIST PUBLISHING HOUSE
1905



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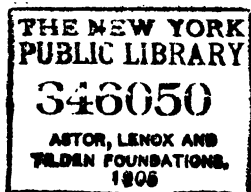
Minister of the Church of the Redeemer, Minneapolis



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TO

GEORGE MONTGOMERY TUTTLE

"The true, faithful minister has rewards as rich as his position is difficult. Outside of the family, there is no relation more tender, more beautiful, more sure of sweet and lasting friendship than that between the pastor and his congregation. When he has succeeded in showing himself approved of God, and has justly earned the full confidence of his people, the blessings of Heaven are sure to fall in copious showers upon his life, however thickly set with care it may be, and the loving ones who gather about and cheer him in his earthly work, will serve as an earnest of the voice he will one day hear on the other side of the grave, saying unto him, 'Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

REV. JAMES H. TUTTLE, D.D., at the Ordination
of E. W. Pierce, Owatonna, Minn.

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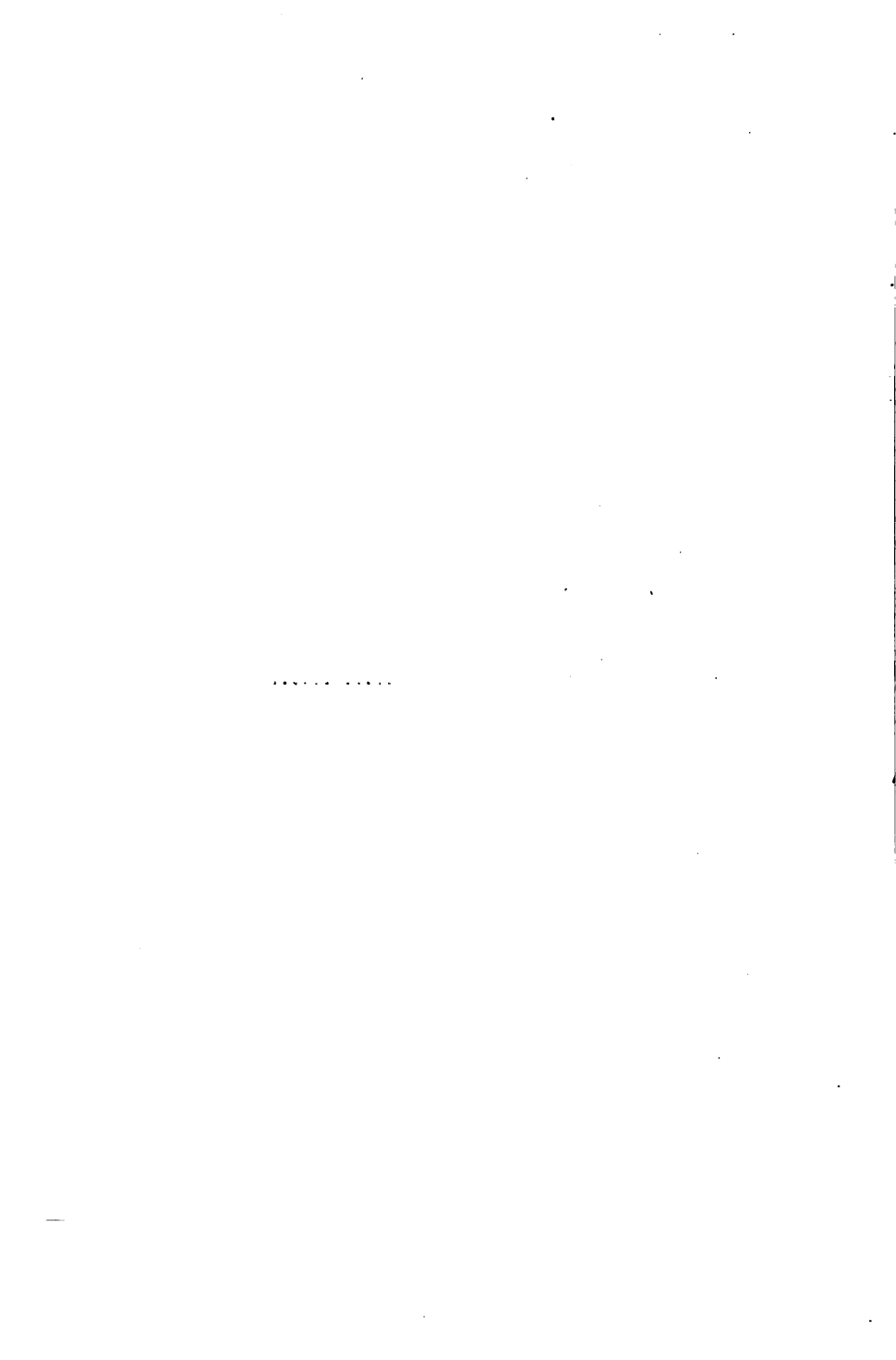
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PREFACE

AT the completion of his twenty-fifth year as pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, Dr. Tuttle published a book entitled, *The Field and the Fruit*, containing a historical account of the Church and twelve selected sermons. While the writer of the present volume has sometimes referred to the history, his illustrations of the style and thought of Dr. Tuttle have been drawn from other sources; not from those twelve sermons. He did not wish to repeat what is already in possession of many of his readers or easily accessible. So he has gathered, from scrap-books, files of old newspapers, and pamphlets now out of print, extracts from sermons, addresses and other articles, which he has used to show Dr. Tuttle's literary style — always graceful, often illuminated by poetic imagery and gentle humor. Especially has the writer employed for the closing chapters, materials from the Doctor's remarkable private letters to friends, after the public work was done and the tongue could no longer utter the promptings of the heart. These are published because they reveal the man — his inner life, his interests, his patience under physical limi-

tations, his last messages to those he loved. No pictures of his closing years could be more beautiful than these which — all unconsciously — he sketched with his own trembling hand. The author of this book wishes to acknowledge his indebtedness to all who have so kindly placed at his disposal the sources of information — Church Records, Memorial Addresses, Private Letters, and Personal Recollections — from which the following pages have been drawn. It should be explained, perhaps, as the Introduction is dated from "Loafden," that the work of gathering the materials was done in Dr. Tuttle's cottage, during the summer of 1904, and there the first draft of this memoir was written.

INTRODUCTION

THE task of compiling and writing these pages has been a labor of love. I was associated with Dr. Tuttle and his work for about seventeen years. It was a line he wrote me when I separated from the Baptist Church, that led to my finally becoming his assistant in the Church of the Redeemer — thus deciding the bent and aim of my efforts from the day when the doors of the old church closed behind me, until now.

Through all these years I have known him intimately, and have loved him with an affection that grew deeper and deeper to the day when he fell asleep. A more unselfish soul never blossomed out of the Eternal Love to bless the world. When he began to lay aside the burdens of his ministry upon my shoulders, he used to say, "I know that I must decrease and you must increase. I would not have it otherwise." He was anxious that his friends should be my friends; that his supporters in the Society should be mine; that the great work he had begun and developed should go successfully on. How much he did to smooth my pathway during those first years in my new

relationship! We had differences of opinion and of method. These we used to discuss frankly and freely. There was no hedging or trimming. There were consequently no misunderstandings. When we could not agree in our opinions, we agreed in our differences. In practical plans of usefulness, I deferred to his larger experience and to his more intimate knowledge of conditions and people. The event, in most instances, showed him to be right.

I was with him in his sorrows and tried to comfort him in his bereavements. I knew his momentary despondency, his deep and unshaken faith; the sympathies that were wide as human needs, the aspirations that were high as heaven. I saw him complete his quarter of a century's service with the people he loved and who loved him; and then I saw him, declining to rest upon the laurels of those years, go down among a struggling handful of people, put something of his own spirit and enthusiasm into them, and stay with them until he had built another temple, into whose cornerstone their gratitude carved his name. He meant to have done the same thing for another society; but a sudden stroke fell upon him, and that kind of work was ended. I saw him rally his energies for a different struggle, and so far conquer that he reëntered the circle of his friends, enjoyed the delights of travel, and set about turning an unpromising tract of land upon the Lake into a gar-

den. The stroke was repeated, and the voice that had charmed and instructed thousands became strangely inarticulate. But his plans went on. In rain and sunshine he superintended and directed the work upon his place at the Lake, turning a swamp and wilderness into a thing of beauty. But he was still and above all a minister and messenger of God, and even when his lips could not perform their complete office any longer, his pen wrote messages of cheer and comfort.

When I knew that I should write this sketch of my beloved friend and pastor, I wanted to come to this spot which he beautified, and where I have spent so many precious hours in his company. It seemed fitting that if I was to write of him, I should do it here. I felt that I should get my inspiration from these scenes that blossom with so many tender and fragrant associations. One year ago, for the last time, we walked these paths together. It would not seem strange if his form should reappear — if one should see him where he sat among the trees, or standing upon the rustic bridge to watch the stream that flowed beneath, or gazing with all the delight of a child upon the lilies in the water-garden. And who knows but that his presence invisible hovers over this scene to-day? At any rate, here it is that my work has been done — how feebly and inadequately I know full well; but better than I could have done it

anywhere else. I now read the pages over, and feel the injustice they do by falling short. The description seems cold and lifeless, compared with the reality I knew and which has stamped its image so deeply upon my heart. I only know I loved him, and out of that love I have written; and I am sure that the charity which forgave so many of my shortcomings and blunders here, will not fail me in that higher life to which he has risen.

Marion D. Shutter

LOAFDEN, LAKE MINNETONKA,

August, 1904

JAMES H. TUTTLE

CHAPTER I

THE EARLY LIFE AND OPENING MINISTRY

Ancestry — Childhood, Youth, Call to the Ministry — First Sermon — License to Preach — Richfield Springs, Ordination — Fulton, Marriage, Persecutions, Triumphs.

THIS is a biographical sketch of one who cared to be known only as a Christian minister; who felt that there was no calling more high and holy, no title more honorable. Such a sketch is not easy to write. Vast as the influence of its subject may have been, there is usually little of outward incident, less that is in any way striking or spectacular. It is easy to trace the career of one who has builded in the outward and material. The bridge, the railroad, the warehouse — these can be seen. The work of the statesman can be fairly measured. The treaty he has concluded, the policy he has inaugurated, the bill with which his name is identified — these may be pointed out. But of the life of a Christian minister one can speak, at best, in vague and general terms. His biographer may tell of the ideas that he proclaimed,

or of a church that was builded during his ministry; but, after all, his work is so largely an influence that touches individual hearts, that its complete record is on high, and will be unfolded only in the day when we shall see "eye to eye and face to face."

ANCESTRY

James Harvey Tuttle was born at Salisbury, Herkimer County, New York, July 27, 1824. His father was Ransom Tuttle, a farmer well known throughout all that region for his integrity and sterling worth. His mother was Ethena Ellis. He was one of a family of eleven children, all but one of whom grew up to manhood and womanhood. William died in 1828, at the age of eleven. On the father's side, the family are direct descendants of William and Elizabeth Tuttle who came over from Gravesend to Boston on the "Planter," in 1635, and subsequently removed to New Haven. The "homestead" which William Tuttle purchased of Joshua Atwater was sold, in 1717, to the trustees of Yale College, who immediately began the erection upon it of the first college building. The oldest buildings of the institution still stand upon this plot of ground, which was the only land owned by the college for nearly thirty years. It is worthy of note that over four hundred descendants of William Tuttle have graduated at

Yale. A pleasant story of this ancestor has been preserved. While serving as constable, in 1864, a young girl was charged with pilfering from her master and from others, among other things some liquors. She tried to implicate Mercy Tuttle (the young daughter of the constable) in the crime, by saying that Mercy met her at Goodman Thorpe's and drank some of the liquor. The child denied the charge and it was proved false. The girl's crime was therefore aggravated by falsehood. Before sentence was pronounced, William Tuttle, having liberty to speak, arose and addressed the court, and said, "the young girl's sin was very great, yet he did much pity her, and he hoped the court would deal leniently with her and put her in some pious family where she could enjoy the means of grace for her soul's good." The court, in consideration of this appeal, said that "her punishment should be as light as comported with a proper sense of the heinousness of her sin," and so sentenced her "to be publicly and severely whipped to-morrow after lecture." The descendant of William Tuttle who relates this incident says: "It is a gratification to find that our ancestor's ideas about the public whipping-post as a means of grace or as an instrumentality for the reformation of young girls, were somewhat in advance of his time."¹ The "quality

¹ *The Tuttle Family*, by Geo. Frederick Tuttle, published by Tuttle and Company, Rutland, Vt., 1888.

of mercy" and sympathy in the nature of William Tuttle seems to have been transmitted through the generations to the subject of this sketch.

EARLY LIFE

The childhood and youth of James Tuttle were passed much as the childhood and youth of other farmers' boys. He worked upon the farm in summer and attended the district school in winter. He was a diligent student, and soon became competent to teach a district school himself. He spent more than a year in the Fairfield Academy and two years at the Clinton Liberal Institute. Plans were formed for attending Harvard University, but they were never carried out. But from his youth down to the day of his death, James Tuttle was a most faithful and painstaking student. Few men were better informed than he. His active mind searched every department of knowledge. He was familiar with church history and doctrine; he was acquainted with the developments of modern science; he was a lover of all that was best in literature. In the completest sense of the phrase, he was an educated man.

Religiously, James Tuttle was brought up a Baptist;¹ but when quite young he changed his

¹ Dr. Atwood, to whom the writer is indebted for much of the material in this chapter, says: "In Herkimer County I have visited Dr. Tuttle's sister and have often talked with per-

religious views and became a Universalist. A note of this event is found in the *Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate*, published for many years at Utica, N. Y., to the effect that "a young man named James H. Tuttle, living at or near Salisbury Center, Herkimer Co., New York, had become a Universalist, and had been encouraged to 'testify' in the Universalist Church at Salisbury, of which the Rev. P. Hathaway was at that time minister." He thought his own way from the old faith to the new; and his perfect honesty of purpose is attested by the fact that he could not have done a more unpopular thing; for, at that time, the sect of Universalists was "everywhere spoken against." In many places their meetings were broken up and their preachers mobbed. The grossest opinions were attributed to them. They were thought to be dangerous to society. The fact that they hoped for heaven at last for every soul, was interpreted to mean license to turn this world into a hell of passion and crime. One who trusted that others might not be damned, was set down as doomed to

sons who knew him and knew of him in boyhood. He had a consistent, clean, and fine reputation from the first. His people were Baptists, and he himself united with that church at a comparatively early age. I have been shown the stream and spot where he was 'buried in baptism.' I remember telling 'my boys' in the Canton Theological School, on my return, what I had seen, and saying I was minded to take them all down to Herkimer County and try the effect of submerging them in the same waters."

damnation himself. If James Tuttle had been seeking popularity or striving to attain selfish ends, he would have gone leagues away from Universalism. Only persons of deep convictions and heroic mold had courage to enter its alien gates.

Soon after this change took place, he decided to enter the ministry. In the enthusiasm of his new-found views of God and of human destiny, he wished to tell the story to the world. He preached his first sermon at Ingham's Mills, four miles east of Little Falls, when he was but eighteen years of age. From the very first, he gave promise of usefulness and power. With utter self-abandonment, he proclaimed the Eternal Goodness. Boy though he was, his rural congregation listened with wonder and tears. It seemed as if they had never before heard the message with such earnestness and sincerity; and when the sermon at Ingham's Mills was finished that far-off Sunday morning, it was felt that a new force had been born into the ranks of the despised sect, and many "thanked God and took courage."

No doubt his determination to become a minister was emphasized by an incident of his early childhood, which left a lasting impression upon his mind. When very young, not more than three years old, he wandered away from his home and was lost among the hills and woods. So soon as missed, search was made for him in every direction,

but he could not be found. Night came on, with what anxieties, apprehensions, terrors, may be imagined. Long after the shadows had fallen, the search was kept up, with lanterns and torches, with ringing of bells and blowing of horns, and shout of troubled voices, but without avail. All the while the hearts of the searchers were growing chill with the thought that he must be dead. In the morning, however, the little fellow was found fast asleep in a distant wood where he had passed the night. How he came there neither he nor any one else could tell. This incident assumed in his mind, as he grew up, the aspect of direct providential care that fitted in with his new views of the divine love. He felt that, in his own life, he had evidence of the Fatherhood of God, and that he had been preserved for a purpose. But whatever the considerations that influenced him to the choice of his life-work, he writes when reviewing his career: "I can sincerely say that I never for a single hour, if for a moment, regretted that I chose the ministry for my profession and the Universalist Church for my field of work."

RICHFIELD SPRINGS

The young preacher of Ingham's Mills was soon heard from in the surrounding country. He preached at Ford's Bush and at Little Falls, where a society was organized about this time, and at

other points in the neighborhood. It was not long before he was formally licensed; in June, 1843, before he was quite nineteen, he was received into the fellowship of the Mohawk River Association. In December of this same year, we find him engaged as "pastor elect" at Richfield Springs; and a notice appears in the *Magazine and Advocate* for December 8, and is repeated in several subsequent issues, that, "The Third Conference of the Otsego Association will be held in Richfield Springs on the second Wednesday and Thursday (10th and 11th) of January, 1844. During the meeting Br. J. H. Tuttle will be ordained. Sermon by Br. P. Hathaway of Salisbury. It is expected that our venerable Br. Stacey will be present." The Rev. W. G. Anderson reports this Conference in the issue of the *Magazine and Advocate* for January 26, 1844. He observes, "It is no exaggeration to say a more joyful and happy meeting of Universalists never took place." Further on is this record: "On Thursday (Jan. 11th) Br. James H. Tuttle was ordained to the work of the Christian ministry, by request of the Society at Richfield Springs. Br. Whiston was appointed moderator of the Council and Br. H. Lyon, scribe. After receiving the most unquestionable testimonials of Br. Tuttle's good character and ability to preach the Gospel, it was unanimously resolved by the Council to grant the request of the Society. The services were per-

formed in the most solemn and impressive manner, in the following order :

"1. Reading of the Scriptures, Br. H. Van Campen. 2. Hymn. 3. Reading select Scriptures by Br. C. M. Patterson. 4. Prayer by Br. H. Lyon. 5. Hymn. 6. Sermon by Br. P. Hathaway, from the words, 'Now hath he obtained a more excellent ministry, by how much also is he the mediator of a better covenant, which was established on better promises.' Heb. viii, 6. 7. Ordaining Prayer, by Br. W. G. Anderson. 8. Charge and Delivery of the Scriptures, by Father N. Stacey. 9. Right Hand of Fellowship, by E. M. Woolley. 10. Original Hymn. 11. Closing address by Br. E. M. Woolley. 12. Benediction by the Pastor."

In June, 1845, he was made clerk of the session of the Otsego Association, which met at Ford's Bush. The Council authorized him to prepare and publish the minutes "and to accompany them with such Remarks as he may deem proper." It was a custom of the time to follow the official minutes with "Remarks" on the spirit of the meetings, the character of the proceedings, the quality of the sermons, and other matters requiring tact and judgment; and the fact that young Tuttle, not yet twenty-one, was entrusted by his brethren with such a duty is indication of their confidence in his ability and good sense.

For about three years he remained pastor at

Richfield Springs. One who was familiar with the circumstances and the people, testifies that, "The trait of taking hold of the whole community and becoming everybody's minister, which was so marked in his more famous pastorates, distinguished him in that earlier time of testing."

FULTON

The next pastorate of Mr. Tuttle was at Fulton, Oswego County. Although he encountered, in this new field, some of the persecution which so generally fell to the lot of his denomination, he had "overflowing congregations and the largest Sunday-school in the town; while the wide and sincere human sympathies and the almost unerring wisdom of his counsels and his deportment, which marked him throughout life, made a lasting impression in those days of his youth." He was married, in 1848, to Harriet Merriman, who proved his true and faithful helper till the time of her death, 1873. They had two sons: James C., born in Fulton, and George Montgomery, born in Rochester.

Some interesting reminiscences of the Fulton pastorate are furnished by Mr. John J. Stephens, now of Washington, D. C.

I was about a dozen years old at that time (1849), and previous to his (Mr. Tuttle's) marriage, he was fre-

EARLY LIFE AND OPENING MINISTRY 11

quently at my father's house for days or weeks at a time. He was very affectionate and sympathetic, and a good singer. His favorite song was Byron's "Here's a health to thee, Tom Moore," and a hymn he often quoted and sang was one of Watts, containing the lines,

"Thus far the Lord hath led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days."

He took great interest in educational affairs, particularly in Clinton Liberal Institute, and often accompanied students to that school to assist them in getting comfortably established. His courtesy and kindness to all were unvarying; he was greatly beloved; a graceful and persuasive speaker, and his society prospered. Though a pronounced Universalist, he desired and pleaded for the establishment on earth of a church broad enough for all. The orthodox portion of the community was divided into various sects and united only in a determination to limit Mr. Tuttle's popularity and the spread of Universalism. As nothing but praise could be spoken of him personally, they assailed Universalism in various ways. For instance, a tract, entitled *Universalism as it is*, was freely distributed in the village, and left on the counter of a Methodist bookseller for further circulation. Its general tenor was that "a Universalist might lead a sinful life, yet at death would at once enter into eternal happiness." Mr. Tuttle picked up a copy of this in the book-store, and asked the proprietor pleasantly if the circulation of such literature were a congenial occupation. The man made a shame-faced apology. Soon after, Mr. Tuttle announced in the papers that he would refer to the tract. I remember the calm and dignified way in which he compared each tenet of his church with the statements of the tract,

and in closing said, "This tract and all the thoughts it engendered are now laid aside to moulder in the dust of forgetfulness." Somewhat later, a far more disgraceful event occurred. Late on a bright moonlight night, a young man discovered the Universalist church on fire. A large box had been placed in front of the basement door, so that the flames might gain headway without being seen. Suspicion fell upon a certain zealous bigot, who, being publicly confronted with the charge, left town and never returned. . . . When Mr. and Mrs. Tuttle went to housekeeping, I had the honor of being the only guest at the first dinner they took in their own home. My father had sent me to them with a load of potatoes, and arriving just as they were sitting down to dinner, they cordially invited me to partake, which I was quite ready to do.

These reminiscences of Mr. Stephens give us a picture of Mr. Tuttle's life, his difficulties, and his successes during this early period of his ministry. Fortunately, he lived long enough to see the name he had assumed when it was in the eyes of the world a badge of dishonor, everywhere respected; the opinions for which it stood, permeating the thought of Christendom. He lived long enough to know that the feelings of disappointment in his relatives and early friends over what they deemed his apostacy, had been modified by his long career of devotion to God and helpfulness to the world, by his Christian character and example. Long after he had passed the meridian and was facing the sunset, he wrote: "I left the

New York Central Railroad at Little Falls and went north to the Herkimer County hills, near my birth-place, to visit relatives, among them two sisters, one eighty-three and the other eighty-one years of age. We sat together three days and talked and lived our lives over again. Conscious of our nearness to it, our conversation reached out to the great future also. My sisters are, and have been, for considerably more than half a century, members of the Baptist church, but our theological differences, whatever they may have been, really were scarcely perceptible in what we had to say in regard to the love of God, to salvation through Christ, and to the faith in a final reunion with our dear ones beyond the grave. We hoped much and dogmatized little. As the spots on the sun are buried in its light, my sisters' doubts, if they had any—and it is presumed they had some serious ones—appeared to be buried in their assurance of divine goodness. The doctrine of endless misery . . . is not so baneful as it was, does not attempt to terrify the larger belief, nor to excommunicate its deniers as it did once. It has almost ceased to divide families, when parents and children, brothers and sisters come together from their separate homes to blend their religious conversation and religious trusts; it consents, in most instances, to sit at one side and look on, without interrupting the happiness that the grow-

ing faith has brought there. The following Sunday morning I spent in the pulpit with Bro. Tomlinson at Little Falls, N. Y. I felt at home here, for the large audience was an old acquaintance chiefly, and there was a large sprinkling of my own kindred in it."

CHAPTER II

ROCHESTER: THE LARGER OPPORTUNITY

Founding of the Church — George W. Montgomery — The Call to Rochester — The New Pastor and the Retiring One — Theological Controversies — Reform Movements — An Important Meeting — Sermons on "Human Life" — Birth of Younger Son, the Wife and Mother, Close of Pastorate — After Many Days.

A RECENTLY published sketch of the First Universalist Church of Rochester, New York, says: "Previous to the coming to Rochester of George W. Montgomery in 1845, but little was known here of Universalism. There had been a church at the corner of Court and Stone streets, supplied by L. P. Abell, George Sanderson, and Jacob Chase." This movement, however, does not seem to have been permanent; but, after all, it was the beginning. Dr. Saxe says: "It was there that our Sunday-school, which for more than forty years has been our right arm, was born. Under the leadership of George H. Roberts, its first superintendent, it survived the disintegration of the church from whose loins it sprang, and bridging the interregnum, became the nucleus of a new movement, of which our present organization was the result."

GEORGE W. MONTGOMERY

With the coming of Dr. Montgomery, in the year above mentioned, services were opened in Minerva Hall, and April 13, 1846, a society was organized in this hall, with fifty-six members. Then came the effort to build a house of worship. It was so successful that, by the close of the following December, one was completed and dedicated free of debt. It was built upon the site occupied by the larger and grander structure of to-day. The total cost was \$9,514.17. Dr. Montgomery preached the dedicatory sermon, and there were special services immediately following, where such men as S. R. Smith, J. M. Austin, Adolphus Skinner, and Thomas J. Sawyer preached. "There were giants in the earth in those days." The pastorate of Dr. Montgomery continued eight years, when he began to have intimations that he must soon retire. The people must begin to look for another pastor. But where should they turn, and how were they to fill the place of the superb preacher whose broken health was laying him aside in the very prime of his powers?

The young minister at Fulton did not dream that the finger of destiny was pointing in his direction. Little did he realize that he was standing on the threshold of his splendid career, and that his first great opportunity was at hand. He had

heard and read of Dr. Montgomery and had looked up to him as an almost superior being. Many years afterwards he wrote: "I fell deeply in love with it (the name of Dr. Montgomery), when I was but a lad and saw it frequently on the pages of the Universalist paper, *Evangelical Magazine and Gospel Advocate*, long before I had seen the man himself. How imposing, how attractive the name was to me, and how suggestive, I thought, of a great and noble character. Whenever I saw this name standing at the head of a sermon or briefer article, I was sure to read what followed and with unusual interest. . . . It happened after a time that I was ordained into the brotherhood of Universalist ministers, and that my name appeared occasionally in the above magazine in humble contrast with the one mentioned; but it was yet many years before my curiosity was gratified in meeting Rev. George W. Montgomery. Finally, being in Rochester on denominational business, I called at his residence and had a good look at him. . . . I was captivated by his manner, I felt at home in his presence, and proud to be his guest." This was the beginning of an acquaintance that ripened into a friendship destined to last until Dr. Montgomery, in his eighty-fifth year, "put on immortality."

THE CALL TO ROCHESTER

James Tuttle was called to Rochester in 1853, and began his work January 1, 1854. An entry in the diary of his predecessor reads as follows: "Jan. 1st, 1854. Bro. Tuttle commenced services to-day. Very large congregations."

The intimation that he would receive this call was first conveyed to him by Dr. Montgomery himself. "Meeting me one day at one of our religious gatherings in the state, he conveyed to me confidentially his intentions to terminate his pastoral relations with the church, and added, to my inexpressible surprise, that he had thought of me as his successor. This last statement nearly took away my breath. The idea, let me say frankly and sincerely, of being invited to a pulpit which had been occupied by Rev. George W. Montgomery, never entered into my most extravagant dreams. And when the thing was mentioned, I felt that its realization would prove impossible. After I had accepted the call, different persons expressed to me their wonder that I dared to attempt to follow in the pastorate of so eloquent and so popular a man as George W. Montgomery; and the only answer I could make was that the best pastor was, after all, the best one to follow; that having loved the one who had gone before me, the people would be more likely to welcome and

love me, if I conducted myself in such a way as to deserve it."

So James H. Tuttle came to Rochester, and came at what the people believed to be a great crisis in their history. Discouragement—almost despair—had fallen upon them. It was difficult, under the best of circumstances in that day, to maintain a Universalist Church. With much toil and sacrifice, under so competent a leader as Dr. Montgomery, had they builded their house and gained their hearing. His retirement meant disaster. "Looking back through all those years," says Dr. Saxe, "it is difficult for us to realize the weight of the blow that fell, or the appalling discouragement which resulted to the faithful band who recognized him as the soul and center. They did not feel that any other man could take his place. . . . But the man and the hour met. James Tuttle was a rare man, made for the place and preëminently fitted to fill it. He supplemented his predecessor as few men could. He was the beloved John, succeeding the zealous and eloquent Peter. His soul was gospel-leavened and baptized with the Holy Spirit. His face was sunlit. His speech was silver. He was absolutely the ideal pastor. In the sick-room and beside the coffined dead, he was simply perfect. He entered the darkened home with tears, but he brought the higher sunshine. His great love and faith made

his message jubilant. It was always a Christmas song, 'Behold, I bring you glad tidings; glory to God in the highest!' The people were happy — the old pastor supremely so — when he saw the Church of his love . . . in such good hands. It is possible if he had not come, that to-day we should have no Church. It is absolutely certain we would have had a different and less desirable one, had he not come to it in the hour of need."¹

The new pastor saved the day for the Rochester church, and continued to lead it in the pathway already marked out. He soon gained the confidence and love of the people. The cloud that had settled about their enterprise was lifted and the sun of prosperity continued to shine. The diary of Dr. Montgomery, to which reference has already been made, contains many interesting entries which show how Mr. Tuttle grew in the esteem of the community and the affections of the parish. The writer is permitted to glean a few of these entries:

Jan. 15, 1854. — Bro. Tuttle, I am told, had large congregations. That makes me happy, for I am anxious he should succeed.

Jan. 18. — Called with Bro. Tuttle on several families to make him acquainted with them; he is doing a good work.

Feb. 5. — Heard an excellent sermon from Bro. Tuttle.

¹Address at Tuttle Memorial Service, Rochester, N. Y., Dec. 20, 1908.

It was full of good thoughts and well delivered. Congregations large. Bro. Tuttle is doing well.

June 18. — Subject, "Slothfulness." Excellent sermon; have not heard a poor sermon from Bro. Tuttle.

Nov. 19. — Subject, A. M. "True Wisdom," P. M. "Fear and Love." Excellent sermons and well delivered. Bro. Tuttle is truly a Christian minister, one worthy of all regard.

Oct. 14, 1855. — "Universalism and God's Kingdom." Bro. Tuttle is an able minister and a good man; pleasant, sociable, and honest; he enjoys the esteem of the whole community.

Dec. 23. — Bro. Tuttle is gradually and surely gaining ground, and enlarging the Society.

Dec. 30. — Bro. Tuttle is improving as a thinker and speaker; he is a very able man.

These scattered sentences, gathered from records extending over two years, show how Mr. Tuttle continued to grow in "wisdom," if not in "stature," and in "favor with God and man."

THE NEW PASTOR AND THE RETIRING ONE

The spirit of Mr. Tuttle was shown, at the very outset, in his attitude towards the noble man he succeeded. "We worked together," he says, "so constantly and so harmoniously, and Bro. Montgomery preached so frequently, that the congregation hardly seemed to know or care which of us was the real pastor. When, at first, the young people went naturally to him for marriage ceremonies, he refused, saying kindly and decidedly that such services now belonged to me. This was

our first hitch. But we disposed of it easily. I said to him, 'Marry all who want you to marry them, until I, by imitating your example, can make this people love me so much, as to wish me to officiate on such occasions.' So I clasped his hand, and he clasped mine. In true, warm, grateful feelings we clasp hands to-night, at the end of thirty years of unbroken friendship."¹ The diaries of the ex-pastor show his own feelings, and he has left this word of direct testimony: "During those years of intimate association, a friendship linked our hearts together with a bond so strong that my eighty-one years have not weakened or dimmed it." Why should it not have been so? These were not ordinary men. They were not moved by petty and selfish ambitions. They were glad, each one, for the honors bestowed on the other. They had but one object — the establishment of the Kingdom of Heaven, through the upbuilding of its visible symbol, the Christian Church.

THEOLOGICAL DISCUSSIONS

While all went well within the society, while its numbers grew and its influence widened; while the pastor retired and the pastor active "took sweet counsel together" — there were difficulties to be met and obstacles to be surmounted. The days of

¹ At the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Dr. Saxe's pastorate, Rochester, N.Y.

Mr. Tuttle's ministry in Rochester, as well as in his previous pastorates, were days of intense and bitter controversy. Universalists—as the writer has already intimated—were looked upon as the enemies of Christ and of his gospel. They were socially, as well as religiously, ostracised. It was believed that their principles were subversive of common morality, and that, if generally adopted, they would disrupt society. Strange that the preaching of divine love should have only served to stir up human wrath! But so it was. The struggling church in Rochester had all orthodoxy against it, and its pastor was assailed by the sturdiest champions of endless torment. Among them were Charles G. Finney, when he held his great revivals in Rochester. Finney was one of the ablest men and most convincing preachers of his day. No man has used logic with such effect in the pulpit—logic set on fire by a deep and steady earnestness. It is said that more lawyers were converted under his ministry than under that of any other evangelist. This Goliath set himself the task of crushing out the Universalist doctrine of God and destiny. The young David in the Rochester pulpit did not shrink from the encounter. One of his contemporaries has recorded: “When his faith was assailed, as it was by Rev. Charles G. Finney of Oberlin, and afterwards by Rev. Mr. Watts of the Methodist denomination, in sermons

preached in this city, evincing a bitter spirit along the lines of the old and worn-out objections against God-given truth, Bro. Tuttle was more than equal to the occasion. His replies were so cogent, his proofs so clear and conclusive, presented in such a genuine Christian spirit, that it was the opinion of thinking people that Bro. Tuttle was the victor in the discussion."

REFORM MOVEMENTS

But theological questions were not the only ones that filled the air while Mr. Tuttle was pastor at Rochester. These were the years just preceding the Civil War. The city in which he lived was a center of agitation for the abolition of slavery and for other reforms. Here came Frederick Douglass to fix his home after his return from Europe, and here he started his paper in which, differing from many of his co-laborers, he advocated the use of the ballot by Abolitionists. Here dwelt Miss Susan B. Anthony, one of the great leaders in the work of temperance, both in lecturing and in organizing societies. She was also one of the pioneers in her plea for co-education and for equal civil and political rights for woman. She was active in securing the passage of a law by the New York legislature, giving to married women the possession of their earnings and the guardianship of their children. Frederick Douglass, while prominent as the great

champion of the slave, was deeply in sympathy with the work of Miss Anthony and aided it with voice and pen ; while she, upon the other hand, advocate by preëminence of the rights of woman, pleaded also the negro's cause. The interests of humanity are one, and no arbitrary lines can divide them. By nature, a believer in liberty and equality, with broad sympathies and keen sense of justice, Mr. Tuttle was drawn to these great leaders ; sometimes appeared with them on the platforms from which they spoke ; and, on all fitting occasions, advocated the principles for which they stood. The writer has heard him relate how an antislavery meeting, held in his own church, at which both Mr. Douglass and Miss Anthony were to speak, was broken up by a mob which surrounded the building and threatened violence. It was in Rochester and under these influences, that Mr. Tuttle reached the conclusion upon which he ever afterwards acted, that Christianity has a social as well as an individual significance, and that its principles are to be applied to the great questions and issues of the day. So he never shrank from applying them to the life of the community and the nation. It was in one of his Rochester sermons that he said : "Democracy is a truth because it is social — because it does not cut humanity up into parts — because it acknowledges that all men are created equal, with equal rights and equal destinies. Christianity

is a truth because it has a Universal Father, a Universal Hope, and a Universal Heaven; because it runs no gulf stream through the sea of life, dividing it into halves; because it opens its arms to all the souls which God has made." It was in Rochester he learned the lessons which impelled him to say:

Universalists are generally interested in most of the rational reforms — whether moral, social, political, or educational. My impression is, that, among the first, if not the very first, public religious bodies in this country, which passed antislavery resolutions, and temperance resolutions, were Universalists. As a body, the Universalist Church stands squarely, and firmly, and everlastingly against rum-selling and rum-drinking, and its earnest prayer is that intemperance may, in some effective manner, be driven off the face of the earth. In regard to the late movement to improve the condition of woman, especially to free her from unjust legislation, and place within her reach all the resources open to man, there is yet some disagreement among us, but those who have this cause at heart will be glad to know that several of our pulpits are now occupied by women, that all our colleges, but one, are equally accessible to both sexes, and that one of the most noted woman-lecturers¹ is a distinguished Universalist.

AN IMPORTANT MEETING

At Rochester, as everywhere else, Mr. Tuttle was the friend and counselor of many outside, as well as inside, of his own particular parish. One

¹Mrs. Mary A. Livermore.

day there came to his study a much younger man than himself, who was settled over a church not far from Rochester, but who felt at the time no special attachment to the work and who was undecided as to whether he should continue. That meeting was destined to influence, not only the young caller himself, but the whole denomination. It was a pivot of destiny. Any one can realize how much poorer the Universalist Church would be, were the life and work of Isaac M. Atwood taken out of it; or rather, if his life and work had never been put into it. And Isaac M. Atwood was the young man whose career was that day settled in the study of the Rochester pastor. He says: "It was here that I first met him and conferred with him as to my own undetermined course. At his Twenty-fifth Anniversary celebration in Minneapolis, he referred to our first meeting, and said he wished he could believe that his counsel had had something to do with determining my choice of a life work. It is a contribution to the truth of history to say that his words on the occasion of our first meeting, joined with the gracious impression of his personality, the atmosphere of his home, the evident joy he had in his work, the large horizon the interview opened to me, and the subtle lure I felt to be associated with such a man, had much to do with my coming to a decision to enter the same rank and follow the same flag."

“LIFE: PRESENT AND FUTURE”

Towards the close of his ministry in Rochester, Mr. Tuttle published a small volume of discourses entitled, *Life: Present and Future*. These discourses are valuable, not only for the truth they contain, but for the light they throw upon his style and method of preaching. One recognizes here the same large human sympathies, the same felicity of phrase and illustration, which characterize his more mature work. Following are a few paragraphs taken almost at random:

The world was not made for the selfish and sinful. There is no place of rest, no circle of happiness, no path of flowers, no refuge from trouble for those who will not act a noble, manly part; who will not go earnestly into the world, accept the duties, obey the laws, wherever his nature or his God shall call him.

After all our regrets over these stormy conflicts and jarring interests of life, such things help to strengthen and develop our manhood. As frost ripens fruit, so does trouble ripen thought. The very waves which toss us about and threaten to wreck our bark, carry us on to the desired haven at last. Our frequent collisions, if they sometimes blunt our confidence, do also sharpen our wisdom. These social earthquakes which cause the ground to groan and quiver under our feet, which swallow up our hopes and shake in pieces our rotten theories, do also test our faith and widen our experience.

There is no hiding-place for sin. There is no shelter for a guilty conscience — no retreat where man may escape

the retributions of justice. There is no cave so deep, no mountain so high, no forest so wide, that God can not penetrate it and bring forth the sinful fugitive. Knowledge can not devise any means to ward off the consequences of wrong-doing. Indeed, knowledge whets the sword of justice, and sharpens the stings of conscience.

He who never enters his closet and prays, who never enters his church and worships, who never feels himself upheld and borne along on the bosom of some unseen, loving spirit, who is never caught up in the rapturous arms of religious love and translated to some diviner sphere than this material world, does not live a full life, does not live a full, free, harmonious, natural life.

The change called death is not the "king of terrors," as many have made it; it is not the result of sin, as many have supposed it — but it is rather that wise and beautiful arrangement which sets us free from pain and sorrow. It is not that unwelcome power which locks us up in the endless sleep of annihilation, but it is simply the door which opens on eternity — which opens on our endless home, on all the dear ones who have gone before us.

Whatever of good, whatever of truth has existed, exists now, and will exist forever. Death has no power over the true or the beautiful. Not a single good deed, nor kind word, nor generous emotion shall ever pass out of being. The deep sea of memory holds all the argosies of thought which have sunk in its mysterious depths, and some superior skill of the mind will raise them again to the surface. All the gems which time has dropped into that sea will float up again, and revolve forever in brilliant circles before the sharpened insight of our higher vision.

With all Mr. Tuttle's popularity, with his wonderful gift of persuasive speech, he was the most modest and unassuming of men. He was never satisfied with his work or his preaching. His ideals were so high that he felt himself constantly falling below them. An incident that illustrates this characteristic feeling is related by Dr. Atwood: "I recall a characteristic note from his ministry in Rochester. Sitting with him in his study one day, after he had read me a few pages from the sermon he was writing for the next Sunday, he remarked, 'No minister could be happier than I am in my relations with my people and with this city, except for this: I am so conscious of deficiency. I don't know how to preach or how to think or how to handle the situation so as to make my church and my faith take the place they ought to occupy in this city. Why, Bro. Atwood, if I could preach half as well as some men can preach, I should have twice as many hearers and do so much more good!' It is with me still, how that confession from a man whose praise was in everybody's mouth and who was talked of for promotion to larger fields, smote me with a sense of my own littleness and unworthiness."

HOME LIFE: BIRTH OF YOUNGER SON: CLOSE
OF PASTORATE

The life of Mr. Tuttle in Rochester was a very happy one. His work grew and flourished, his friends multiplied, and many of the friendships formed here lasted through life. The church increased in numbers and influence, and the minister himself developed in power of thought and utterance. His domestic life was beautiful; his home was not only a haven of peace and rest, but a source of inspiration and strength. Here was born the younger son and named for the beloved friend, George Montgomery.¹ One who knew whereof he wrote has left on record this tribute to the presiding genius of that home — the wife and mother — “I do not forget, but with a full heart bring to view, the dearly beloved wife, whose love was completely absorbed in his work. Calm and equable in temper, entirely devoid of undue pride, always courteous to the poor as to the rich, with warm sympathy for the young, the troubled, and the sorrowing, with strong devotion to all religious interests, with unwavering loyalty to our precious faith, and as a wife, a mother, a friend, a professed member of the visible church of the Son of

¹ Dr. George Montgomery Tuttle, now living in New York City, where he has risen to the very first rank of his profession, that of surgery.

God, always living a Christian life — this noble woman could not help being a beneficent power in the ministry of her revered husband. It was so and more."

And now the time has come when the man who entered upon his pastorate at Rochester with fear and trembling, and performed his great task so grandly, is summoned to meet another crisis in the history of another church; and the same hand that chronicled his coming, makes note in the same diary of his departure. "*Oct. 30, 1859.* I read Bro. Tuttle's resignation to the congregation; he goes to Chicago. *Nov. 30:* Bro. Tuttle gave his farewell discourse, A.M. It was very appropriate, the congregation was deeply moved, the parting was hard. Bro. Tuttle is greatly loved. The church was full."

AFTER MANY DAYS

Before entering upon the account of Mr. Tuttle's Chicago ministry, it is fitting to make mention of several later occasions at Rochester, in which he was a prominent figure. He never forgot the people of this church, and the people of Rochester never forgot him. Though separated, they loved each other always, with a deep and lasting affection. On three great occasions in the history of the church he went back. The first of these was the celebration of the Twenty-fifth An-

niversary of Dr. Saxe, when the three pastors, Montgomery, Tuttle, and Saxe sat together in the pulpit; the second was the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Church, when again the three pastors sat side by side; the third and last was Sunday morning, May 11, 1902, when the memorial windows were dedicated; one for each of the men who had made the pulpit illustrious. One who was present says: "His distinguished predecessor had gone home, but he sat here a venerable, historic figure — a benign and heavenly presence. It was his last appearance. We shall always cherish it as a holy memory. Unable to speak, he had written what he wanted to communicate, which was read by Dr. Atwood. It was his last message, and his great words of hope and love are yet ringing in my ears." This chapter would not be complete without that letter. It is one of the most beautiful and tender that he ever wrote. It is full of fragrant memories and of heartfelt gratitude. In literary form and expression it ranks with the best work of his life.

TO THE FIRST UNIVERSALIST CHURCH,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

MY DEAR FRIENDS: I am profoundly grateful to the infinitely good Father that He has spared my life and given me strength to be present on this interesting occasion; to meet and to worship with this congregation; to look around on these walls which would be familiar to me

had you not recently so changed and improved them; and with all I am grateful for the opportunity to lift my eyes to those windows whereon it has pleased you to enshrine the names of three of your old and devoted friends, formerly pastors of this church. It has afforded me untold and unsurpassed satisfaction to try to realize the full significance of those windows, all that your planning and setting them up means; to try to realize that they are creations out of the warm tender hearts of this good people; a manifestation in material form, of your lasting regard for the persons they affectionately commemorate; that they are a genuine tribute to a long-ago friendship and of to-day's friendship; to realize still again, that they are another and striking illustration of the too often unheeded truth that "No act falls fruitless," that every honest attempt, however humble it may be at well-doing is like good seed sown in good ground, springing forth and growing in good time into an adequate harvest.

Forty years have elapsed since I closed my settlement in Rochester, years that I have spent on other and distant fields of labor; a long enough time, I might have feared, to seriously dim if not to wholly obliterate the thought of me; but a few hearts here, it seems, have graciously kept my name through all that period, and have, finally, as graciously instituted measures for holding me back from oblivion yet a little longer. With what words can I sufficiently thank you for all this? I am at a loss to express my own burning sense of obligation to you.

That you would place somewhere and somehow in this practically new edifice, a visible symbol of your love and veneration for Dr. Montgomery, that man of blessed memory, that sweet-mannered, sweet-voiced, persuasive, eloquent preacher and devoted apostle of truth, the man who was, in great part, the source of your organization as

a church, who helped you through your early struggles and at last to a fair name and a substantial influence in this city and in the denomination; the man who, after his resignation, remained and dwelt with you for several decades, still continually aiding you by his unabated sympathies and wise counsels, and who, when he died, bequeathed to you the rich legacy of a noble, far-reaching, faultless example—that you would do for that pastor just what you have done, was expected; that you would do the same for Dr. Saxe, another eminent and beloved pastor of yours, that strong, brilliant master of the pulpit, who earned wide glories for himself and as wide glories for you, the pastor who came almost in his youth and grew gray in faithful service to you; that you would honor him and honor yourselves, in the way you have done, was also expected; but that you would include me in such a commemoration, and in the division of your honors, was neither so natural nor so fitting. My ministry here was comparatively short and its results comparatively meager. My pastorship coming between those two suffered the disadvantages of contrast and of being overshadowed by the others. In another sense my position was a favorable one. What I would not have been able to do was done already by my predecessor, Dr. Montgomery; and what I failed to do was taken up and carried on by my successor, Dr. Saxe, and now I feel justified in counting it a piece of good fortune that I held such a relation, since your magnanimous and magnificent kindness has raised me to the side of those men, made me a companion in their honors, and where the qualities I lacked are reflected on me.

The symbolical grouping you have made of the memories of your pastors, in those windows, harmonize well with the unity of our relations with one another. We

were friends; we were often together; we stood together many times in this pulpit; we were always together in our religious views, plans, and methods of work. Perhaps the instances are rare in which three ministers knew each other and loved each other so long — over half a century — and whose paths in life were so nearly parallel. You can imagine how the breaking of our ranks broke our hearts; what regret and sorrow we feel to-day that Dr. Montgomery is not here to witness with us this wonderful scene, to witness this beautiful culmination of the kindly honors the Universalist Church in Rochester has bestowed on its pastors.

My friends, I might enlarge on these reflections, on the varied reminiscences that fill my mind this morning, but I forbear. But I have, in conclusion, an intense desire to assure you that no kindness ever shown me has touched me as has this kindness which you have shown. My days are few, but many, many will be the recurrences of my mind to this morning's delightful experience, to the royally generous treatment my humble past and present have received from you. I remember that during the days I was trying to serve you as pastor, I not infrequently felt depressed because my achievements in your behalf were so much smaller than I hoped and prayed they might be; but surely it was no small thing that I worked myself so far into your hearts and into so high a place in your estimate of my work, that you have allowed neither time nor change to take me out of your loving memory. My prayers for you shall never cease. To the end of my life shall I carry in my heart earnest wishes for your happiness, prosperity, and peace.

Affectionately yours,

J. H. TUTTLE.

MAY 11, 1902.

It is worthy of note, in closing this chapter, that the first public utterances of James H. Tuttle, which have been preserved — those in the little book already mentioned — and his last public utterance, in the letter above, should have been made in the church at Rochester, with an interval of forty years between !

CHAPTER III

THE CHICAGO MINISTRY : PERIOD OF THE CIVIL WAR

Permanent Organization — Regular Services Begun — The Coming of Mr. Tuttle — First Sunday in Chicago — Installation Services — Building a House of Worship — The Building Completed — The Civil War — A Sunday-school Drill-room — The Parting Scene — Sword Presentation — How a Young Soldier Remembered — In Labors Abundant — Progress Through Difficulties.

THE Second Universalist Church of Chicago had passed through a very checkered career. The original organization under this name—an offshoot from the First Church—had disbanded early in 1848, on account of inability to pay running expenses.¹

PERMANENT ORGANIZATION

A few years later, when the west side of the city had developed and some of the members of the First Church had become residents of that section, another attempt was made to start a Second Church—this time in a new part of the city. A meeting of those interested in the movement was held February 15, 1854, at the residence

¹ For much of the material in this chapter, the writer is indebted to a paper by Mrs. J. C. Vaughn, daughter of A. G. Throop, and to Mrs. Livermore's *My Story of the War*.

of James H. Rees, northwest corner of Washington and Clinton streets; and here a legal organization was formed. Mr. Rees was himself elected chairman of this meeting and B. A. Kent, secretary. A constitution and by-laws were adopted and officers elected. The first trustees were J. H. Rees, A. H. Heald, and B. F. Walker. These trustees qualified and affixed their names to the certificate of organization, which was entered in the Cook County recorder's office, March 14, 1854. This was the new beginning. This organization has been continuous down to the present day. While the legal organization of the society was thus effected, there is no record that, at this time, services were held for worship or that a Sunday-school was established; but business meetings were regularly held, and every energy was directed towards securing a subscription for a lot and a house of worship. Finally, a lot was bought on the southwest corner of Halstead and Washington streets, where later stood the Home National Bank. The resources of the infant society seem to have been exhausted in paying for this lot, which was bought for \$2,700, on August 25, 1855. Later, in 1860, it was sold for \$200 less than cost, and proceeds devoted to the meeting-house which was finally built on Sangamon street. For the next two years, the affairs of the society seem to have lain dormant. Even the business meetings

were few and irregular, and the year 1857 — the year of the great financial panic, shows no record of any meeting for any purpose.

REGULAR SERVICES BEGUN

But a better day is coming. The turning-point was Monday evening, January 4, 1858. In response to a call for the annual meeting of the society, many came. The meeting was held at West Hall, of the West Market, on Randolph street, in Market Square. A. G. Throop was chosen moderator. Andrew Akin, J. F. Irwin, and B. A. Kent were elected trustees for the year 1858. P. W. Gates was elected treasurer and A. Wample, clerk. The election of officers accomplished, the great question was put to the meeting: Whether the time had not come to open public services and sustain a Universalist preacher on the west side of the city of Chicago. There was but one sentiment. So long had the society tried to sustain itself simply as a business organization; so long had they worked to build their meeting-house first, that they now began to realize that they had started at the wrong end. First of all, cultivate religion and the spirit of worship, and the temple will come. This is the divine order. So a committee was appointed to secure a preacher.

The first few services were held in the Market Hall, mentioned above, by Rev. A. C. Barry, of

Racine, Wisconsin. Mr. Barry was asked to preach on alternate Sundays, but could not leave his Racine pastorate until the end of September, and this was March. The pulpit was supplied in the interval by Rev. D. P. Livermore, who organized the church within the society, and received thirty-four members into its fellowship, May 19, 1858. A year before this, Mr. Livermore had resigned the pastorate of the Universalist church at Quincy, Ill., and had come to Chicago to edit the *New Covenant*, the organ of the denomination in the West. It is recorded of his wife, the distinguished Mrs. Mary A. Livermore, that "she was a valuable and generous helper in those days; nor did Mr. and Mrs. Livermore end their services with this six months' engagement, but were willing and faithful workers through several subsequent years, while the society was struggling to gain a foothold and pay its way." Rev. A. C. Barry was the first regularly installed pastor. The Third Presbyterian church building had been secured for services, at a rental of \$400 per year, and here Mr. Barry began his work. His ministry extended over but one year—from October 1858 to October 1859; but that one year demonstrated that Universalist services could be held, and that a Universalist minister could be sustained, on the west side of the city of Chicago. The experiment had been made and was success-

ful. There was room for the movement; there was a demand for its message.

THE COMING OF MR. TUTTLE

When the society found that the ministry of Mr. Barry would close with his year, they began to cast about for his successor. A committee, consisting of H. W. Lewis and A. G. Throop, were sent to the General Convention, which that year (1859) was held at Rochester, N. Y., to secure a minister. When they came to Rochester, met the pastor of the church with which the convention was held, heard of what he had done in that city—how he had faced a great crisis successfully, had built up to power and permanence a society that might easily have gone down, but for him; when they came within the sphere of his magnetic influence—it was no wonder they felt that the man had been found for the young and struggling church in the metropolis of the West. The people of Rochester did not wish him to go, and Mr. Tuttle himself, happy and successful in his work, had no reason for making a change. The only motive that influenced him was a strong sense of duty. It seemed as if there lay before him a great opportunity to serve his denomination and the faith he loved. The Universalist churches in the West were few and scattered; they were weak and struggling. It was difficult to secure

the type of man for their pulpits who gave assurance of success. So when the call came, Mr. Tuttle accepted, and began his ministry in the Second Church of Chicago, the second Sunday in December, 1859, and remained as pastor until April 1, 1866. Says Mrs. Vaughn: "They were wonderful years; years of poverty and struggle, of war and its calamities and sorrows. Yet years of indomitable courage and energy and of willing self-sacrifice. Never have the annals of this society recorded more fervent zeal, more self-forgetting love for one another, for their pastor and his family, for their church and for their country. Memory holds fast the scenes and events of that time, and its loves and friendships are as deathless as immortality."

FIRST SUNDAY IN CHICAGO

So Mr. Tuttle came to the west side, Chicago, and took up the heavy burden. "I well remember," says James H. Swan, "that first Sunday of Bro. Tuttle's service with us. It was a lovely autumn day. The people were eager to see and hear the man who had left a well-organized parish in Rochester, N. Y., where he was greatly beloved by a congregation that had given a very unwilling consent to his leaving. How I marveled that he could stand before that small congregation, in a rented house, with a questionable outlook, and yet

be so hopeful and earnest even to enthusiasm!" But there he stood, his face aglow and his tongue eloquent with the message of hope and courage; and as the people listened, they began to believe in themselves and their possibilities. To have such a man, with his undying confidence in God and in humanity, for their leader, was enough. They felt that, under his inspiration, they could accomplish anything; they put their hands to the plow and did not turn to look back. They set their faces and hearts towards the future. The results were soon to appear.

INSTALLATION

Although Mr. Tuttle began his Chicago ministry in December, 1859, he was not installed until the following February. A program of the services has been preserved, and is worth inserting here, especially as it contains in full the hymn written by Mrs. Mary A. Livermore for the occasion:

Installation of Rev. James H. Tuttle, as Pastor of Second Universalist Society, in Chicago, Ill., Thursday evening, February 9, 1860.

ORDER OF SERVICE

ANTHEM

1. Invocation.
2. Reading of Scriptures . by Rev. Robert Collyer.
3. Hymn, "Lord! on thy Zion's wall"

4. Sermon by Dr. J. A. Skinner.
5. Hymn . . . composed by Mrs. M. A. Livermore.

A few brief moons have waxed and waned,
Since first we raised an altar here,
And bowed around it, faint and few,
Uncertain if to hope or fear.

To-night, Oh God, a gathering host,
We come assured of heavenly care;
For lo, Thy servant leads us now,
In answer to our earnest prayer.

From ripening fields of early toil,
Here has he come the seed to sow —
To him, to us, the toiling hand —
To Thee we must the harvest owe.

What do we then without Thine aid?
We wait for Thee to bless and guide —
Oh, Faith, anoint our eyes to see
Our Father, working at our side!

Then, little flock, cast fear away!
Oh Pastor, gird thee and be strong!
For God will crown the weary toil
With golden sheaf and harvest song!

6. Installing Prayer by Rev. J. S. Dennis.
7. Delivery of Scriptures
and Charge by Rev. Josiah Davis.
8. Right Hand of Fellow-
ship by Rev. W. H. Ryder.
9. Address to the Society . . by Rev. H. L. Hayward.
10. Anthem.
11. Benediction by the Pastor.

BUILDING A HOUSE OF WORSHIP

The society soon outgrew the small building in which they were worshipping when Mr. Tuttle first stood in the pulpit. The first aim of the new pastor and his people was the building of a house of worship. This work is a chapter of heroic sacrifice in which the pastor and his wife led the way. First, a lot was secured on the northeast corner of Washington and Sangamon streets. Then, at last, a frame church was built, at a cost, including furnishings, of \$6,477.31. To quote again from the paper by Mrs. Vaughn: "Though the money, \$2,500, obtained by the sale of their church lot, went into the building, yet it was a large undertaking for the young, struggling society, and the subscription paper would have been worth preserving. It was headed with a subscription of \$100, to be paid in day's work at \$1.50 per day by a member (A. G. Throop) who had recently met with heavy financial losses, and it was faithfully paid. Then followed \$200, to be paid in masonry, then \$50, \$25, \$10, all small sums, though generous gifts in accordance with the ability of the givers. Dr. Tuttle was the largest subscriber. He gave \$500 and remitted \$500 of his salary. Then he and his wife kept boarders to make both ends meet. One act of their supreme generosity at this time, never known to the society, was the

giving of a memorial window to the Richfield Springs, N.Y., society, in the name of the Church of the Redeemer. The importuning letter from that society fell into Dr. Tuttle's hands, and he and his wife, knowing the straits of their people, resolved to withhold the letter from the trustees, to work a little harder, to economize a little closer, and to send the money themselves. To-day the window reads, 'The gift of the Church of the Redeemer of Chicago.'"

THE BUILDING COMPLETED

What body of people could not accomplish wonders under such self-denying and devoted leadership? The long days of toil and conflict ended in victory. At length the new building was finished. First came the dedication of the Sunday-school room. Mr. Swan, who was present, says, "I can never forget the glowing countenance of Brother Tuttle on that happy Sunday morning. The small Sunday-school had grown in numbers and enthusiasm. The average attendance for the year had been 250, and with every available seat filled, no wonder the pastor's heart was full to overflowing." The dedication of the church building proper took place a few days later, and at Mr. Tuttle's suggestion, it was dedicated as the "Church of the Redeemer." The congregations increased. The Sunday-school, in a short time,

enrolled 500 members, making it by far the largest Liberal Sunday-school in the West. A Bible class for young men was organized, which soon became a power in the life and work of the church. In March, 1862, the Skinner library was purchased. Such of the books as were appropriate were placed in the Sunday-school library, the others in the conference room, where a sort of free reading-room was opened. This gave rise to the Skinner Library Association. Out of this association, a Young Men's Debating Club grew; and this included among its officers and members many from orthodox churches also. Thus the Church of the Redeemer grew and flourished, compacting its own organization and extending its influence abroad. The pastor and his wife were beginning to reap the harvest from the seed they had sown in toil and hardship.

THE CIVIL WAR

Then came days of darkness. Not on account of dissensions in the church. There could be no dissensions under such a man. Not on account of dissatisfaction with the pastor. They loved him dearly. The great Civil War had come upon the land. What it meant was soon apparent. It meant that homes must be broken up. It meant that business must become demoralized. It meant that church ties must be sundered. It

meant that every other interest must be sunk out of sight, if need be, for the sake of the Union. Mr. Tuttle realized all this. He saw what was coming; but he was devoted to his country, he believed with all his heart in the Union and what it stood for. In the call for troops, he heard the voice of God. Mrs. Livermore says, in *My Story of the War*:

There was an unusually large number of interesting young people in the — (Second Universalist) Society of Chicago, when the War of the Rebellion began. The older members of the parish felt that the church had in itself more than ordinary strength and promise, because of the well-born, well-bred, well-educated, and consecrated young men and women who confessed loving allegiance to its faith and its interests. Especially were they proud of its young men. . . . Some were about to enter Harvard, Tufts, or Yale, and all were connected with good families. . . . The Sunday-school was large, numbering more than five hundred teachers and scholars who packed the vestries and parlors of the church every Sunday, regardless of outside attractions. Into this school was harnessed our entire force of young men and maidens, who did duty as teachers, librarians, singers, or members of the Bible class. . . . What marvelous festivals and pleasure parties they extemporized in those days! Into what delightful rural fetes and excursions were we older people enticed by these young folks who led us captive to their will! What continual surprises they planned for the bewilderment of the pastor, and the no less beloved pastor's wife! How they swarmed at the fortnightly church sociables, and with their brightness and buoyancy, their contagious good nature and

overflowing hilarity, their wit and cleverness, their unselfishness and tact, made each of these small occasions more inviting than a grand banquet. I recall the memory of those days, removed into the past forever, not with pleasure alone, but with a sense of loss.

This is the picture drawn by Mrs. Livermore of those bright and happy days in the Church of the Redeemer, Chicago, just preceding the awful storm that rocked the nation. But parish as well as pastor were loyal to the Union, and gave their means and their young men — and older ones, too — to the great cause.

A SUNDAY-SCHOOL DRILL-ROOM

From the same chapter in Mrs. Livermore's book, the following account is taken:

One evening in the summer of 1862 there happened to be two meetings in the vestry — one of Sunday-school teachers in the library room, and another of some sort in the small Sunday-school room. We missed our young men teachers, but went on with the business of the evening without them. Something unusual must have detained them, we said, for they were rarely absent from meetings of this kind. "What is going on in the Sunday-school room?" was asked. No one knew. But all the evening we heard a muffled, peculiar, regular sound proceeding thence — tramp! tramp! tramp! — tramp! tramp! tramp! — which we could not explain. . . . Our meeting ended, we stealthily opened the door and looked in. There were our missing young men, and they were drilling. . . . The drill-master was the superintendent of the Sunday-school,

who had organized it in the beginning, and had brought it to its present efficiency and size. . . . Before we could ask an explanation of this unusual proceeding, Mr. S — (James H. Swan), had vouchsafed it: "We have all decided to enlist in the Chicago Mercantile Battery now being formed, and shall hand in our names to-morrow." . . . To our prophetic vision, the future loomed up clad with the sorrow, anxiety, and grief it afterwards bore. "Let this cup pass from us" was the unspoken prayer of every heart. . . . Mr. T — (Tuttle), our minister, spoke first, with tremulous voice and eyes glistening with tears: "It will be very hard to give you up, and we shall miss you inexpressibly; but if you feel it to be your duty, go, and God bless you!"

They went, as they had planned. The following day they were mustered into the Chicago Mercantile Battery, and ever after were known to the members of the church and society as "Our Battery Boys."

THE PARTING SCENE

Before these young soldiers went to the front, they gathered one Sunday morning in the house of worship they loved, and in whose building they had helped; the house that had been the scene of their Christian work, and from whose pulpit they had heard the words that had made them lovers of God and of country. Some of them were never more to cross its threshold; in a strange land and among strangers, their graves were to be made. But on this bright August morning they came to

say farewell to parents and friends, and to listen to the last message of the pastor they loved. Mr. Tuttle "besought them to guard well their health and morals, not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of those who remained at home. They were entreated to return, if they came at all, as good and pure as they were leaving. They were instructed that the war was caused by slavery, and would only end with the death of slavery, and the transformation of the slave into a free man; and they were cautioned not to side with the persecutors of this long down-trodden people." Then the communion was administered; after which the pastor presented each young soldier a pocket Testament, with the request that it be read daily, unless circumstances should make it impossible. He pledged to them "the public prayers of the church on every Sabbath until their return, or their relief from service by death. He promised that their friends and families should be the special charge of the church, which would rejoice in their joy, and sorrow in their sorrow, and when circumstances demanded it, would match their need with requisite aid." The services were closed with a hymn written for the occasion by Mrs. Livermore:

So here we part! our paths diverge —

Each leads a different way:

You go to freedom's holy war,

We tarry here to pray.

Our hands join brief in farewell now,
That ne'er so clasped before :
O brothers, in this parting hour,
Death's bitterness is o'er.

Yet proudly, tho' with hearts that ache,
We give to you "Godspeed!"
Haste, for our country gasps for life —
This is her hour of need.
Her anguished cry comes on the breeze,
And smites the listening ear ;
The traitor's sword is at her heart —
And shall ye linger here ?

Nay, brothers, haste ! with blessings crowned,
Engirded with our love ;
Our hourly prayers, besieging Heaven,
Shall plead for you above.
Your dear ones left in lonely homes
Shall hence our lot divide ;
We are but one blest household now,
Whatever may betide.

We will not weep ! be done with tears !
Both paths lead home to Heaven —
That marked for you thro' battle-fields,
And that which God has given
To us, who, weary, watch afar
The tide of battle swell —
Then hearts be brave ! and souls be strong !
'Tis but a brief farewell !

The hymn was sung, but "the chorus of voices
became less in volume as the song proceeded.
One after another ceased to sing, because they

could not forbear to weep. And by the time the last stanza was reached, our boys were singing alone, clear, strong, and unfaltering."

SWORD PRESENTATION

A few days later, the pastor paid his "boys" a last visit at Camp Douglas. On this occasion, he presented to the lieutenant, a sword, bearing this inscription: "Presented to Lieut. James H. Swan, by his pastor, Rev. James H. Tuttle, September, 1862." These were his words of presentation: "Take it; let it be not only a memento of a pastor's prayers and love, but a reminder of your duty to your country and your God. What the fortunes of war may bring to you, we know not; all these are in the keeping of a wise and good God. Have no undue anxiety for the dear ones you leave behind; they will live in the hearts that love you, and the Providence that has hitherto kept you when together, will faithfully watch over them in your absence, and when this cruel war is over, we will again renew the old associations and take up the old duties. The blessing of God be upon you."

HOW A YOUNG SOLDIER REMEMBERED

It is not the purpose of the writer to follow the fortunes of those who went out from the church to the fields of the Civil War, but rather to record

the labors and sacrifices of the ones who remained ; particularly, those of the pastor. But while Mr. Tuttle toiled on, in his decimated church at Chicago, his influence was at work among his " boys " in the Southland. They never forgot him or his counsels, and his faith in them helped to keep them brave and strong and pure. When Mrs. Livermore, whose activity in the Sanitary Commission and among the hospitals was largely prompted and always abetted by her pastor, paid a visit to these young soldiers from the Church of the Redeemer, sixteen of whom had been in her own Bible class, they greeted her with every demonstration of joy and prepared a place where she might spend the night in camp. Thronging her tent, they talked with her of the loved ones at home until the " tattoo " beat for retiring. Before withdrawing, George Throop drew from his breast pocket a copy of the New Testament, and said : " You know when Mr. Tuttle took leave of us in church, he gave each a Testament and made us promise to read it daily, if possible, while we were away. We haven't failed but once or twice, and then we were on a forced march. One reads aloud and the others listen ; and if you are willing, we'll read here to-night." All heads were instantly uncovered, the hum of conversation ceased, and a portion of the fifteenth chapter of Luke's gospel was read, after which Sergeant Dyer offered prayer.

So the pastor wrought on the field as well as in the church at home. Many a soldier "rose up to call him blessed."

IN LABORS ABUNDANT

Through all that trying period, by word and influence, the pastor strengthened the cause of the Union, and—if such a thing were possible—redoubled his devotion to his church. One who passed through all that dark and bitter experience, exclaims: "What suffering, what sorrow, what renunciation, what bravery, what endurance, marked those days in the church, but how it did draw one to the other, how like one great family they stood, depleted in numbers, mourning their dead, yet nothing daunted, courage unabated—so grandly can men rise to great occasions!" But of all that heroic band, none made greater sacrifices than the pastor. His house was open day and night—for those who continued to go to the front, and for those who, after a while, began to drift back, sick and maimed, from the field. He was ever doing and giving. He helped keep the fires of patriotism burning at home and wrote messages of cheer and courage to those who were at the front. The lieutenant himself was sent home sick. He records, "The pastor was there to meet and welcome me. A severe illness that separated me from the outside world ensued; but those sweet ministries, the

memory of which gilds those dark days with a wonderful glory, I knew came daily from the family of the pastor — messages that could not be spoken, tokens of remembrance that the fearful malady forbade should be given by the hand that would gladly have presented them. How did he find time for all these and for the thousand and one other offices that were a part of the constant demand on the time, strength, and sympathy of the faithful pastor? As I look back over the intervening years, and recall the fearful inroads the war and its accompanying vicissitudes made in the parish and church, I wonder it outlived them all. Nothing but the consecration of the two faithful souls, with the divine blessing as its constant complement, could have made its continued existence possible."

But not only did the sick and maimed drift back, word came of the dead, and there were mourners to comfort. Brave George Throop was killed by a fragment of a shell, as he was urging his men on at the battle of Mansfield. The Sunday following these tidings, a sad and weeping congregation gathered in the church. "We recalled," says Mrs. Livermore, "the hour when from its altar we had dismissed the now glorified young leader to battle, to death, to Heaven. God had granted him a discharge from all earthly conflict, and for him there were no tears. We re-

pressed our own lesser grief in the presence of the great bereavement of the parents. The choir sang of victory, and their voices swelled in a triumphant song of thanksgiving for the glorious hope of immortality that illumines our darkness. The prayers of the morning breathed resignation to the inscrutable order of Divine Providence, which had stricken us so severely, and implored the peace of Heaven to enter our souls. And the sermon lifted us out of the damps and fogs of our earthly atmosphere into the serene light of the happy hereafter. Time has softened the poignancy of grief felt during the months that followed, and memory and hope have done much to subdue the pain inflicted by that grievous wound."

PROGRESS THROUGH DIFFICULTIES

So the work of the church went on. The struggle for funds to send to the front and to keep alive the enterprises at home, was sharp and constant. The building was sometimes rented to other denominations, at such hours as not in use, for various services. But progress was made. The broken ranks slowly filled up. Despite the scanty finances, an organ was purchased in 1864, and was first played at public worship, September 18 of the same year. Some of the money to help pay for it came from the soldier boys in the distant army. Out of their scanty wages they sent back

offerings of love and gratitude. The church was saved. Successfully had it been guided through that disastrous period. Peace again smiled upon the land. The survivors of the awful conflict, who had gone out from the Church of the Redeemer, came back and took their places. But the marks of those years of suffering and privation had written themselves into the life of the pastor and into the life and health of his faithful and devoted wife. Heart and hand and brain grew weary. Rest and a change of scene became necessary, especially for Mrs. Tuttle. It was hard to leave the people whom they loved and who loved them with an utter devotion; the people to whom they had been bound by so many ties of happiness, and by the still stronger ties of common suffering. But the step seemed imperative. On January 22, 1866, Mr. Tuttle tendered his resignation. It went into effect, April 1. Thus closed a remarkable pastorate of seven years. Says Mrs. Vaughn, "The society had lived to a purpose, had it ceased then"; but it did not cease. It lived on, and is living to-day.

In Chicago, as in Rochester, Mr. Tuttle formed friendships that were destined to last. Among his friends were Robert Collyer—for many years pastor of Unity Church—with whom he frequently exchanged pulpits, and William Henry Ryder, of St. Paul's. The Swans, and Talcotts,

and Throops, and Livermores, and many others were in the goodly company. He often went back to Chicago to visit these friends or to take part in public gatherings. No one was ever more dependent upon the love of his friends, and no one ever gave out so lavishly of his own love; so largely did he live in his sympathies and affections. This was, to a great degree, the secret of his wonderful influence. Every one felt that this man had a personal interest in him, and he was not mistaken. Mr. Tuttle knew how to "rejoice with those who rejoiced, and to weep with those who wept." The writer recalls a visit made with him to Chicago, shortly after our house of worship in Minneapolis had been destroyed by fire, in 1888. He took the writer over the familiar streets, into the houses where he used to live, and to the old scenes hallowed by love and sacrifice. Often he was met by this or that old acquaintance or parishioner who stopped him and said: "I have never forgotten you, Dr. Tuttle; your sermons always did me good; I went away from church a better man." *To make better men* — that is the object of living and preaching; and the Chicago ministry of James H. Tuttle is one of the monuments of his success.

CHAPTER IV

MINNEAPOLIS: BEGINNING OF A TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' PASTORATE

Minneapolis in 1866 — First Universalist Society — Rev. Dolphus Skinner and Rev. J. W. Keyes — Call to Mr. Tuttle — The New Pastorate — The First Church Building — The First Organ — Increasing Prosperity — Preaching of Mr. Tuttle.

IN the year 1866, Minneapolis was but a village. Only sixteen years had elapsed, since J. H. Stevens had built the first house upon its site. This was a small frame dwelling, now preserved in Minnehaha Park where it was drawn by a procession of school children some years ago. Minneapolis did not become incorporated as a city until 1867. The first mayor was Dorilus Morrison, who was also chairman of the first board of trustees of a newly organized Universalist Society. Across the river, on the east side, was the thriving town of St. Anthony, incorporated in 1855. At this time, the two towns were connected by the first suspension bridge that spanned the river — “a bridge which swayed to and fro with every thirty-mile-an-hour breeze, and which, on account of the continual war waging from above and beneath and around, necessitated an extra session of the city council nearly

every other month to order repairs.”¹ A picture taken in 1868 shows the Falls of St. Anthony in their natural state, before the United States Government had taken measures to preserve them by means of the apron which now stretches across. The torrent rushes tumultuously down, and there is little upon the banks on either side that one would recognize to-day. Even Nicollet Island looks like a tangled wilderness, and local poets sang of its “groves.” The most prominent structure on the east side is the old Winslow House — a favorite resort of Southern planters in the days before the war; while on the west, or Minneapolis side, is a large group of saw-mills, factories, and flour-mills. In 1866, the only railroad in this part of the country extended from St. Paul to St. Cloud, taking in Minneapolis on the way. By the end of the year, however, another line was completed from the South. These were humble beginnings; but the men of that day were men of faith in the outcome of that which they had founded. They saw the vision of a new civilization, of which these struggling frontier towns on either side of the Mississippi were to be the center, when their frame shanties should have changed to granite and marble, and their scanty hundreds should have multiplied to thousands.

¹ *Minnesota Pioneer Sketches*, by F. G. O'Brien.

FIRST UNIVERSALIST SOCIETY

The first attempt to organize a Universalist Society in Minneapolis was made October 24, 1859.¹ A meeting for this purpose was called at the Cataract House, on the corner of Washington and Sixth avenues South. Of this meeting W. D. Washburn was made chairman, and Richard Strout, secretary. An organization was formed and the following trustees were elected: W. D. Washburn, F. R. E. Cornell, Thomas H. Perkins, and W. D. Garland. The society was small and its progress was slow. In 1864, it received an impetus from the preaching of Rev. Dolphus Skinner of Utica, N. Y., who had come to Minneapolis for a while to try the renowned virtues of the Minnesota climate. His presence soon became known; and though physically frail he yielded to the urgent solicitations of those who knew his great pulpit power, and began to hold regular services in Woodman's Hall, corner of Washington and Second avenues South. Crowds came to hear him and he awakened a deep religious interest in the entire community. "He had wisdom and experience, and knew how to gather and to save the fruits that had ripened under his labors; and hence, calling together the most interested men and women

¹ A society was already in existence in St. Anthony, of which some account will be given in a later chapter.

in the congregation, he not only reorganized the society, but formed a church, solemnly administering the rites of baptism and of the communion.”¹ Dorilus Morrison was elected chairman of the board of trustees of the reorganized society, a position which he held until the time of his death in 1897.

At the close of Dr. Skinner’s labors, Rev. J. W. Keyes, a graduate of the theological school at Canton, N. Y., became the first settled pastor. He was with the church two years. Several new names were added to the rolls during his ministry, and he was instrumental in breaking ground for the first house of worship for the new church and society, at the corner of Fifth street and Fourth avenue South. This was a most important move. It indicated growth and activity. Mr. Keyes began this work, but he did not remain to see its completion. He “laid the foundation,” another was destined to “build thereon.” He afterwards settled at Pawtucket, R. I., but his career was brief. He was soon summoned from his earthly labors.

God’s finger touched him — and he slept.

THE NEW PASTORATE

The real history of the First Universalist parish of Minneapolis is now about to begin. All that has gone before has been but the preparation.

¹ *The Field and the Fruit*, p. 19.

The following entry is found in the minutes of the society: "On the first Sunday in July, 1866, Rev. James H. Tuttle, of Chicago, by invitation of the society, preached in Harrison Hall, and after a few weeks was engaged as permanent pastor." The story of his splendid and heroic work in Chicago has been told in the preceding chapter; how successfully he carried his church through the awful period of the Civil War—with what sacrifice to himself and his noble wife. A change of scene was necessary, and when the call came from Minneapolis, he and his family set their faces towards the Northwest. Thenceforth this city was to be their home. Here the sons were to grow to manhood; here for years the wife and mother was to exert her beautiful influence and leave a memory that is fragrant to-day; here the husband and father was to accomplish the great work of his life. Writing years after of this call, Mr. Tuttle says: "It may be mentioned as a somewhat singular coincidence, that I should have been called upon to take up the work so auspiciously begun by Dr. Skinner; as he was one of the first Universalist ministers I saw and heard about in my youth, and we had been for long years warm and almost intimate friends. He officiated at my marriage. He preached the sermon at the funeral of my father and of one of my sisters. So the church seemed and still seems dearer to me, because he laid his

hand on it and blessed it.”¹ The call was made for one year; but no word was ever afterwards said about renewing it or terminating the pastoral relations. The work went on. Time went on. No official action was ever taken or asked, and by mutual consent the one year was extended to twenty-five.

THE FIRST CHURCH BUILDING

At the time of Mr. Tuttle's coming, services were held in Harrison's Hall. Here he preached his first sermon and here he continued to preach for some months. The house of worship then in process of construction was finished and dedicated in October of the same year, 1866. The dedication sermon was preached by Rev. D. M. Reed, of Rockford, Illinois, and Rev. Sumner Ellis, of Chicago, assisted in the services. Looking back upon those days when he was in the beginning of his Minneapolis ministry, Mr. Tuttle says: "This new wooden temple would seem humble enough now, doubtless; but it was worth the much enthusiastic pride we took in it then. It was centrally located, convenient, large enough for the time, and not without architectural attractions. . . . It seated about four hundred, and was generally well filled, often crowded. It cost, including the furnishings, about \$18,000; much more, as usual, than was expected at the start. Its walls and ceilings

¹ *The Field and the Fruit*, p. 21.

displayed the first piece of fresco work done in Minneapolis." ¹

The resources of the society were taxed to the utmost in building this edifice, and for some years great economy had to be practiced in running expenses. As an illustration of the humble way in which it was necessary to do things in those early days, the following resolution from the minutes of March 3, 1868, will serve: "Resolved that H. L. Birge shall find some one to sweep and dust the church once a week, and not pay for same more than one dollar for each sweeping and dusting." It must be remembered also that this was in the days before church buildings were thrown open every day of the week, and their numerous activities required the constant presence of a sexton as well as of a pastor. All this was to come in good time!

In the latter part of the year 1866, the people of the First Universalist parish of Minneapolis found themselves comfortably housed, an earnest and consecrated preacher in the pulpit, the outlook bright for growth and influence. Among the families that gathered about the devoted minister and upheld his hands at this time were the following: Washburn, Morrison, Eastman, Chowen, Perkins, Case, Gibson, Cornell, King, Cayhill, Birge, Aldrich, Bassett, Wright, Dillingham, Lucas, Haw-

¹ *The Field and the Fruit*, p. 21.

kins, Lewis, Wilcox, Kendall, and Elliott. Of those who wrought with him then, in the beginning, there are some who still live and work for the church, but the roll of those who have answered the summons of the Great Captain is long — and lengthening.

THE FIRST ORGAN

The pride and glory of the new church building was the organ made in Boston, which W. D. Washburn, "with a generosity that was gratefully appreciated by the congregation," had placed in the choir. It was the first large organ that had appeared in town. This instrument served through all the years the congregation worshiped in the frame building, and was afterwards removed to the stone structure on Eighth street, where it remained until destroyed in the disastrous fire of 1888. The first music committee of which there is any record is mentioned in the minutes of July 16, 1869: "Messrs. A. B. Barton and W. D. Washburn were chosen a committee to employ and organize a choir or arrange for congregational singing as to them may seem best, and to have entire control of the music." One of the first steps taken by this committee was to secure as organist a Mr. Leeds who had come from New England for his health. He did not long continue to evoke "the heavenly music from under those keys and from

that hidden forest of pipes," for he soon passed away. His successor was Charles Marsh of Boston, who for similar reasons had come to Minnesota. The climate proved beneficial, and for eleven years he presided at the organ — continuing after the removal of the society to Eighth street. The music committee provided a choir, but it was composed entirely of volunteers; among them Dr. J. A. Bowman, A. B. Barton, Mr. and Mrs. M. P. Hawkins, Mrs. Gibson, and Mrs. Chowen. "We cannot say," remarks Mr. Tuttle, "when the fashion of paying the choir began; as soon probably as the ability to pay was acquired."

During eight years the society worshiped in this wooden structure. It was subsequently sold to the German Methodists; and many years later, it was destroyed by fire. Of those years, Dr. Tuttle has written: "If we were not as rich then as now, we felt as rich. We were at least a happy people; have we ever, at any time since, been happier? We were united, as we have continued to be. The history of our lives in that place, and in those years, is written in our hearts, but only a fragment of it can be transcribed to these pages. I turn to that chapter in our church experiences, deeply grateful that it was filled so full of God's goodness and our joy."¹

¹ *The Field and the Fruit*, p. 24.

INCREASING PROSPERITY

The society was happy, united, prosperous. The best evidences of prosperity are certain resolutions taken from the minutes of the board of trustees. The first of these is as follows: "At a meeting of the trustees held in the office of D. Morrison, May 7, 1870, it was resolved that Messrs. Pray and Barton be appointed a committee to get estimates and plans for enlarging the Universalist Church." This was about four years after the commencement of Mr. Tuttle's pastorate. The congregation is growing. The man and his message are commanding attention. The second of these resolutions is dated April 28, 1871: "Resolved that the salary of the pastor, Mr. Tuttle, be raised from \$2,000 to \$2,500 per annum, and that the same commence from the first day of January, 1871." This means financial prosperity, as well as greater numbers. There is still a third: "At a called meeting of the trustees of the First Universalist Church of Minneapolis, held in the office of D. Morrison, in the city of Minneapolis, on the 10th day of July, 1871, on motion of Mr. Washburn, a committee consisting of Messrs. Morrison, Stevens, and Barton was appointed to investigate the matter of church lots for erecting thereon the new church edifice for the society, and to report at a subsequent meeting." These

resolutions mean that in less than five years the numbers and resources of the society had so grown that the salary of the pastor was increased, the quarters were not proving large enough to accommodate the people who flocked to the church, and the necessity had arisen of "building more stately mansions." The resolutions speak for themselves, and show what a splendid record the First Universalist Society was making. Rarely — if ever — has there been in the denomination an instance of such rapid and substantial progress.

The provisions of the resolutions just cited seem to have been promptly and effectively carried out. The lots were secured; then came the question of building; how much should be expended, what materials should be used, what plans should be followed. July 17, 1872, at a meeting of the society held at the office of D. Morrison, "on motion of W. S. King, resolved that when the subscription is fully completed to \$40,000, the work upon the new church be commenced," and "D. Morrison offered resolution that when the new church is builded, *it be of stone*: which motion was carried." Behind all these outward evidences of prosperity lay the faithful work of the pastor and the solid character of his people. No church was ever more fortunate in its leader, no leader was ever more fortunate in his following. It was a rare combination. It was a foundation upon

which all the subsequent influence and success of the church has been built.¹

THE PREACHING OF MR. TUTTLE

During this first period of Mr. Tuttle's ministry in Minneapolis — the period that lay between the frame church building on Fifth street and the stone one on Eighth — his preaching was preëminently practical. It aimed to develop the religious life through the every-day business and pursuits of men. It proclaimed the two great principles, love to God and love to man, and strove to apply them to the concerns of the hour. Mindful of the days at Rochester and the lessons he had learned from Frederick Douglass and Miss Anthony, Mr. Tuttle applied the gospel to social and political questions

¹ So much has been said of the character of the people, that one further word in explanation may be admissible. The real Mother Church of the Church of the Redeemer, is the Universalist Church of Livermore, Maine. The building, venerable but carefully preserved, dedicated in 1828, stands upon the original Washburn estate, now called "The Norlands," and occupied every summer by Hon. W. D. Washburn. Many of those who were most active in the founding and early history of the Church of the Redeemer, were trained and schooled in the Livermore Church. The Washburns, Prays, Morrisons, Bartons, Briggses, Whitmores, and others were all brought up in this church, and learned their devotion to Universalism at its altars. Had it not been for the Church at Livermore, the Church of the Redeemer might not have been, or its character might have been very different.

as well. Every problem is, in its last analysis, a moral problem. The following extract from the diary of one of his parishioners, of this period, bears important testimony: "I rose this Sunday morning at 7.30, breakfasted at 8.30, read *Tribune* half an hour, and from 9 to 10 did various duties about the house, and then dressed for church. Mr. Tuttle gave us a practical sermon on 'Economy'; the church was well filled."¹ He took pains to explain that Universalism applied to this world, as well as the next.

I have not said anything of that part of our creed which, in the public mind, distinguishes us, more than any other, as a sect — that is universal salvation. I had a purpose in leaving this for the last. I wanted to prove to you that the thought, and policy, and spirit of our denomination, do not lie altogether in the single doctrine of future destiny — that this is simply the crown to a pyramid of truths. Universalism is not all summed up in universal happiness on the other side of the grave; it means universal fatherhood, universal brotherhood in this world as well; it means universal knowledge, universal liberty, universal temperance, universal peace, universal love, universal charity, universal righteousness; and all these among men here on the earth. Our first concern is with this life, to be good Christians, good parents, good children, good men and women — faithful and righteous in every position we are called to occupy.

It is to be noted that the opposition to Universalism in Minneapolis at this time was, by no means,

¹ *Minnesota Pioneer Sketches*, by F. G. O'Brien, p. 67.

so violent as that which Mr. Tuttle had encountered in his earlier pastorates in the East. Occasionally there was a blast of brimstone from an orthodox pulpit, but it did not greatly excite the community nor disturb the equanimity of Mr. Tuttle and his people. It is quite possible that the character and standing of the families who were identified with the Universalist church had much to do with tempering opposition. They were among the most prominent in business and social circles to be found in the city. They were active in every good cause. People could see from the examples before their eyes that Universalism did not mean social and moral anarchy. It was also recognized by every one that a nobler Christian man never walked the streets of Minneapolis than the pastor of the Universalist church. Those who could not accept his doctrines loved the man. And he, while he was faithful to the distinguishing features of his own denomination, was kindly and tolerant to all. His spirit may be seen in the following extract from one of his sermons which belongs to this period:

As it respects ourself, when we entered the ministry, and for years afterwards, our enthusiasm so far out-ran our knowledge, that we most sincerely believed that the Universalist denomination was destined, at no very distant date, to absorb all the other denominations ; we fancied that the disintegrating process had begun in nearly every

orthodox church, and that the vast and mighty structures built out of materials furnished by the Reformation, and erected by such theological architects as Calvin, Wesley, etc., were about to fall in a general crash. We have grown wiser ; and yet we have lost none of our faith in Universalism. We neither expect that Universalists are soon to swallow other denominations, nor, that either or all of them, will soon swallow us. We cannot, if we would, destroy our neighbor churches ; we would not, if we could. They are doing a work which we, so far, have not done so well as they ; we have also done what they did not seem to have the power, or the will, to accomplish. We are satisfied with the progress our distinguishing doctrines have made, and are making. Theology is undergoing a hopeful change ; but this change does not seem to threaten any serious loss in what are commonly termed orthodox organizations. So, then, the candlesticks will remain while the candles throw out another, and brighter, and warmer, and cheerfuller flame. All the candles kept continually burning, and, intermingling their friendly rays, will, it is hoped, light the world, orthodox and Universalist, to Heaven.

CHAPTER V

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

Visit to a Logging-camp—Old Forest Giants—The Family Residence—An Incident of the Time—Harriet Merriman Tuttle—Recollections of Friends—The Voyage in Hope—The Message of Despair—At Rest in Rosehill—A Pilgrimage to Dresden.

THOSE early years in Minneapolis were wonderful in the incessant activity of the pastor and the results which he achieved. From sixty-six to seventy-two!—in that brief period of half a dozen years, how much was done? It marked an epoch in the history of the church, and at the end of it came a great crisis in the life of the minister. In that period, the church became firmly established; its foundations were securely laid; its character was determined; its aims were clearly defined. The community learned for what Universalism stood. They learned that it stood for faith in an Infinite Father and freedom from superstition and fear; for the highest Christian character and the broadest sympathy and brotherhood; for the welfare of the community and loyalty to the interests of the nation; for a life of righteousness on earth, and a corresponding destiny hereafter. These lessons were so impressed upon the minds of the



HARRIET MERRIMAN TUTTLE.

(From an old photograph.)

people of Minneapolis, in that early day, by Mr. Tuttle and his church, that they have never been forgotten. A newspaper item that goes back to those "old times," refers to him in words like these: "Standing at the head of one of the liberal faiths, his flock love him; his orthodox brethren respect him; even scoffers are wont to say, in their own peculiar phrase, that 'he is better than his religion.' Such praise as this last would make him raise his hands in a deprecatory negation, for he believes in his religion, its realities and idealities, with a faith like unto Job's . . . Mr. Tuttle's self in the pulpit is the best sermon on Christianity that he ever offered to his congregation, and his smile and cordial benediction for those who linger after the service is, perhaps, a more potent benediction than he ever put in words." Such was his work and influence during those opening years of his ministry in Minneapolis. Then came a bereavement that shook his being to its very center; that tested his faith to the uttermost, only to leave it more bright and strong. But there was much of sunshine before the shadow fell.

VISIT TO A LOGGING-CAMP

Whenever it was possible, the pastor turned aside from his busy life to explore new regions where he might gather knowledge. At the time he

came to Minnesota, the state had not long ceased to be a territory. Its vast resources were in the infancy of their development. Men of energy and foresight were coming, under whose touch the wilderness was to blossom. In all the life and activity of that period, Mr. Tuttle was intensely interested. He was a man, and nothing that concerned men was alien to him. The farthest remove from the narrow religionist, he knew that all the material undertakings of a people have a profound influence upon character. Men make their industries and the industries remake the men.

With one of his friends, who was largely interested in lumbering, Mr. Tuttle made a trip to the pine woods beyond St. Cloud, going in a two-horse sled the entire journey there and back, with the exception of about thirty-five miles by rail. An account of this trip, with illustrations, was published in *Harper's Magazine* for March, 1868, from which one or two characteristic paragraphs are taken :

After a couple of hours' ride, we came to a fork in the road, and for the first time my friend was in doubt which way to go. He stopped his horses, and we held a council. We looked about for a finger-board, but found none. One road, we knew, led to Tidd's camp — the camp we were in search of — and the other, to somebody else's camp. The full moon peered out from a rift in the clouds and sprinkled

its beams down through the oaks, poplars, and pines, but not a ray of light penetrated our doubts. The trees seemed to say, with provoking indifference, as we looked up at them inquiringly, "We know how to stand here and grow; we know how and when to open our buds and shed our leaves, and which way to fall when we get old and rotten; but we do not know the way to Tidd's camp."

This article, which was probably the first ever written on the subject, contained graphic descriptions of cutting down the trees, sawing them into logs, hauling the logs to the frozen lake, or river, to await the spring thaws, when they would be floated down to the mills of Minneapolis; also, of the life in the camps, the meals, the amusements, the dress, the conversation of the loggers. It was the first time that the outside world had a glimpse of what was going on in the forests of Minnesota.

OLD FOREST GIANTS

Speaking of the enormous size of some logs at Moses' landing, Mr. Tuttle says:

On the butt of one of the largest, we counted two hundred and fifty annual rings. Thus the tree from which it was taken was born about the year that William Shakespeare died and Oliver Cromwell matriculated at Sussex College. It was four or five years old when the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock, and was a flourishing youth of fifty when John Milton went quietly to sleep in his house at Bunhill Fields. It had stretched its green top up to a magnificent height, and was able to boast an experience of

nearly one hundred and fifty years when the famous and infamous Stamp Act was passed; and before Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, and Michigan claimed even a territorial government. Its two hundredth birthday had passed before a single white man had come to admire its giant trunk; and before its topmost branches, peering over the shoulders of younger pines, could see beyond, the land of the Dakotas. How cruel that civilization, so long waited for, should signal its approach by ordering her first hardy skirmishers to cut this patriarch of the forest down, and to bring in its dismembered parts as a trophy to the ever-widening circle of her conquests. Two centuries and a half of patient growing to be torn asunder by irreverent saws, and to serve the cupidity of a race that turns all the natural water-falls into mill-dams and the forests into lumber-yards.

THE FAMILY RESIDENCE

The house in which Mr. Tuttle and his family lived during the earlier period of his pastorate in Minneapolis, was on Chicago avenue — then far out in the country. This house is still standing.

It has been moved about and now faces Columbus avenue, just beyond Franklin. It is distinguished from its neighbors by a small tower. Some slight changes have been made in it; but substantially it remains the same as when it stood in the midst of a large and grassy plot of ground, surrounded by trees, — a center of hospitality; a place where the young and joyous gathered; an altar where marriage vows were spoken; a shrine to which the weary and burdened resorted for conso-

lation and help. Here the unbroken family passed some happy years. The life in Minneapolis at this time was that of a village. Everybody knew everybody else. All were friends and neighbors. There were no marked inequalities in wealth or position. Friends dropped in informally to dinner or tea. There was little in the way of public amusement, and the evenings were spent in visiting from house to house. Such were the conditions. Naturally friendships were formed which hold across the years; influences were exerted whose results appear in all the after life of the city and of the church.

AN INCIDENT OF THE TIME

About a year after Mr. Tuttle began preaching in Minneapolis, there came a young man to the town who was just starting out for himself. To use his own expression, his baggage was quite "condensed." He was met at the station by a bustling citizen who directed him to a hotel, and afterwards called upon him for a friendly talk. This citizen was a devoted admirer of the Universalist preacher and urged the young man to be sure to hear him the very next Sunday. Without any strong religious preferences, the stranger decided to follow this advice. So the next Sunday, leaving the Nicollet house, he proceeded by a cow-path which lay across open fields, — now occupied

by the Guaranty building and the City Hall,— to the frame church at the corner of Fourth avenue and Fifth street South. He went up into the little gallery that faced the pulpit. The preacher interested him from the start. "Never," he said long afterwards, "had I heard a minister who so impressed me. I felt, 'That is the man for me.'" At the close of the service he went down and was introduced. He became a regular attendant. A strong friendship grew up between him and Mr. Tuttle. He was often at the pastor's house, and with many other young men who visited the open and hospitable home on Chicago avenue, he became as one of the family. He found in Mr. Tuttle, very many years his senior, a companion and comrade rather than a mentor; and Mr. Tuttle, upon his part, believed in the young man, saw the promise of success he gave, and encouraged him to the struggle. The friendship ripened into an affection; and thirty-two years after the young stranger from the country had found his way into the gallery of the church, the old pastor, broken in health and but a few paces from the journey's end, wrote to the noted man of affairs: "MY DEAR MR. LOWRY: You will never fade from my mind, as long as I have any mind. . . . You are a successful man, not alone because of the thousands you have amassed, but because you have kept intact the amiable spirit your Creator gave you, and

won the good will and good wishes of your neighbors; of all who ever knew you."

HARRIET MERRIMAN TUTTLE

This is but one illustration of the silent influence that went out from the pastor's life and home. How many who have since risen to prominence can look back to that house on Chicago avenue and say, "There I found my incentive to be and do my best!"

The central figure in that home was the wife and mother,¹ who is still so well remembered by old friends in the church. Glimpses have been given, now and then, of this woman, in many ways so remarkable: the time has come for more extended mention. Born in Connecticut, her parents removed to New York while she was yet a child, and settled in Herkimer County, in what was called "The Slip." Her father's farm did not lie far away from that of Ransom Tuttle, and the families associated as friends and neighbors. She had better educational advantages than many of the farmers' daughters of the vicinity; for, in addition to the common school, she took a course at Fairfield Academy. Of a vigorous and independ-

¹ On the table at Loafden — Dr. Tuttle's table — upon which so many of these pages were written, lay a little Bible with this inscription on the fly-leaf, "Presented to H. M. Tuttle by her affectionate husband, Jas. H. Tuttle, Sept. 26, 1856."

ent mind, on one occasion, when a mere girl, she showed her freedom from prevailing superstitions, by passing the night alone in a haunted house. She rejected the doctrines of fear and cruelty in religion and accepted, with her intellect as well as with her heart, the newer and better thought. She knew why she believed, and could always 'give a reason for the hope within.' Whether James Tuttle and Harriet Merriman attended Fairfield Academy at the same time or not, does not appear; it was inevitable, that growing up in the same neighborhood, they should often meet, and that increasing acquaintance should flower into love. No two persons were ever better adapted to each other than the earnest and enthusiastic young preacher and this clear-headed, practical maiden who, with all her deep, religious nature, was yet always awake to the realities of life. She was devoted to the cause for which he stood, the truth he proclaimed, and ever girded and inspired him for his tasks. Her quick insight and active sympathy, her tact and cheerfulness, won hosts of friends in all her husband's pastorates.

RECOLLECTIONS OF FRIENDS

In Minneapolis, there remain those who came under her gentle, yet positive influence, and who sacredly cherish her memory. "She stands out in my mind," says one, "as an ideal woman, com-

binning all the virtues; a devoted wife and mother; a beautiful housekeeper; making the home unusually attractive to the family and friends. She was the soul of hospitality." When the great fire in Chicago occurred, Mr. Tuttle started to the doomed city to see whether any of the old friends might be needing help. After his departure, Mrs. Tuttle countermanded an order for painting the house, thinking that some of their Chicago parishioners might require the \$300 that had been saved for the purpose. "She was also," says the one who has borne testimony above, "vitally interested in the church, and in close touch with her husband's work in every way. She was charitable, unselfish, always cheerful." Another says, "She seemed to know intuitively where her presence was needed, and was there before she could be sent for." "I remember," says still another, "at a time when we were having much trouble and misfortune to bear, and the world seemed very dark, I would go out to see Mrs. Tuttle, and I always returned with new hope and courage." "She was everything as a woman that her husband was as a man, — as great in her way as he in his," — remarked one who knew them both from the very first. The words of King Lemuel, in the book of Proverbs,¹ seem singularly appropriate in summing up her character:

¹ Proverbs, xxxi.

Strength and dignity are her clothing.

* * * * *

She openeth her mouth with wisdom ;

And the law of kindness is on her tongue.

She looketh well to the ways of her household,

And eateth not the bread of idleness.

Her children rise up and call her blessed ;

Her husband also, and he praiseth her, saying,

‘ Many daughters have done virtuously,

But thou excellest them all.’

Favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain :

But a woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be
praised.

Give her of the fruit of her hands,

And let her works praise her in the gates.

THE VOYAGE IN HOPE

She who gave so unstintingly of her time and her life to others, at last began to find the fountains of energy failing. It was no wonder. For years the strain had been great. The trying days in Chicago, the busy days in Minneapolis, were writing their story in her broken health. It was finally resolved that she should accompany her son George, in the Autumn of 1872, to Dresden, where he was going to pursue the study of the modern languages. It was hoped that the sea-voyage and the change of climate would bring back her waning strength. Mr. Tuttle expected to join them the following Spring, and make a tour of the Continent. So the farewells were

cheerily spoken, and mother and son were soon upon the deep. For a time the messages that came back across the sea were full of hope. They carried assurance to anxious hearts. They inspired the pastor in the midst of his labors, and comforted the people who loved both him and her. Writes the elder son, James: "It seems as if it was only a few days ago that father and I opened that first letter headed, 'Dresden.' What a long way off it seemed, and how precious were the messages after their three weeks' journey. And then the day comes up when Mr. Westfall called me into the bank as I was on my way to dinner, and showed me — the telegram! You know all the rest."

THE MESSAGE OF DESPAIR

And every one soon knew "all the rest." The change for the better was only in appearance. The activities of mind and heart had proved too much for the frail body; her vitality had been too seriously undermined for any change of scene or climate to restore. On the 6th of January, 1873, word came that she was dangerously ill. Mr. Tuttle at once left for New York, intending to cross the ocean, if there were any prospect that he might reach the other side in time. On his way, he received another telegram which read, "No hope." A few days later came tidings of the end. Mrs. Tuttle died in Dresden, January

11, 1873, at the age of forty-eight. A simple service was held, conducted by a Philadelphia clergyman. Then began the journey homeward. The body was accompanied only by the younger son, who had been his mother's companion on the outward voyage and in the German city. The sea was rough and stormy, but there was

“ . . . dead calm in that noble breast,
Which heaved but with the heaving deep.”

And, all the while, the husband and father, and James, the elder son, were waiting for the arrival of the steamer. While thus waiting in New York, Mr. Tuttle wrote a friend: ¹

I hope I have not murmured nor been impatient. I have not consciously rebelled against my Heavenly Father's will. He knows what is best. . . . I prayed that the cup might pass; oh, how earnestly I prayed for this; but God said, “You must drink it.” It is, indeed, bitter. At first the burden of woe almost crushed me. How weak I was! And yet, my agony, much of it, came from my selfishness. I did not doubt that death had bettered the condition of that dear one. It was not any more faith in a future life or in immortality that I needed; no clouds covered the eternal world. My confidence in a happy hereafter was never more strong and clear. But I shrank from the fact, lifted so suddenly to my contemplation, that I could never again meet the loved one in this world: that my happy home was broken. This was what I found so hard to endure. I get more strength, however, day by

¹ Mrs. Hannah M. Taylor.

day. . . . Word has just come that the steamer we have waited for so long and so anxiously has arrived.

AT REST IN ROSEHILL

The burial took place from the residence of A. G. Throop, in Chicago. The house was filled to its utmost capacity by the devoted friends who had known and loved her, during the pastorate of Mr. Tuttle at the Church of the Redeemer. The services were conducted by Dr. W. H. Ryder, who made the address; Rev. H. F. Campbell reading the Scriptures; and Rev. Dr. Forrester offering prayer. The interment was made in Rosehill Cemetery, in a lot selected during her residence in Chicago. The following Sunday (February 17, 1878) memorial services were held in Minneapolis. The church was appropriately decorated with flowers for the occasion. The sermon was preached by Rev. J. S. Dennis, of Chicago. "It was so perfect of its kind," said the *Tribune*, next morning, "that it will not bear epitomizing." But the reporter records that the audience were "deeply touched," when the speaker alluded to the "be-reaved husband waiting by the sea for the arrival of the dear one who is now waiting by the shore of the sea of life for him."

THE PILGRIMAGE TO DRESDEN

One year later Mr. Tuttle, and his son James, visited the Continent. Some days were spent in

Dresden. The monuments and galleries were not the only objects of interest. There was a little house on *Christian Strasse* that held for them the holiest associations. After spending an hour there James wrote to a friend: "What would I not give if, after all this wandering, we could turn our faces towards that old fireside, and find it as it was! In spite of all the dear, kind friends we have, it seems as if the heart and soul of that word 'home' had fled." Mr. Tuttle wrote to the *Star and Covenant*:

Near the center of the South side of the city, the older side is *Christian Strasse*. Externally this street does not differ much from others in that vicinity; why, then, should we refer to it at all? It is a sad story, and should be a private one, no doubt, but your readers are our friends, and will read what is written here with patience, if not with sympathy. All places in this world are very much alike, except as they are imprinted with our experiences or recall some incident to our mind. The spot where we loved, or were loved, becomes a sacred shrine to us; so, too, if it has wrung a sorrow from our heart, it holds us ever afterwards with a grip that hurts. The outside world sees nothing in Mecca, but the Moslem sees all things there, and bows towards it when he prays. When Jacob met God and the angels, all was vacancy to other eyes. What do we see in *Christian Strasse*? . . . The house in which she who, of all on earth, was nearest to me, died. . . . Several wide stone steps led us up to the door, where we entered a large hall with a stone floor; and our feet, as we walked on this floor, awakened echoes

such as one hears in a vault or tomb; indeed, the place was to us a tomb. Stone stairs conducted us to the second *étage*, then to the third, where the servant ushered us into one of three large rooms opening into each other. Frau R——, the lady of the house, soon entered, to whom we gave our names. The good woman understood it all instantly. Tears filled her eyes, as she exclaimed in broken, yet tender, sympathetic English, "Here is where Frau T——, and your son, and their friend, Miss M——, lived. These are the rooms—the chairs, sofa, table, pictures, and flowers, are the same." In a few minutes Frau R—— led us into the north room, and, pointing to a single bed, with a pure white spread on it, said, "There is where she died." She then turned back, and shutting the door, left us alone. . . . Alone?

"Millions of spirits walk the earth unseen."

Blessed truth, if it be a truth. But how strange that so few, if any, of these "millions" are able to let us know of their presence. Here she died! And at that moment we were more than four thousand miles away! Now we have come; and the form, the frail, weary form that was here, lies in its grave-bed in Rosehill. . . . How many letters we sent off from America to be delivered at No. 6 *Christian Strasse*, Dresden; and how many came back from this place over the same long journey! Months of sadness passed by—months of discontent.

"Over all things brooding swept
The quiet sense of something lost."

Death had dissolved the hope we cherished of following those who had preceded us to Europe, of travelling over the old country with them; only the poor solace was left

us of going on a year later to see the house they lived in less than three short months, the spot where she died! This we have done, and now our pilgrimage is ended. We have found *Christian Strasse*, we have been in the third story of the house, No. 6, we have seen those rooms! We may never climb those stone stairs again, but must henceforth mount

“The world's great altar-stairs,
That slope through darkness up to God.”

CHAPTER VI

A YEAR OF TRAVEL

Leave of Absence — Pulpit Supplies — Off for Europe — On the Atlantic — From London to the Rhine — The Rhine and the Mississippi — Berlin and Dresden — Munich ; Kaulbach, Döllinger — Rome : Preaching in the Eternal City — William and Mary Howitt — Florence : Theodore Parker — The Holy Land — On the Mount of Olives — The Return : Switzerland, France, British Isles — The American Minister to France — Home Again — Sunday Services — Home Ties — The Great Lessons — Waiting for His Coming.

THE work upon the new church building had fairly begun. A competent committee consisting of W. W. Eastman, O. A. Pray, A. B. Barton, and Rufus Stevens, had the enterprise in charge. The pastor was relieved of all care in this connection ; but the strain to which the events recorded in the preceding chapter had subjected him, demanded a period of rest. He wished to spend some time in foreign travel and in study. His elaborate reading had prepared him for such a journey. He could look with understanding eyes upon the new scenes. He wanted to gather treasures in other fields to bring back to his people. The best time to go seemed to be while the new house was building. The records of the society contain the following entry :

A meeting called at the close of the service in the church, September 4, 1873, R. Stevens, chairman. A letter from the pastor, Rev. J. H. Tuttle, was read, asking for leave of absence, for one year, for the purpose of travel in Europe and other eastern countries. It was unanimously voted by the society that the pastor have leave of absence for one year, and for as much longer as he may desire; and that the trustees be authorized, if the funds of the society permit, to continue the pastor's salary during his absence.

PULPIT SUPPLIES

Arrangements were made to fill the pulpit. The first half of the year, the supply was Rev. Moses Goodrich, of Anoka, "one of the pioneers of the State, a noble-spirited, self-sacrificing man, with many friends and no enemies." The rest of the year Rev. Moses Marston preached. He was professor of Greek and Latin in St. Lawrence University, Canton, New York. While upon this visit to Minneapolis, he was offered, and accepted the chair of English in the University of Minnesota. This chair he held until his death, in 1883. The friendship between himself and Mr. Tuttle was deep and lasting, and the latter has left, in his book, his testimony to the "gentle, scholarly manner and rare amiability of character" of his friend. The memory of Professor Marston is still cherished in the church, and at the University, a scholarship named for him, has been established, the interest

of which is given annually as a prize in the department of English.

OFF FOR EUROPE

Leaving the congregation in the care of such able and satisfactory supplies as Mr. Goodrich and Professor Marston, the pastor, accompanied by his son, James, set out upon his travels. One can imagine with what fond anticipations, he turned his face towards Europe and the East. The dreams of a life-time are about to be realized. It is not as an idle curiosity-seeker that he desires to visit the great theaters of history, but that he may add to his power in the pulpit and among men. He always believed that the ministry was the highest calling upon earth, and that no pains should be spared by him who entered it to qualify himself to the utmost. His was no narrow interpretation of his office. He did not consider himself set to repeat the words of a prescribed creed. He believed in God and in the final triumph of righteousness; but he believed also that God had written himself out in nature, and art, and history, as well as in the Bible; and he claimed the right to find God, wherever there was a sign of his presence. So the journey was to be, not only one of relaxation, but one of serious purpose.

ON THE ATLANTIC

Atlantic Ocean! Well do I remember how, when a boy, these words sounded, and how the thing they represented, looked on the map. The geography said this ocean is "three thousand miles wide." What an immense distance that seemed! The geography said, further, that "two-thirds of the earth's surface is covered with water," — a statement we wondered at greatly. It seemed a vast amount of water for so little land. The largest body of water I had seen at that time was my uncle's mill-pond, and hence, it was difficult to believe that the earth was nearly all a pond. I am better prepared now to credit the story, since I have actually crossed the Atlantic Ocean. The distance our ship traveled was a little more than three thousand miles. I was convinced, before reaching Liverpool, that the geography did not stretch the truth. That the land has, indeed, a small chance on this globe. The vast continent of soil we had left behind, seemed, as we looked out day after day, upon the illimitable expanse of sea, to shrink to a comparatively meager point. Until this voyage, I had never had but one good smell of salt water; and a morning's ride from Gloucester to Boston, in a sort of ferry boat, was all the real ocean sailing I had had.

FROM LONDON TO THE RHINE

The voyage ended, he found himself in England, "the land we had dreamed about all our life, but had never looked on before. Hastening from Liverpool to London, he took quarters at the Queen's Hotel, but his stay at this time was brief. While he visited the churches and other places of interest,

one or two sentences tell us what was uppermost in his mind: "How often we thought of Dickens in our wanderings about the city! Great man! here is where you picked up the matter for your marvelous books. Here, in these streets and lanes, you saw the poor, wretched creatures, whose stories you told, and over which the whole world wept." Leaving London, for the present, he pushed on to Brussels, through Holland, stopping at Amsterdam, Rotterdam, the Hague, and Antwerp. In these cities, the art galleries interested him more than anything else. "What homage, after all, even this worldly world pays to art!" From Cologne, he went down the Rhine to Frankfurt-on-the-Main, where, among other historic places, he visited the house where Goethe was born, and stood before the statues of Schiller and Gutenberg. The stone effigy of Luther, on one corner, called attention to the fact, that, from this spot, he had addressed the people on his way to Worms. On to Mayence and to Bingen, below which is the Mouse-Tower of cruel Bishop Hatto.

THE RHINE AND THE MISSISSIPPI

In all his journeyings, Mr. Tuttle never forgot Minnesota, and was constantly comparing the new and strange scenery with that left behind. "We can conceive it possible and probable," he says, "that the German who has always lived on the

Rhine and become used to its sights, might experience a superior pleasure in the Upper Mississippi, especially if pains were taken to fill his mind the while, full of stories, about Indian warriors and maidens who once made these bluffs their home; stories, for instance, like that of *Maiden Rock*."

BERLIN AND DRESDEN

When he came to the great and splendid German capitol, he went out to Potsdam and found an old wind-mill, which interested him more than many a magnificent monument. The story is familiar. The wind-mill stood near the Royal Palace. Far in the past it belonged to a poor man. Frederick the Great wanted the ground to enlarge his garden and began to take the mill down. The poor man appealed to the courts. "Justice, who stood up between the two, with her impartial eyes covered, tipped her scales the right way, and the mill was allowed to stand, where, tho' silent and motionless these many years, it has ground out a continual grist for truth." In Berlin, he caught a glimpse of the "sharp, determined face of Moltke," as the general was "walking across the public square, with a plain soldier cap on his head, and a long blue soldier cloak dangling about his rather slim form."

In Wittenburg, Luther and Melanchton became

less like myths, when he walked among the scenes where they had lived, entered the church where Luther preached his impetuous sermons, and saw the hour-glass by which he timed them. "In front of the church, making an island in the middle of the street, is a mill, which dates back to Luther's time; a miller in white coat and hat stood in the door, and may have been a descendant of the one who ground Luther's grist." Mention has been made in the preceding chapter of Mr. Tuttle's visit to Dresden, and of the sad associations that city contained for him. "Thou didst, indeed, hold out to us in thy right hand, the marvelous symbols of art; but in thy left hand, we saw a skeleton, which meant death."

MUNICH: KAULBACH, DÖLLINGER

Prague, Vienna, Munich, were visited in turn. In the last of these cities, Mr. Tuttle met Kaulbach, the artist, and Dr. Döllinger, the reformer. It is worth while to give his account of these occasions:

We must mention Kaulbach, who lives in Munich, and has a studio here, which we visited. Mr. Johnson introduced us to this celebrated artist, saying to him that we were Americans, and come to see him. He seemed at once to have an indulgent comprehension of our situation, and helping us out with his frankness, he replied: "Well, here I am; look at me," and then turned and began work-

ing on a crayon picture which hung on the easel, and which seemed to be nearly finished. In a moment he stopped and explained the picture to us. It was a sort of national representation designed to set forth, in a most flattering manner, the present popular position of the German powers. Germany, the central figure, was portrayed in the form of St. Michael, lifting his sword of authority, and with his feet on the crouching form of France, while the Pope and his Cardinals are shrinking away from him in slavish fear. The drawing was splendidly executed, and it will awaken new admiration among Germans for their favorite artist. Kaulbach is a medium-sized man, stoutly built, slightly inclined to portliness; a fresh, somewhat ruddy face entirely shaved, except a mustache. His "atelier" was strewn thick with clay models, old pictures, and various kinds of rubbish, all more indicative of work, than of particular care for neatness. We also visited, afterwards, Kaulbach's gallery, where we saw his original crayon drawings of Goethe's characters, copies of which are now so common at home. We shall, hereafter, take a fresh interest in them.

The description of Dr. Döllinger follows:

By invitation from Mr. Johnson, we went to the University and heard the renowned Dr. Döllinger lecture on the French Revolution. Here, as well as at several other times, since we have been in Germany, we felt like saying, "My Kingdom" not "for a horse," but "for a language." Not understanding German, we caught only a few words and disconnected sentences of the lecture, but we were glad to see this ripe scholar and theologian, who has dared to suggest important reforms in the Catholic church, and at least to say, "no," to the Pope's doctrine of infallibility. He is a mild, pleasant-looking man, with blue eyes,

rather thin face, and a clean-cut mouth. His manner is quite scholarly, he does not seem, altogether, to be fitted for a modern Luther; indeed, it is evident from a brief conversation we had with him, that he does not propose to lead the somewhat formidable opposition party, which is threatening the peace of the Catholic church in Europe. He spoke of himself as a "looker on." In answer to questions we made to him, he said that while he agreed with Luther in the conviction that the church needed reform, he had no "particular sympathy with Luther's dogmas," etc., also further plainly intimated that he was not prepared to go with Hyacinthe in his innovations in respect to the Catholic theory of celibacy. So we judge that the doctor is still thoroughly catholic in everything, except the question of infallibility, and in the assumptions of the Pope regarding his civil authority. The room in which the lecture was given, was small, the seats were exceedingly plain, and there were twenty listeners in all.

ROME: PREACHING IN THE ETERNAL CITY

We next find him in Italy, where he made the tour of the principal cities. "Rome! Few words have had the power to work such a charm in our imagination, or to transcribe for us from the pages of history a series of such delightful pictures as this. There is, perhaps, no other spot from which we could date a letter with a profounder weight of impressions resting on our mind or with-in sight of the fulfilment of so many dreams." A pleasant experience was awaiting him in the Eternal City. On Sunday, December 21, at the re-

quest of the pastor, Rev. Mr. Wait, he preached in the Congregational chapel on the Via Condottii, near the heart of the city. The large audience was composed mainly of English and Americans. "This, to us," he says, "was an experience as interesting as it was unexpected. We can hardly tell which excited our gratitude more, the privilege itself of preaching in this strange old city, or the kind liberality through which it came. How often we thought, during the service, of a certain congregation in Minneapolis!"

WILLIAM AND MARY HOWITT

We remained in Rome one day longer than we intended, to accept an invitation received from them through a mutual acquaintance, to a four o'clock cup of tea, with William and Mary Howitt. This remarkable pair of English authors is almost as well known, and as well loved, in America as in Europe, and we confess to having had a strong desire to see them. Somehow the two have always seemed to us very much like one, for both names generally appear in connection. We seldom see William's name without Mary's, and their literary experiences seem as closely wedded as their lives. We have wondered if their thoughts are not identical, if their books were not joint productions like Beaumont's and Fletcher's. Perhaps there is not another instance where husband and wife have kept such equal, continued, and harmonious pace in literature, and such equal hold of the world's admiration; certainly no couple have borne their fame more simply and lovingly. William is over eighty, and

Mary can not be far behind; although neither appears beyond sixty. We found them in the topmost apartment of a five-story house, after we had climbed a flight of steep, damp stone stairs, which turned so frequently that they made us feel very much twisted. How the white-haired octogenarians manage to mount those stairs several times a day, is a mystery; but climbing is a life-business, and they are now nearer heaven in more than one sense. The highest rooms in Rome are considered the healthiest, and a glance at William's and Mary's faces show that they have taken good care of their bodies as well as their souls, and that they have never been afraid of air, light, and exercise. Evidently they understand the art of growing old gracefully. There is nothing in their looks or acts to remind one of wasted energies. Their talk was as fresh and sunny and hopeful as though they were yet on the threshold of youth. Whether their conversation turned on this life or the next, they ran clear of all bitter reflections and sad doubts. They showed no hesitation in avowing their belief in Spiritualism; but theirs is a spiritual and not a material spiritualism. We could not have felt more entirely at home in the presence of our own grandparents. Tiny cups of tea were brought us by their daughter, who is spending the winter with them; a bright, pleasant lady, and, we judge, a correspondent of some English newspaper. The aged couple are spending their fourth winter in Rome; they seem to love both the society and the climate they find here. Mr. Summers, a noted sculptor in Rome, is making busts of them; we saw the white clay models in the studio of the artist, sitting side by side, on a shelf, looking as pure, and simple, and loving, as the originals.

FLORENCE: THEODORE PARKER

In Florence, the Protestant cemetery contains three graves that aroused emotions as deep as any monuments of the wonderful history of Florence, or any of the great names so conspicuous in its pages. They were the graves of Hiram Powers, Mrs. Browning, and Theodore Parker. Mr. Tuttle's comments upon Theodore Parker, from whose theological views he strongly dissented, are characteristic of his broad charity and power of appreciation :

Only a simple slab marks Mr. Parker's resting-place, on which we are told that he was born in Lexington, Mass., August 24, 1810, and died May 10, 1860. Within the low, stone border of the grave, some remembering hand has planted myrtles and roses, and the whole spot seems as simple and unostentatious as was the form that sleeps beneath. We would gladly have left some sweet flower there, if we had thought to bring one, not only for our own sake, but for the sake of his kindred, for the thousands of people in America who knew and loved Mr. Parker. Although we could never subscribe to some of his opinions, and seriously regretted the results of his attacks on Christianity, we could not withhold our veneration for his great learning, especially for his magnificent efforts in behalf of human freedom ; it was, therefore, in no cold critical attitude that we approached his grave and stood with our mind open to the stream of recollections that came pouring upon it concerning his eventful career in New England. We doubt not that the great Father, with whom deeds are more than creeds, whose test of dis-

cipleship is goodness instead of dogmas, will find a way of elevating Mr. Parker above thousands who scarcely err in belief, but are infidel in practice. To be a friend to the poor and downtrodden must atone for much wrong-headedness in theology, and so we turned away from the tomb of the New England iconoclast with these words in our mind:

“In Faith, and Hope, the world will disagree,
But all mankind's concern is Charity.”

This passage from a published letter was read by a devoted admirer of Theodore Parker, still living in Minneapolis; and he was so touched by its sympathetic reference to his old friend, that he at once became a regular attendant upon Mr. Tuttle's ministrations, saying that “he would henceforth listen to the preacher who could say a good word for Theodore Parker.”

THE HOLY LAND

After passing through Greece, Turkey, and Egypt, March 15, 1874, finds him in the Holy City. “We have at length reached the extreme objective point of our journey. It is a long path that has Minneapolis for one of its ends and Jerusalem for the other, — much longer than from Dan to Beersheba. What a contrast between these different parts of the earth — in peoples, climates, lands, and historic interest. Minnesota! Palestine! It hardly seems credible that both belong

to the same world. Here Christianity began — why is so little of it found here now?" Then he continues:

But we have come this long distance, not, chiefly, to see the degraded people who, at present, have possession of Palestine, but to visit the places made sacred by what was in and around them thousands of years ago; as secondary in importance, however, we desire to study the character of the races to whom this country has descended, that, along with our other knowledge, we may carry home with us a lesson of charity and a wider acquaintance with the great human family to which we belong. To know what humanity is, we must see all sides of it — and here, surely, is a side of it somewhat unlike anything we ever witnessed before.

This was the object of his journey, and the following paragraph reveals the attitude of his mind:

As it regards the exact locality of this or that event connected with the Saviour's history, in and about Jerusalem, we cannot reasonably suppose that all the traditions in this matter are well founded, nor is it safe to affirm that they are all false. We are not very anxious for the precise truth here; it is enough to feel certain that we are standing or walking *near* where Christ lived; *near* the spots made forever memorable by His greatness and goodness. Tennyson's lines often came into our thoughts:

"Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,
Whom we, who have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove."

ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

There is room for but a single extract from his journal, but the following will illustrate the spirit in which he traversed all that "land of ancient story":

From the Mount of Olives one gets the best view of Jerusalem; the view on every side from here is grand. On the south and east of us we could distinctly see the Dead Sea, and trace the Jordan running into it. Never can we forget this afternoon's experience. The weather was perfect and our cup of enthusiasm ran over. For a whole hour we stood on the Mount of Olives looking—meditating. How many things connected with Bible history crowded on our mind! There the Saviour often stood—there he talked with his disciples—there he looked down on Jerusalem and wept—near there ascended. Down in the deep valley, between us and the city was Gethsemane! Over on the other side, three miles away, was Bethany, where Mary and Martha lived, and where Lazarus was raised. We rode down to this latter place, coming back by a more southern route, descending into the valley of Kidron, or Jehoshaphat again, stopping just as the sun was setting, in the Garden of Gethsemane!

THE RETURN: SWITZERLAND, FRANCE, BRITISH
ISLES

The farthest point of his journey having been reached, Mr. Tuttle, on his return, visited Switzerland and France, spent a little more time in Eng-

land, and before sailing for home ran up to Ayr, the birthplace of Robert Burns. From his notes in Paris, the following paragraphs, upon the work and influence of Napoleon III, are taken :

When Napoleon III became master of the "Second Empire," he set out to make Paris the most beautiful city in the world, and he succeeded ; but we all know at what a fearful sacrifice. He gave away the real strength of his people to buy gloss for deceiving them. While he was opening boulevards, erecting triumphal arches, and bewildering his admirers with such scenes of magnificence as were never before crowded into any modern metropolis, the Emperor of Germany, with better philosophy, but less care for external effect, was teaching his sturdy soldiers those arts which, whatever may be their value in times of peace, are indispensable in war. The bad news which, on September 4, 1870, reached Paris from Sedan, proclaimed the truth to the French, that pleasure-seekers are not the best fighters, that tinsel cannot withstand cannon balls, and that a ruler, who has no plan for preventing the rebellion of his subjects but to keep them occupied with amusement, must sooner or later lose his throne.

THE AMERICAN MINISTER

One of the most interesting records of his stay in Paris, is that in which he speaks of his visit to the home of the American Minister, Hon. E. B. Washburne, where, among other paintings on the wall, was one of the old Universalist church in Livermore, Maine.

A letter of introduction to him gave us the advantage of special kindness from E. B. Washburne, our American Minister at Paris ; among others, an invitation to dine with him and his family. Mr. Washburne was here during the siege, and since. His position was one of unusual responsibility and difficulty, and yet he was fortunate enough to secure the entire approval of both France and America. We have heard his name mentioned here often by various classes, and always with extreme praise. His residence is in a charming part of the city, and overlooks the way leading to the Bois de Boulogne. We were not surprised to see a full-sized portrait of General Grant on his parlor wall. The general is represented in a military coat, and with one leg thrown over the other, in an easy, characteristic manner. A fine portrait of Dr. Franklin, one of our earliest Ministers at the Court of France, hangs near. The room contained several admirable paintings. In the reception room was a picture by Catlin, of a group of celebrated American Indian chiefs. But the picture which Mr. Washburne seemed to regard with peculiar pride, and before which his heart evidently warmed most, was one representing the old homestead and the old church in Livermore, Maine. Few homes have had more honor reflected back upon them than that.

HOME AGAIN

This chapter is necessarily one of fragments. It would have been impossible, within reasonable space, to have given a complete account of that journey, so memorable to Mr. Tuttle, and to his church. Random glimpses only have been possible. The results will presently be summed up in his own words.

One incident of his home-coming always greatly amused Mr. Tuttle. The train, upon which he came from St. Paul, stopped at Fort Snelling to take on a military band. Mr. Tuttle happened to ask the leader where they were going. He replied, in broken English: "Ve go to Minneapolis; dere is von tam pishop come home, unt we moost gif him some moosic." When the train reached the station, great was the astonishment of Mr. Tuttle — and, no doubt, of the band leader, also — to find out that he himself was the "tam pishop" to be welcomed with music. A large crowd of parishioners was awaiting him. He was put into a carriage, and a procession was formed, headed by this same band, which moved around by the rising walls of the new church, and down to the old one, where an informal reception was held.

SUNDAY SERVICES

The Sunday following, the church was decorated in the most elaborate manner, and over and about, and in front of the pulpit, were blossoms of every kind and description. An arch was erected over the pulpit, and on it were the words, "Welcome Home," wrought in flowers; and the word, "Welcome," also adorned the gallery opposite. The music was rendered by a double quartette, composed of Miss Anderson (Mrs. S. S. Brown),

Mrs. Tyler, Mrs. Melendy, and Mrs. Cushman, and Messrs. Charles B. Eustis, J. A. Bowman, Place, and Lyman. Professor Marston conducted the opening exercises, after which Mr. Tuttle spoke :

It is nearly a year since I stood here and parted from you with a few farewell words. I remember the enthusiasm with which I spoke of my journey, and the joy with which I thought of taking it. Much of the latter came from the fact that you did not ask me to resign, but generously voted me a year's absence. Then I was about to take a journey full of life-long expectations ; now I stand here, not to tell you that I am going, but that I have been ; to tell you that I have seized the argosy of pleasure, which seemed so far away, and have enjoyed it to the fullest extent.

THE HOME TIES

All through my travels, I felt the ties that have so long united me to this church, pulling my heart, and pulling me back to you. I never entered a church, large or small, old or new, or even a cathedral, that I did not think of the church you are building, and did not look it over with the idea of getting some new suggestion or device that would be of benefit to us. I never sat in a congregation, but I thought of this congregation, and in listening to the preachers, I found myself weaving thoughts together which I should take pleasure in presenting to you. I never saw fields that I did not think of the beautiful fields in Minnesota ; I never saw a river but I thought of the Mississippi ; I never saw lakes but I thought of ours ; I never listened to the music of a waterfall that I did not think of our own St. Anthony or Minnehaha.

THE GREAT LESSONS

Emerson has somewhere spoken of the surprise of those who, traveling in other lands, do not find their own particular church, but do find that the world goes on and that society seems perfectly safe without it. Mr. Tuttle could sympathize with the sentiment of Emerson.

Travel has taken out of me a great deal of conceit, and some bigotry. A man spends his bigotry abroad as fast as his money, and that is very fast. I do not think that there is a country in the world equal to America. I have not changed as to my Christian faith; I have lost none of my faith in God, in Christ, or in the Bible; or in the doctrines that characterize our denomination. But my heart goes out with feelings of yearning to other churches. I found but little of our faith there, but found those who felt as we do. I have gone among all denominations and been treated well, tho' they knew what a wonderful heretic I am. No one ever refused me the communion, and I found a growing liberality and kindness on the part of other churches. The time is coming when the walls between the churches will be broken down and when the grand Christian hearts in all denominations will be brought together. It shall be my aim, during the remaining years of my life, to do what I can to bring all of the sects together. I visited the graves of John Bunyan and John Wesley, and thanked God that they did so much good, each in his own way. Let all denominations come together, and with their souls united in a common communion and their hands clasped, go up together to God's white throne.

WAITING FOR HIS COMING

A touching incident of his return is related by one of his life-long friends. A prominent man had long been ill. Everything had been done for him that medical science could do. At last he was given up to die. He put his affairs in shape and made all preparations for the end. He was a man of high courage and free from the superstitions that attach to death; but something seemed to trouble him. At last he confided it to one who watched for many nights by his bedside. "I have all my business arranged," he said, "I am ready to go; but I am trying to live till Mr. Tuttle gets back. I feel that I cannot die till I have looked once more into that good man's face!" And his prayer was answered. He lived to look once more upon the face that proved such a benediction to multitudes. Then, like Simeon of old, perchance he said, in spirit, if not in words, and with all due reverence :

Now lettest thou thy servant depart, O Lord,
According to thy word, in peace;
For mine eyes have seen thy salvation!

CHAPTER VII

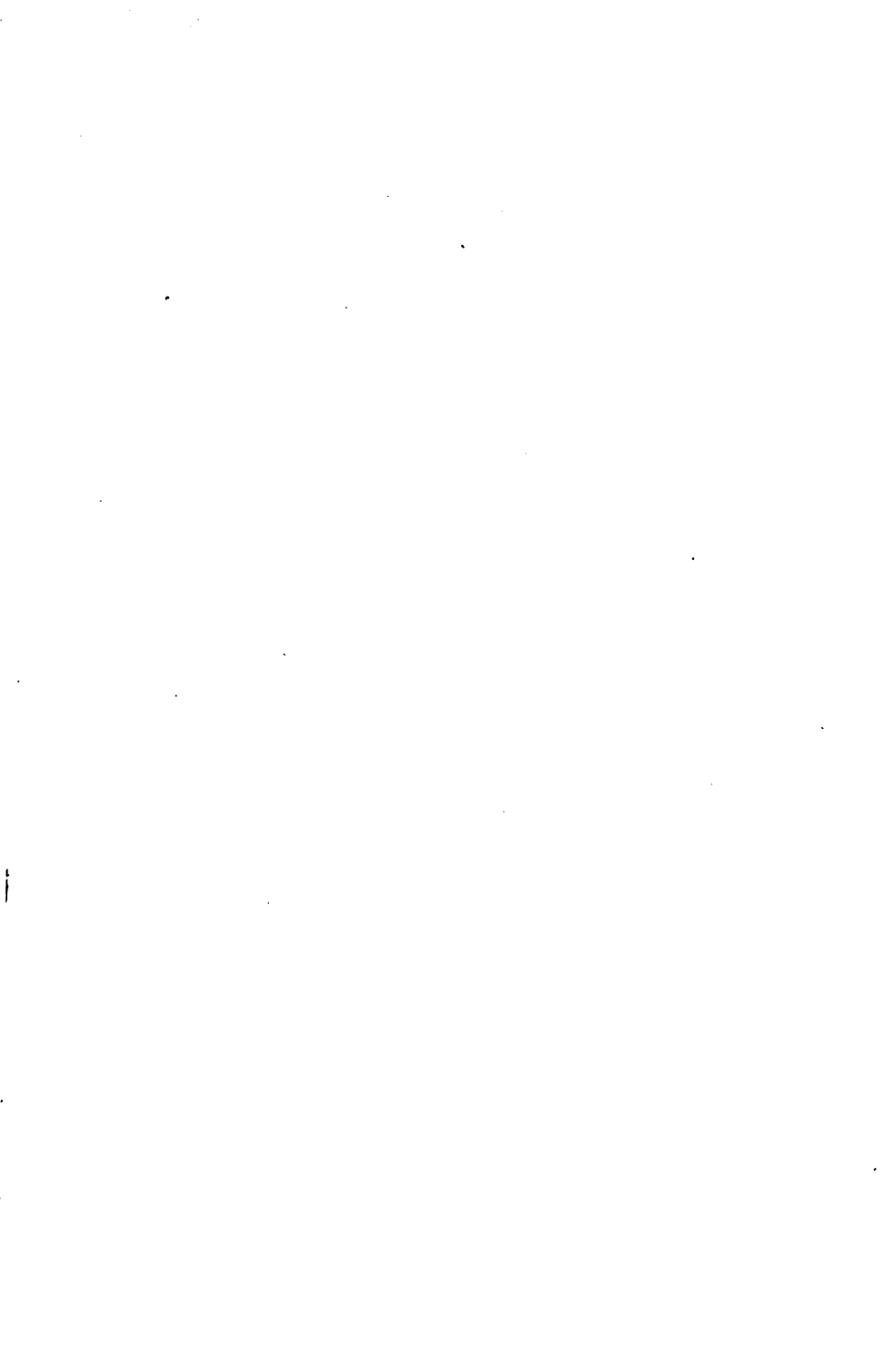
THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER

Lectures by the Pastor — Completion and Dedication of the Church — Dedicated as Church of the Redeemer — Dr. Miner's Sermon — Doctor of Divinity — Across the Plains — A False Alarm — Custer's War-Horse — Ice-Water in the Desert — A Traveler's Description of the Church — Church Life and Activity.

THE conditions of the resolution offered at a meeting of the society, July 17, 1872, to the effect that the erection of a new building be commenced when \$40,000 had been actually subscribed, seem to have been quickly fulfilled; for the foundations at Eighth street and Second avenue South, were laid during the following year, 1873. The walls soon began to rise. Early in 1875, the congregation bade farewell to the old house and moved into the vestry of the new, where they worshiped until the main part was completed, in 1876.

LECTURES BY MR. TUTTLE

The pastor soon turned his European trip to practical account for the benefit of the building enterprise now being pushed so rapidly forward under the efficient building committee. In a private letter, written soon after his return (December





CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER, MINNEAPOLIS,
as dedicated in 1876.

16, 1874), he says: "I have written and delivered six long lectures, besides my usual sermons and other parish cares." Then he goes on:

Our society is getting on nicely, although we feel somewhat disorganized, while letting go of the old church, and getting into the new. When I returned, the ladies had in their furnishing fund, about \$1,900; my lectures brought them nearly \$600 more, making \$2,500. The fair, which has just closed, added \$1,000, making a total of \$3,500. They did grandly. The fair was a great success. We have a noble working society. We hope to get into the vestry in a couple of months; it will be a year or more before the church is completed.

These lectures were not only in demand in Minneapolis, but throughout the State, and were delivered in many towns and cities. They added new laurels to the brow of Mr. Tuttle. They opened new avenues of usefulness and enhanced his reputation. They helped to make him and the church more widely known. They led to inquiries concerning his religious doctrines, and not infrequently a lecture was followed by an invitation to preach. The following from an Austin (Minn.) paper describes his style and manner as a lecturer:

Mr. Tuttle adopts the colloquial style of discourse—never indulging in flights of oratory, nor allowing his imagination to make him over enthusiastic. He simply tells the story of his travels, so that all who hear him seem, for the time being, to be in the midst of the scenes, to a description of which they are listening. The speaker oc-

asionally tells of the sensations which are inspired by visiting those sacred places, and to which he sometimes gave way when standing in some of those places which were the scenes of the Saviour's peculiar trials. The whole narration is so simple, so faithful, and so touching, that none can listen to it without being deeply impressed.

COMPLETION AND DEDICATION OF THE CHURCH

Thus pastor and people wrought together until the building was finally completed and ready for dedication. About a week before this event, at a trustee meeting, held in the office of Dorilus Morrison, W. D. Washburn moved,—and the motion was unanimously carried,—that the new church be dedicated as “The Church of the Redeemer.” By that name, it ever since has been known. The honor of naming it belongs to Mr. Washburn. The dedication was a tremendous occasion. The large stone temple was itself the most splendid building of its kind in the city. No other society was so magnificently housed. It was built of native blue limestone, in the Gothic style of architecture, with a spire rising two hundred and twelve feet from the ground,—a spire in which the generosity of Mr. Washburn subsequently (November, 1882) placed a clock and a chime of bells.¹ The day of dedication, July 10,

¹ The first memorial window ever placed in the church was also given by Hon. W. D. Washburn, in memory of his son, Franklin Washburn.

1876, was one of the most perfect of Minnesota's summer days. The auditorium was beautifully decorated. In front of the pulpit platform was a memorial tablet; a bed of moss fringed with roses, and in the center of the tablet were woven in pansies of delicate hue, the initials of the pastor's beloved wife, "H. M. T.," who was not spared to see the result of what her influence had helped to accomplish. And yet one cannot but feel that she knew and witnessed the glorious consummation. The lines of Tennyson come almost unbidden.

"Nor count me all to blame, if I
Conjecture of a stiller guest,
Perchance, perchance among the rest,
And tho' in silence wishing joy."

The church was filled to overflowing, and hundreds were turned away. There were three services. In the morning, Dr. A. A. Miner, of Boston, preached the dedication sermon; in the afternoon, Rev. Robert Collyer—then of Chicago—preached; and in the evening, Dr. Sumner Ellis, of Chicago. Commenting upon the attendance at all these services, one of the daily papers said: "It was such an outpouring of the religious community, as we do not remember to have heretofore witnessed in this city."

DR. MINER'S SERMON

A full description of this great event, the dedication of the Church of the Redeemer, is given in

The Field and the Fruit, so that the details need not be repeated here. It seems worth while, however, to give a paragraph or two from the very condensed account of Dr. Miner's wonderful sermon. The reporter admits that, "in common with that vast audience, he was lost to everything save the eloquent speaker and his theme, and his pencil forgot its duty until the last word was spoken"; but he has, at least, preserved the thought. The text was from 1 Cor. xii, 27 — "Now ye are the body of Christ and members in particular." Dr. Miner said:

The apostle recognizes in these words, the great fact that the church is an organism and that every member of it is a component part or factor of the whole. Humanity at large is a complex organism, every member of it dependent entirely upon every other member, and this interdependence must be recognized in every department of life, both physical, moral, and intellectual. No person may live apart and independent of his fellow-man; even in the crudest forms of existence this interdependence is apparent. . . . It has been claimed that the normal condition of mankind is warfare, that every person is an Ishmaelite, his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him. At times this may seem to be true; but when we call to mind this intricate dependency, this theory has no weight. An individual may succeed for a season in warring upon society, and apparently prosper abundantly in so doing, but it amounts to little more than a temporary derangement — a creaking in the machine — the machine is not seriously affected. In God's providence, it

has been ordained that all labor and live for the benefit and happiness of each other. . . . Mankind is essentially social and consequently sympathetic. . . . Human sympathy is directly from God and is Godlike, and by it we are bound to God and to immortality. When one loses a dear friend, if never before, that person turns to hope of an existence beyond the grave, the hope of meeting the loved one in a glorious immortality. That sympathy is touchingly illustrated at the present moment in this church. The beautiful floral tribute to the memory of the departed wife of your beloved pastor is an evidence of it. The cross, our only hope of heaven, which has been made to blossom into a thing of beauty, is an evidence of it. This concourse of people, gathered at these services, is an evidence of it. . . . The various churches throughout the land, operating through a common sympathy are accomplishing a great work, and I rejoice in the prosperity of each and every one of them, no matter what may be its doctrine or ritual. They work together for good. The erection of this beautiful church edifice in this remote city will be a material help to my own parish in Boston, far more than any donation in money. It exerts an influence that will be felt throughout the length and breadth of the land. Churches can no more pass an independent existence than can men.

The lessons which Dr. Miner gave on that eventful day, have been heeded in the after history of the church and people. They have ever been bound together in sympathy and helpfulness, each to the other, and all to every good cause; and largely so because they had constantly before them in the person of their pastor, one who preëminently

illustrated the truth of the discourse. "The people," says a visitor from the East, shortly after the dedication, "were not slow in assuring me — what I already knew must be true — that they owe their unity, prosperity and abounding activity, to the fidelity, wisdom, industry, and above all, to the genuine goodness of their minister. An able and always instructive preacher, a constant student, and an indefatigable worker, he is — beyond all else — a man of such rare tact and transparent goodness of heart, that his life gives potency to his word and efficacy to his labor."

DOCTOR OF DIVINITY

In the early Summer of 1878, an incident occurred which was gratifying as it was unexpected. It was an honor conferred upon the pastor which recognized his position and achievements. While Mr. Tuttle had never completed the college course of which he dreamed as a youth, he had early acquired the student's habits of mind, and had always been a diligent worker in all departments of knowledge. His outlook had been broadened, and his mind had added to its furnishing by his year of foreign travel. He had become a scholar of rare attainments. It is seldom that the degree of *Doctor of Divinity* is so worthily bestowed as it was when Buchtel College conferred it upon James

H. Tuttle. That institution honored itself by this action, no less than it did the pastor of the Church of the Redeemer. The announcement was made, in the following letter, from Dr. J. S. Cantwell, dated Akron, O., June 28, 1878:

“DEAR BRO. TUTTLE: I have the pleasure of announcing to you that Buchtel College has conferred on you to-day, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity. I had the honor to present your name to the President, and can assure you that he heartily seconded the suggestion and that the vote in the Board of Trustees was unanimous. It was the only honorary degree conferred. May your quiet and useful life be long spared to add constant honor to the new title by which you will henceforth be known. We can not add any honor or dignity to you, but it honors us who have been instrumental in having it conferred, and the college which sanctions its bestowal. May God bless and keep Dr. J. H. Tuttle all his days. This is not official, but it is none the less sincere and true.”

The official notice soon followed. He is now Dr. Tuttle; and by that well-deserved title, and the one which is most familiar to the readers of this book, he shall be called henceforth in these pages. “Buchtel’s selection of Rev. J. H. Tuttle as its candidate for Doctor of Divinity,” writes one high in the denominational councils, “was a happy inspiration. Modesty and merit are the distinguishing characteristics of our Minnesota brother. It is remarkable that a clergyman so widely known, so universally held in high esteem, and

withal so careful and industrious a scholar, should have so long escaped the notice of the colleges."

ACROSS THE PLAINS

A month later, Dr. Tuttle received an invitation to which he refers in the following letter, dated July 28, 1878:

I have an invitation from General Rosser and his party to go with them to the Yellowstone River, several hundred miles west of Bismarck. They go out to explore the country, with a view to extending the Northern Pacific Railroad. It is a rare chance for me to see that country, and to get the change, out-of-door life, etc., I so much need, and I can hardly resist the invitation. . . . P.S. It is now arranged that James shall go with me, and I am glad, for he needs the change even more than I do. . . . I anticipate a very pleasant trip, but wish there were no danger from Indians to think about.

In the company, were George A. Brackett and Dorilus Morrison. The trip was made, with no danger from Indians, under an escort of soldiers from Fort Abraham Lincoln, which is located across the river from Bismarck. To Dr. Tuttle this excursion was an education in the topography of the country, its natural resources, its adaptability to sustain a population. The notes of this journey, which he afterwards wrote out, show his close and intelligent observation. In Europe, he witnessed the theaters of history past; on the plains of the

West and Northwest, he saw the theaters of history to be made. There is only room for two or three incidents of this interesting trip.

A FALSE ALARM

Once we saw what seemed an Indian trail, a narrow path with freshly-trodden grass. We stopped the coach. A thrill of excitement ran over us—some of us at least. It cannot have been many hours, we thought, since more than a score of moccasins pressed down that grass! The savages may not be far away; they may lift their painted faces out of the weeds at any moment! Mr. Brackett jumped out of the coach, and examined the trail. “Which way were they going?” The grass seemed to be bent down more towards the southwest—nearly the direction we were going. They must then be ahead of us! Mr. Brackett followed the trail a few rods and found the end of it in a badger’s hole.

CUSTER’S WAR-HORSE

The gallant, but ill-fated Custer resided for a time at Fort Lincoln; we can see the house he lived in down under the hill in the officer’s quarter. We shall follow the trail for many miles, along which his noble cavalry rode to their terrible death. The horse he rode in that sad and memorable hour, and which, scarred with bullet holes, miraculously escaped from the bloody field, and wandered about alone for days, is said to be seen in one of the stables here, where he is carefully kept as an object of solemn veneration.

ICE-WATER IN THE DESERT

Speaking of the intense heat to which they were subjected, and the impossibility of obtaining cold water, Dr. Tuttle writes :

Once during the trip we had ice-water, and this is the way we obtained it. The heavens sent it to us, and never did they send anything so grateful. It had been one of the hottest of days, and our thirst had been the severest, our tongues and lips were parched, and we had an indescribable longing for a cooler drink than we had within reach. Suddenly the sun was obscured by a small cloud ; the cloud grew bigger, and presently it began to rain ; it rained harder, furiously ; and then it hailed, the white stones coming down as large as walnuts, the wind blowing so hard in the meantime that we feared the stage might be overturned. Mr. Morrison held up his cup, and caught the streams which poured off our canvass roof, and Mr. Brackett gathered the hail-stones ; so we had ice-water direct from the skies. How delicious ! how gratefully we drank it !

A TRAVELER'S DESCRIPTION

In October, 1878, Dr. I. M. Atwood, in the course of a Western journey, stopped in Minneapolis, and has left upon record his impressions of the church building, and of the congregation that worshiped in it :

I had heard much of the church and my expectations were well up. But I was not prepared to find such an

architectural gem, albeit on the bosom of so fair a city as Minneapolis. I looked at it, and over it, many times, and in all lights and from every angle, but I could not escape the conviction forced on me, when I first saw it, that it is the handsomest church I was ever in. Externally it is very beautiful, but the interior is faultless. I shall not attempt to describe it. . . . The best description would entirely fail to convey an idea of the unique beauty of this elegant temple. I wish merely to put on record, here, the impression it made on me. We have some churches that are larger, some that are more pretentious in their style, and some that are completer in their appointments. But we have not one that compares with this uniform artistic propriety. It is solid, graceful, convenient, elegant. The total cost of the edifice was about \$85,000. . . . I never saw an audience-room so admirably adapted to "show off" a congregation. And having said that, I am bound in candor to add, that I have never seen an audience, which would better bear exposure in a strong light. If I may judge the congregation which usually worships in that church, by the one I had the pleasure of addressing, morning and evening, of the 21st of October, it has few equals in our communion, and no superiors, however estimated.¹

¹The following item appeared about this time in the *Minneapolis Tribune*: "General Washburn has always been a prominent member. Dorilus Morrison, the millionaire park commissioner, miller, and manufacturer, occupies a prominent pew. C. M. Loring, of the park board, is a regular attendant. Thomas Lowry, the horse-car potentate, sits well to the front. Mayor Rand and his son-in-law, John R. Coykendall, are both prominent and esteemed members. Judge M. B. Koon, after a week of terrestrial law hears the divine jurisprudence expounded by Dr. Tuttle. W. S. King, the ferocious champion of Minneapolis, imbibes the doctrines of peace and goodwill to men beneath the spire of this church. A. B. Barton, the

CHURCH LIFE AND ACTIVITY

This was the way it appeared to an outsider. The pastor has left us a glimpse of the life and activity of the church, at this period, from within. "I have been unusually busy," he writes (June 27, 1879). "The truth is, my work and my care accumulate every year. The society is so large, my field widens so much, that I have really more on my hands than I can well attend to. Everything is going on about as usual. Children's Sunday passed off well, although the day was cloudy and chilly. Several children were dedicated. . . . Tonight, we all go to Mrs. Pray's to a church strawberry festival on the lawn. It is managed by the Can and Will Club, a new organization among the young folks in the church. We have another organization composed of still younger folk, called the Willing Workers. Then we have the Young People's Union of older ones. So you see we are at work. We are trying to pay off the manager of Lakewood; George W. Chowen, the man of title abstracts; O. A. Pray, the wealthy foundryman; Leonard Day, the liberal lumberman; George R. Newell, the wholesale grocer; George A. Camp, successful in lumber; W. W. Eastman, the Nicollet Island capitalist; H. F. Brown, blessed by the Sisterhood of Bethany; Clinton Morrison, S. W. Farnham, W. D. Hale, John Edwards, E. W. Herrick, C. L. Bushnell, N. B. Thompson, H. H. Kimball, Elisha Morse, John Crosby, and J. W. Pence, are all prominent in the councils of the church."

debt." The payment of this debt was accomplished within the next few months. November 28, of the same year, he writes: "Everything moves along in much the same way. The city grows, of course, and so does our society. New faces appear in church nearly every Sunday, and now and then an old one disappears. On the whole, the society seems in a fairly prosperous way. You must have heard of our good fortune in getting the debt out of the way. Two years ago we owed nearly \$17,000. The ladies paid \$2,000, leaving \$15,000. A few weeks ago, a subscription paper was started and the whole was raised. So we are now practically out of debt. This fact relieves us all from a great deal of anxiety. A debt—a church debt—is a millstone about the neck of a church. It was raised more easily than I feared it would be. We all feel grateful. And yet our ladies do not stop working. They are getting up a fair which is to come off next week. They will give dinners in the church each day for four days; entertainments in the evenings. I hope it will be a success." These extracts show us that with the close of the year 1879, the new building was free from debt and all the organizations of the church and society, as well as the pastor, were hard at work. There was no opening for that fabled personage who is said to furnish "mischief for idle hands."

CHAPTER VIII

THE GENERAL CONVENTION

Importance of the Event — Woman's Centenary Association — Opening of the Convention — President's Address — Occasional Sermon — Sabbath Worship — Influence of Science — New Questions — Report of Board of Trustees — Dr. Tuttle in California — Recollections of Starr King — A Disciple of Otis Skinner — Preaching at Riverside — Conclusion.

THIS chapter brings us to an event of great interest and importance, not only to the Church of the Redeemer, but to the entire denomination. "Our General Convention is drawing near," writes Dr. Tuttle, September 9, 1879: "I am busy preparing for it." One month later, an item in the *Minneapolis Tribune* announces: "Preparations for the United States Convention of Universalists are rapidly assuming definite form, under the management of Rev. J. H. Tuttle, and a most interesting session is confidently looked forward to. Doubtless, over two hundred delegates will be present, nearly all of them strangers to this city and to the Northwest. The denomination has never held a Convention west of Chicago."

The importance of this event to the church at large, lay in the fact that many Universalists from the older centers of the liberal faith would discover how much had been done, of which they had never even dreamed, here on the frontier,—as it was denominationally at that time. Here a temple had been reared, as grand as any that the whole church could then boast, and a congregation had been gathered, the equal in wealth and culture of any that met in Eastern cities. It was no wonder that one of the leading delegates, a prominent educator, exclaimed, after he had seen what had been accomplished: “I believe that the distinguished pastor of this church has been a missionary, approved by God and the world, in this city, and the monument which he has erected here will redound, not only to his glory, but to the glory of God and the progress and power of the Universalist Church.”

WOMAN'S CENTENARY ASSOCIATION

The meetings of the Convention were preceded (October 20) by the sessions of the Woman's Centenary Association,—then but a few years organized, but showing an excellent record of work, in the way of aid given to mission fields and literature distributed. The reporter naively says, “The gentlemen present hung attentively upon the outskirts of the meeting.”

OPENING OF THE CONVENTION

The delegates and visitors from abroad altogether numbered about four hundred. In that assembly were many of the leaders of the denomination who were then in their prime, but who have since passed away. Among them were Dr. A. A. Miner, of Boston, who had preached the dedication sermon of the Church of the Redeemer; Dr. W. H. Ryder, the eminent pastor of St. Paul's Church, Chicago; Dr. E. H. Capen, President of Tufts College, and Dr. J. W. Hanson, the scholarly defender of the faith; while in the ranks of the laymen were such men as Hon. Israel Washburn, of Maine; John D. W. Joy, and Charles Caverly, of Massachusetts; Henry B. Metcalf, of Rhode Island; James H. Swan, of Illinois, and Russell Blakely, of Minnesota. All these, together with Dr. Tuttle himself, have entered the gates of immortality, in the quarter of a century that has elapsed since the National Convention met in the Church of the Redeemer.

THE PRESIDENT'S ADDRESS

Hon. Israel Washburn, of Maine, was elected president, and Rev. G. L. Demarest, of New Hampshire, secretary. Dr. Tuttle welcomed the delegates, and he and Dr. Deere, of Minnesota,

administered the communion. President Washburn said that, "nine years ago, the Universalist Church celebrated its one hundredth anniversary at Gloucester, Massachusetts; and when one reflected that the great Annual Convention of this church was now being held on a spot fifteen hundred miles from Gloucester, in a country scarcely known in 1770, and in a city larger than New York or Boston then was, one could only be impressed with the marvelous growth of this country and this church." He touched upon the progress of the church through the past years, and upon the creed itself and its claims, saying that "the faith which teaches by example, which instructs by deeds, is the only final and living faith, whose conquests inflict no pangs and leave no regrets; and such was the victory for which this church must contend."

THE OCCASIONAL SERMON

The occasional sermon was delivered by Rev. A. J. Patterson, of Massachusetts, from the text, as reported by the Minneapolis papers, in I Cor. i, 26: "Behold your calling, brethren." The sermon was extremely appropriate. It showed to what Christians are called; to a life of purity and unselfishness, and labor for the right and the truth; and the means by which that calling might be made sure. Among those means, he emphasized a right use of the church and its ministra-

tions. Many of his remarks are just as pertinent to-day, as they were twenty-five years ago.

There are too many who live in isolation, branches cut off and withered. There are those who hang upon the rim of the church, who send their children to Sunday-school, who look to the church for consolation in bereavement, but who lend no assistance, or means, or influence. Others, again, contribute of their means, but are not willing to enter into the service. They live like beggars at the gate, receiving such crumbs as fall to them, when they might go in and sit with Christ at the table. The church should be magnified, and given some such place in the mind as it held in the minds of the apostles. Men who believe should come into fellowship; their faith should be so real and vital that they could not neglect the sacred calling.

SABBATH WORSHIP

In the course of his sermon, Dr. Patterson made an estimate that ought to set the present generation thinking, when so many give such slight attention to the subject of church attendance.

It is the duty of every man, in health, to devote some part of the sacred day to the service of the sanctuary, and it is not an extravagant portion of time that God requires. The saint of God who should reach the great age of one hundred and twelve, having attended but one service every Sabbath, would have spent but one year of his long life in the house of God.

INFLUENCE OF SCIENCE

The preacher, in that broad and progressive spirit which had characterized his whole honored career, recognized the influence, even at that time, of scientific investigation upon theology. He says :

In our own country, people are losing faith in the old beliefs. Science and the central doctrines of the Evangelical Church can never go hand-in-hand. The old-time interpretations of the Bible are in conflict with the revelations of science in earth and air, sea and sky. Amid all this conflict of opinion, between science and superstition, our church has stood unmoved. We have believed certainly, that no foundation-stone would be shaken by scientific investigation. Our faith has shone clear and bright, with each new ray of light that science and progress have flashed upon it. The Bible, as we interpret it, has not suffered. A church which has such a faith, and such a system of interpretation, is evidently called, in the Providence of God, to stand between superstition on the one hand and skepticism on the other, and save men from each evil tendency, by uniting them in a calm, reverent, rational, and living faith in God. This the Universalist Church will do, if it is true to its high calling.

It is still the duty of the Universalist Church to stand between the extremes of superstition and skepticism. New forms of both are coming into existence nearly every day. Nothing is more needed than the proclamation of a "rational and living faith in God." It needs to be shown that a

faith in God may be "living" and, at the same time, "rational."

NEW QUESTIONS

The meeting of the Convention at Minneapolis is interesting on account of two questions which seem to have been brought forward for the first time:¹ the proposition to set aside one Sunday in the year, the first Sunday in November, to be known as "All Souls' Day," on which a sermon should be preached in every church upon some phase of the distinctive faith of Universalists, and the proposition to revise the creed. Upon this latter subject, objection was made to retaining the expression "*restore* the whole family of mankind to holiness and happiness." It was argued that the word "restore" implied the old doctrine of the "fall of the race," which Universalists reject, and it was proposed to substitute for the word "restore," the word "bring." Both resolutions were postponed. Subsequently "All Souls' Day" was established, and the creed discussion which started in Minneapolis, in 1879, finally culminated in the new statement of principles adopted at Boston in 1899.

¹ The writer has no information at hand which shows whether these questions came up earlier, or not.

REPORT OF BOARD OF TRUSTEES

The Report of the Board of Trustees concludes that the church has continued to yearly advance in temporal things; that the financial status has improved by the payment of debts, both local and general, and that the sense of unity among Universalists grows perceptibly each year.

The sum of the whole matter, therefore, is, that on either hand we find ourselves at the close of another year better fortified and established than ever before. The necessary outward things, which affect our relations with the world, are acquiring both solidity and due form, while within the body, grows apace that conscious, voluntary union with the True Vine, without which we can do nothing. And all this seems to define more clearly the true position and work of Universalism. We find, each year, less and less need to stand for the great truth which gave us our name, because the fullness of time seems to come for that truth to assert itself in all churches.

Thus closed a Convention whose delegates carried back to the East the story of what God had wrought in the Northwest, and whose zeal and enthusiasm gave a new impetus to the Church of the Redeemer and its devoted pastor.

DR. TUTTLE IN CALIFORNIA

The records of the Society show that, "by vote of the trustees, the pastor, J. H. Tuttle, was granted leave of absence for six months from October 1, 1880, during which time the pulpit was

supplied by Rev. G. H. Deere." It is not stated, in the minutes, where Dr. Tuttle was to spend these six months, but from other sources we learn that he made a journey to California. Although he went for rest, he soon became active in the matters that were nearest his heart, and important results followed. While there were many scattered Universalists and other liberal people throughout the state, little had been done in the way of organization, and what had been done had suffered from neglect. "In 1861," says Dr. Eddy, "the prospects were highly flattering, but soon the agitated state of the country demanded untiring exertions to keep the people of the Pacific slope loyal to the Union, and the religious enterprises then necessarily abandoned were never vigorously prosecuted when the war was ended." As an example of what he found, Dr. Tuttle refers to Santa Cruz, "a pleasant, thrifty-appearing town, having in it a good sprinkling of refined, intelligent people, notwithstanding its Spanish name. It is, in summer, a noted sea-bathing place. Rev. Charles G. Ames, the well-known Unitarian preacher, late editor of the *Christian Register*, was pastor of a society here once, and at San José also. His name is cherished in both places, but his congregations have not been kept up. The liberal forces, wherever they may have been, are seriously disorganized and scattered at present."

RECOLLECTIONS OF STARR KING

There was one notable exception to the condition just described, the Unitarian Church in San Francisco, made famous by the ministry of Thomas Starr King. At this time, it was in charge of the able and scholarly Dr. Stebbins. Dr. Tuttle had known, in early life, the brilliant preacher, whose name will always be cherished on the Pacific coast. It is a matter of interest that they were born in the same state and in the same year. Starr King was the son of a Universalist minister, and had started out as a Universalist minister himself, leaving the denomination later for the Unitarians. "Great men, like Starr King," says Dr. Tuttle, "in their abundant, inexhaustible natures, afford proprietorship for more than one sect, often for all the sects; hence, it would, possibly, be a proof of our unworthiness to hold a share in his memory, if we Universalists, among whom he had his birthright, were envious of the amazing luster his later achievements shed on others." Dr. Tuttle then speaks of the efforts of Starr King in behalf of the Union, at the opening of the Civil War. Among the states threatening to abandon the Union, as just suggested, was California, "then proudly riding along on the high wave of prosperity, arrogant of her fabulous mines, and impatient of those moral restraints and attachments to freedom characterizing the northern

and eastern portions of the country. No sooner were these dangerous symptoms of rebellion shown than Starr King's voice . . . was heard all along the coast in tones as clear, and mighty, and patriotic, as Independence Bell, sounding the alarm, and calling the people back to dutiful allegiance to the Government. General Scott is reported to have said, 'California was saved to the Union by a young clergyman on the coast, by the name of King.' Who would leave a greater glory behind him than that? Natural enough it was, therefore, that a Government telegram from Washington ordered the firing of guns at his funeral." Dr. Tuttle closes his remarks on this great man and his work, with a personal incident:

The last time I ever saw Starr King was at my own door, at eleven o'clock at night, after he had given that wonderful lecture on "Facts and Forces *vs.* Substance and Show," in Fulton, N.Y., where, in a frosty winter atmosphere, when Mrs. Tuttle had served him with a warm lunch, prepared a hot board for his feet and assisted him to wrap his lithe, but not robust, form in a thick coat and furs, he stepped into a sleigh and rode off into the darkness toward Syracuse, twenty-five miles distant, to meet the New York Central train to be conveyed to his appointment for the next night, in some city further west.

A DISCIPLE OF OTIS SKINNER

Among the scattered and isolated Universalists whom Dr. Tuttle found in California, was one

whom he discovered through a letter of introduction. He tells the story in his own inimitable way :

In glancing over this letter, he (the Californian) discovered the character of my profession, when, looking up to me, he gave me a smile so full of sympathy and welcome, I shall never forget it. His heart ran over into his eyes and countenance, and, grasping me by the hand, he exclaimed, in the sincerest manner, " I am glad to see you ; I, too, am a believer in that faith, but I have not heard a sermon of that faith in years. I used to know and hear Rev. Otis A. Skinner ; was a member of his congregation in Boston." At the mention of that whilom friend, that noblest, most amiable, most affable of men, that rarest of pastors, and most winning and instructive of preachers, I begged the privilege of shaking his hand again, feeling that my turn had come for showing enthusiasm. " Ah," said he, " I wept when I heard of Bro. Skinner's death " " Yes," I replied, " we all wept ; the denomination wept." To hear Dr. Skinner's name mentioned here, under such circumstances, so far from home, in these quiet woods, and by one who loved him, knew his worth, his goodness, and sincerely cherished his memory, filled me with feelings I cannot describe. What a remarkable person he was ! remarkable for his striking presence, his commanding form, his social power, his organizing ability, his influence over the young, and may I not add, in his clear, logical teaching of gospel truth ? I had come to see the big trees, but it seemed to me almost that I had met a spirit here, that I had felt another hand in the one I had shaken ; and that the peace and joy shed on me through the sylvan vaults above, came from unseen heights beyond.

PREACHING AT RIVERSIDE

When it became known that so prominent a Universalist minister as Dr. Tuttle was visiting California, there were many demands for preaching, wherever a few Universalists could be brought together. Doubtless, had the time and strength been at his disposal, he could have dotted the state with Universalist societies. As it was, he rekindled in many hearts the waning fires of devotion to the faith, and left behind an influence which took shape in permanent organizations. Notably was this the case at Riverside. Hearing that Dr. Tuttle was at Los Angeles, an old parishioner, William Finch (who is still living, at the age of eighty), drove the distance of sixty miles, and "brought Dr. Tuttle down in his wagon, that he might kindle the light in the then small village." Large congregations assembled, some Universalist families were discovered; and the outlook seemed favorable for a church, if a minister could be secured. At that time, there was no settled Universalist minister in the state. Dr. Tuttle carried the matter upon his heart, and after his return to Minnesota, told the story of Riverside to Dr. George H. Deere, who had supplied the pulpit of the Church of the Redeemer during his absence. "This devoted servant of our church," says Rev.

H. E. Benton,¹ "ever filled with the missionary spirit, felt in his heart this Macedonian call, and at once volunteered to go to this far-away company and to be a solitary worker in a great state, for then no other Universalist minister was in this great state, which is second only to Texas in size." The story of the years which follow, during which Dr. Deere, from a handful of people worshiping in a hall, built up a large congregation, with a stone structure costing \$25,000, is full of heroic struggles and triumphs, but does not come within the scope of these pages. It is fitting, however, to record that when the herculean effort was made to raise the last \$7,000 that would free the church from debt, the Church of the Redeemer contributed \$1,500. It is also worthy of note, that Dr. Goff, pastor of the Congregational Church at Riverside, a man of large heart and generous spirit, raised among his own people, \$1,000 to help Dr. Deere and the Universalist Church. Such examples of brotherly kindness, taking this particular form, are so rare that this one deserves to be heralded to the world. Nor must the noble wife of Dr. Deere be forgotten. Perhaps her own high faith and courage were the mainspring and inspiration, — particularly in the days of financial stress and strain. She shares with her husband the laurels of Riverside.

¹ Present pastor at Riverside.

CONCLUSION

Thus it came to pass that, if Dr. Tuttle was not the first one to preach Universalism in California, he prophesied to the dry bones, and brought them to resurrection. The modern movement in that state dates from his visit in the winter of 1880-81.

CHAPTER IX

A PERIOD OF EXPANSION: THE SECOND, OR ALL SOULS', CHURCH

First Universalist Society in Minnesota — Two Important Resolutions — Founding of the Second Church — Rev. L. D. Boynton — Dedication of the Second, or All Souls', Church — Subsequent History — Twentieth Anniversary — Letter to Mrs. Alcott.

THE first Universalist Society in Minnesota was that of St. Anthony, which was organized about the close of 1855 with some fifty members. Even before this, there had been preaching in St. Anthony by Universalist ministers. The place of meeting was Central Hall, on the corner of Central avenue and Main street. This hall was in the "third story of a wooden building, low, small, and associated in the minds of people with exhibitions, political meetings, and every kind of show that travels." Rev. Seth Barnes, who came to St. Anthony in June, 1855, was the first settled pastor. He has been called the Apostle of Universalism in Minnesota. He remained in charge until 1866, except for two years, during which he was disabled by ill health. In that interval, Rev. W. W. King served as pastor. Mr. Barnes died suddenly August 12, 1866. Other ministers were Rev.

David Clark, Rev. Herman Bisbee, and Rev. W. H. H. Harrington. In 1857 the Society built a stone church on Prince street, overlooking the Falls. The vestry was used for religious services in the autumn of that year. The cost of the building, when completed, was \$20,000. It was considered, at that time, the best church building in Minnesota. In 1869 the Society was disbanded and never reorganized. The building and lot were sold to the French Catholics, who have enlarged the building, and are still using it.

TWO IMPORTANT RESOLUTIONS

In the meantime, while the Society in St. Anthony was going to pieces, the Church of the Redeemer was building up rapidly, as we have seen, upon the West side. So prosperous had this Society grown, so wide was the influence it exerted, that to Dr. Tuttle and many others, it seemed that the time had come for planting other churches in other parts of the city. The impulse of expansion is shown in the two following resolutions passed at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, held in the office of Dorilus Morrison, May 2, 1882:

(I)

Whereas, Mr. O. A. Pray, acting in behalf of this Society, has purchased a lot of the heirs of the late Judge F. R. E. Cornell; said lot situated at the corner of Frank-

lin St. and 15th Ave. So., — on which to erect a Universalist Church;

Resolved, That we affirm Mr. Pray's act, and accept of the lot, and that a deed of the same be secured made to the Trustees of the First Universalist Society of Minneapolis; and that same be placed on record.

(II)

Whereas, Mr. John Dudley and his wife Hannah Dudley of Minneapolis (E.D.) have deeded to this Society a certain lot on Como Ave., (E.D.), and have executed and delivered to us a deed of the same, in trust for the purpose of erecting on said lot a Universalist Church on condition — (here the conditions are stated:)

Resolved, That we accept of this property on the terms and conditions described in the deed;

Resolved, That we proceed at once, or as soon as practicable, to erect a church on the above lot.

The rest of the resolutions are concerned with matters of detail. The far-reaching consequences of this step cannot even now be estimated. To say nothing of the work accomplished by the two churches, that were the outcome of those resolutions, it is safe to say that the Church of the Redeemer would not be so strong as it is to-day, had its members and supporters shut up themselves and their resources within their own walls. "There is that scattereth abroad, and yet increaseth; there is that withholdeth more than is meet, and it tendeth to poverty." Nowhere is the veri-

fication of this proverb more clearly seen than in the history of churches. The church that lives only for itself is doomed; and the day of its death cannot be long postponed.

FOUNDING OF THE SECOND CHURCH

As the disbanding of the original church on the East side (as St. Anthony had now become) had left a large number of scattered Universalist families in that part of the city, many of whom were families of prominence, it was determined to make the first attempt to establish a new church upon the old ground. For this purpose, the lot given by Mr. and Mrs. John Dudley was used as the site of the new church building which Dr. Tuttle proposed to begin at once. With characteristic resolution he went to work; but the burden of conducting his own large and growing parish, while establishing a new one, proved too great, and the following letter, dated April 24, 1883, was sent to his Board of Trustees:

DEAR BRETHREN: In view of the fact that the calls upon me for labor in one form and another, in the Society and out of it, are constantly increasing, and are likely, more and more, to exceed my strength and means of answering them; in view, also, of the fact that my work is particularly augmented by the attempt of the parish to establish another church in another part of the city, I respectfully suggest to you, and ask you to consider, the propriety and

practicability of providing an assistant or colleague; some person who shall share with me the responsibilities of the pulpit and my other pastoral duties.

J. H. TUTTLE.

A meeting of the trustees was called at once, at which, after discussing Dr. Tuttle's communication, on motion of O. A. Pray, it was resolved, "that Dr. Tuttle should correspond with such clergymen as he might deem advisable, and arrange a series of exchanges to give the Society an opportunity to hear candidates."

REV. L. D. BOYNTON

As a result of this action, the choice of Dr. Tuttle and of the Society fell upon Rev. L. D. Boynton, pastor of a flourishing church at Elgin, Ill. This choice was confirmed, at a meeting of the trustees, Nov. 13, 1883; and Mr. Boynton began his work the first of the following December. The Society felt that he was the right man in the right place. He had shown his administrative ability in building up the church at Elgin; he was a born preacher and pastor, and a man of eminent social qualities. He proved to be just the assistant that Dr. Tuttle needed in carrying on the work he had undertaken. Ill health compelled his resignation, after a few years, much to the regret of all concerned. After some time spent in other work, he became pastor of the church at Rochester, Minne-

sota, where he remained, much beloved, until failing health again drove him from the pulpit. After another period of secular business, Mr. Boynton, once more happily restored to health, is now pastor of the church at Bristol, New York. In response to a request from the writer, he has kindly furnished the following account of his connection with Dr. Tuttle in building the Second, or, as it is now called, "All Souls' " Church:

The hour had struck, when organized Universalism in Minneapolis must take a forward step. It was Dr. Tuttle's alert ear that first heard the striking of that hour. All Souls' Church had its birth in his conviction that there should be a Second Universalist Church in the community. It was not an easy task to develop that conviction into the substantial reality which he did. The families on the East side, who had been identified with the old First Church, remembering its failure, manifested little faith in the proposed attempt to build a Second Church in their midst. Some opposition developed also among the members of the Church of the Redeemer. Certain persons urged that "one strong church" would serve the public and the denomination better than two or more weak ones. Dr. Tuttle had to meet and overcome all this. It required great patience, persistence, and tact. Then the money needful for the new enterprise must be provided. This burden fell entirely upon his shoulders. There was no one to divide the task with him. He raised it all by personal solicitation, principally among the members of the Church of the Redeemer; not a little of the required amount was supplied from his own pocket, but so quietly and unostentatiously that I doubt if any one ever realized how large the sum was. He after-

wards referred to those days as "among the busiest and most anxious" of his entire ministry, and we can readily believe them to have been such. The new church was nearly completed when I entered upon my work as his assistant. A few months later we dedicated it. It was not large, but most convenient in its arrangement, and exceedingly artistic in style and finish. I remember Dr. Sumner Ellis, of Chicago, himself no mean critic, said of it, "It looks just like Dr. Tuttle." His fine sense of the useful and the æsthetic were in evidence to the simplest detail. It had cost ten thousand dollars; was completely finished and furnished, and entirely paid for; and practically, Dr. Tuttle had done it all. But for him, it had not been.

DEDICATION OF THE SECOND, OR ALL SOULS', CHURCH

The great undertaking finished at last, the new building was ready for dedication. For the account of these exercises the writer is also indebted to the kindness of Mr. Boynton:

The dedication of All Souls' Church occurred twenty years ago. It was an ideal winter's day; a bright sun, crisp air, and fine sleighing. Nature had bestowed her benediction; the people came from both sides of the river, crowding the church to the doors. The choir of the Church of the Redeemer furnished the music. Rev. John L. Scudder, of the First Congregational Church, made the invocation; Rev. Robert Forbes, of the First Methodist Church, read the Scriptures; Father Marvin, of St. Paul, offered the prayer; the sermon was given by myself; and then Dr. Tuttle, in his own inimitable way, with his heart in his voice, pronounced the solemn sentence of dedication.

It was really a wonderful occasion. I hardly remember another like it. Smiles and tears blended on almost every face, and you can well understand how Dr. Tuttle led in both the "smiling and the weeping." After the people had been dismissed they lingered; none seemed willing to go. All felt the occasion to be prophetic, and so it proved. Services were regularly held in the new church morning and evening thereafter. Dr. Tuttle and myself alternated in the preaching. I assumed the care of the church, remaining his assistant. I retained my Young People's Class in the Church of the Redeemer, and we did much of our parish work together. One afternoon we would spend in calling upon the East side, and another afternoon would be similarly devoted to West side families. We worked together. All things were in common (save the weddings and funerals). Everybody wanted to be married and buried by Dr. Tuttle, nor could I blame them, for who so happy at a wedding, and so comforting in the presence of death, as he!

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY

As it is the purpose of the writer to give an account of All Souls' Church, mainly as Dr. Tuttle stood related to it, the subsequent history must be very briefly and rapidly sketched. On June 2, 1884, the lots, on which the building stood, were deeded to the trustees of the Second Society by the trustees of the Church of the Redeemer. Mr. Boynton continues:

The work, in connection with All Souls', grew beyond our most sanguine expectations. The audiences filled the church. A fine Sunday-school was gathered, with Judge

N. H. Hemiup as the superintendent. He was soon succeeded by Mrs. S. B. Lovejoy, who, during those first two years, brought the average attendance to a hundred or more. The Society had its Flower Mission and a Ladies' Organization of unusual efficiency. And Dr. Tuttle's strong, tactful, guiding hand could be seen, and was felt in it all.

This arrangement between Dr. Tuttle and Mr. Boynton went on for about two years, when Rev. L. E. G. Powers followed, and continued as pastor until 1889. During his pastorate, the original church building was enlarged to more than double its former size, with Sunday-school rooms and church parlors, at the cost of about \$27,000. About \$1,000 of this came from members of the Church of the Redeemer, while most of the entire sum was contributed by Mr. and Mrs. John Dudley. A service of rededication was held, at which the sermon was preached by E. L. Rexford, D.D., Mr. Powers was succeeded by Rev. S. W. Sample, of Chelsea, Mass., and he in turn by Rev. Howard MacQueary. The present pastor, Rev. A. N. Alcott, a scholarly and cultivated man, has served seven years, and done faithful work.

TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY

In 1903 the twentieth anniversary of the church was celebrated, and one of the most interesting features of the occasion was a telegram from Dr.

Tuttle, whose interest in the church had never wavered, but continued unabated to the day of his death. This telegram was followed in a few days by a letter to Mrs. Alcott, wife of the pastor, in which that interest is touchingly expressed :

NEW YORK, Nov. 23, 1903.

DEAR MRS. ALCOTT : Your letter came very quickly, but so near the 20th that there was not time for me to prepare such a paper as I wished to, if any at all, to be read at All Souls' Church. Although stronger, I am far from myself, my pen moves awkwardly and my mind slowly. I am glad I was thought of in connection with your anniversary, and I should really have been pleased to join the others in the revival of reminiscences regarding the building and dedication of the church, but did not feel that I could, at such short notice, put my remembrances in proper shape. I thank you most heartily for the invitation to share in what must have been a particularly interesting occasion. I often think of the struggles and anxieties I had in getting the church built and the Society on its feet again ; and the intense satisfaction I had, too, at the responses made to my appeals, the generous helps that sprang to my side, and of the splendid victory that finally crowned our efforts. The church has since had drawbacks and discouragements, but has never yielded to them, but has risen again as often as it fell, until Mr. Alcott became its pastor, when it seemed to put forth a permanent life, to regain and augment its prosperity. I hear, on all sides, when I visit Minneapolis, of Mr. Alcott's success. I rejoice : the forces of Universalism, in and about the city, never had as competent leadership as now ; the future of our cause there, never seemed to me so

encouraging. I hope you and your husband see good reasons for hope; that you are contented and happy. Dr. Shutter is very cheerful over the present aspect of things. I wanted to visit you and yours last summer and have a talk with you over the history of the church, but I was not able to do so. . . . Please give my warm regards to Mr. Alcott.

Sincerely yours,

J. H. TUTTLE.

Two weeks later, he had answered the summons, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

CHAPTER X

A CONFERENCE WITH DR. TUTTLE AND ITS RESULTS

The Writer's Resignation from Olivet Baptist Church — A Letter from Dr. Tuttle — A Conference with Dr. Tuttle — A Second Meeting with Dr. Tuttle — First Sermon in Church of the Redeemer — The Decision Reached — Death of James C. Tuttle — Tributes to James C. Tuttle — A Sign of the Millennium — A Winter in the South — A Trip to Cuba — A Letter from Thomasville — Dedication of the Washburn Home.

THE writer of this memoir has now reached the point where his own acquaintance with Dr. Tuttle began; and as the results of that acquaintance have been of some interest to all parties concerned — giving to the Church of the Redeemer first an assistant, and subsequently a pastor — it may not be inappropriate to devote a few pages to the subject. Dr. Tuttle has given his own account of this incident in *The Field and the Fruit*; the writer will supplement that account with extracts from his own diaries and private letters, for the year 1886. This is the first time any of these records have seen the light.

RESIGNATION AT THE OLIVET BAPTIST CHURCH

After completing the new house of worship for the Olivet Baptist Church, the writer resigned and left the denomination. His views had been changing gradually for some time, but he had undertaken a certain work for his people, and wished to complete it. That work was the building of this house of worship. His preaching, during the last year, was upon such practical themes as would have been appropriate to any pulpit. Doctrinal questions he carefully avoided. He knew very little about organized liberalism in the form of either Unitarianism or Universalism. He knew what conclusions he had reached for himself, but where they would classify him — if anywhere — he could not tell. His impression was that they would come nearer Unitarianism than anything else; for he had somehow gotten the notion that Universalism was simply old-fashioned orthodoxy, with the exception of its doctrine of human destiny. He supposed that Universalism stood for the deity of Christ, the vicarious sacrifice, and all the associated dogmas. The use of much of the orthodox phraseology, in such scanty Universalist literature as he then knew, may have accounted largely for this impression; but he had not investigated closely — he was working out his own problem. He had, therefore, thought of seeking Unitarian fellowship. No definite decis-

ion, however, had been reached, and he was thinking of retiring from the ministry for a while and taking up some other kind of work to support himself, until he could be satisfied as to the right course.

A LETTER FROM DR. TUTTLE

At this juncture came the letter from Dr. Tuttle, which is given in the following paragraph. Dr. Tuttle was well known to the writer by reputation, but not personally. He had met the doctor on one public occasion, the memorial service in the University Coliseum, at the time of the death of General Grant. The meeting was casual, and was followed, at the time, by no further acquaintance.

March 10, 1886. — Have received letters to-day from Mr. Boynton, Dr. Tuttle, and Mr. Simpson, of Duluth. The letter of Dr. Tuttle is as follows: "MY DEAR BROTHER: The announcement of your resignation, the cause of it particularly, makes me anxious to see you, and to see you very soon. I was educated a Baptist, belonged to that church once, and I should like to extend my sympathies to you and to compare notes. If you will allow me to meet you, will inform me when and where I can find you, I will call. Or will you be kind enough to call on me? I am home in the morning almost always, and from 12 to 2 P.M. If you cannot come over, I will, if convenient to you, go and see you, on Friday afternoon, at 2.30 o'clock."

March 11, 1886. — Have promised Dr. Tuttle a conference to-morrow afternoon.

A CONFERENCE WITH DR. TUTTLE

The writer was touched by the invitation of Dr. Tuttle, who occupied the foremost position among the ministers of the city, whose praise was upon the lips of all; but he had no reason to believe that the invitation meant more than a friendly conversation, an expression of sympathetic interest.

March 12, 1886. — I went to see Dr. Tuttle, and, after a pleasant conversation, he said frankly that he meant soon to retire from the ministry, that he and his people had looked in vain East and West for some one to assist him awhile, and then to become his successor. His own mind, and that of his people, had turned to me; they admired the spirit I had shown in dealing with my own people in this delicate matter, and had heard such good reports of my work and preaching, that he had been led to hope that I might solve the problem. I told him that I was confident I had gone farther than he thought; but he yet begged me to consider what he had said and see him again. Of course, I cannot go to the Universalists. . . . I shall be as frank with Dr. Tuttle as I was with my own people. . . . Universalism, as I understand it, is simply orthodoxy, with one point in liberal thought.

March 14, 1886. — To-morrow morning, at 10.30, I am going to lay before Dr. Tuttle convincing evidence that I am not the man for his pulpit.

ANOTHER MEETING WITH DR. TUTTLE

There was the usual number of callers and letter-writers who had solemn warnings to give —

all of them honest, but not quite understanding the case. They wanted to pluck the heretic "as a brand from the burning"; and the heretic did not deny them the satisfaction of plucking at the brand to their hearts' content.

March 15, 1886. — Went to my study at 8 this morning. My first caller was a "brand-plucker," who, in his own words, "had a presentiment that since I had cut loose from the Baptist Church, I was going straight to the devil, and he felt as if he must come and tell me." I thanked him cordially for his cheerful message, but assured him that, personally, I felt I was bound for a different destination. He was a good, honest fellow, and his solicitude was genuine. I sent him away feeling better. . . . Kept my appointment with Dr. Tuttle at 10.30. He is a charming man. I told him there were two points upon which I felt certain we should differ: that I rejected the infallibility of the Bible and the doctrine of the Trinity, which involved the deity of Christ. I was fairly lifted out of my chair with astonishment when he said that he did the same, and that his position, and that of many, or most of his people, and of Universalists in general, would be that of such Unitarians as James Freeman Clarke, Edward Everett Hale, and Brooke Herford. He assured me that Universalists were not Trinitarians; that they believed in the divinity of Christ rather than his deity; that they rejected the vicarious sacrifice, and did not necessarily accept the literal accuracy of the Bible. This, and more, he told me. He then renewed his former suggestion. I replied that he had put the matter in a new light, but that I must think it all over; that while I was waiting and looking about, I would preach for him sometimes if he

wished, but that we must understand that such preaching did not commit me. So we left it for the present.

March 17, 1886. — Have received the following from Dr. Tuttle: "Your note, in regard to Sunday, was received. You have decided to preach for Bro. Simmons next Sunday morning. Let it be so. I will give notice, according to your kind suggestion and promise, that you will preach in the Church of the Redeemer one week from next Sunday, morning and evening. May the Good Father keep you in the new and strange experience. Shall we see you at the Conference meeting to-morrow (Thursday) evening? I hope so."

March 19, 1886. — It was very late last night when I returned from Dr. Tuttle's. . . . Have seen the *March North American*. Edward Everett Hale says, in his article, that Unitarians and Universalists stand, nowadays, for the same ideas. . . . Dr. Tuttle thought that, holding my views, I could easily go to either body. The dear Doctor is very anxious about this matter. Whatever the outcome may be, I can feel that I fearlessly told him all, in the full conviction that I should be summarily dismissed at the close of the interview.

March 22, 1886. — To-morrow, I have another audience with Dr. Tuttle.

March 24, 1886. — Have been at work to-day on next Sunday's sermons. . . . I think, after all, I ought to go to the Unitarians rather than to the Universalists; but Dr. Tuttle's offer and his statement of position have not a little perplexed me. Before that, I thought there was only one course open.

March 25, 1886. — Made a little talk at Dr. Tuttle's Conference this evening. Very kindly received. Sunday

morning I shall state my position clearly and fully, so that there shall be no chance for subsequent misunderstanding. Am to dine with Dr. Tuttle and spend the day. . . . My experience just now seems like getting out of a boggy meadow into the solid highway, only to find myself at a point where two roads meet."

FIRST SERMON IN THE CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER

The conversations already held with Dr. Tuttle, and the fact that the writer was being canvassed as a possible assistant, made it almost imperative that the sermon to be preached in the Church of the Redeemer, on the 28th of March, should be in the nature of a statement of position on some of the fundamental questions of religion and theology. It should be positive, and leave no room for doubt, as to where the preacher stood and what he meant.

March 28, 1886. — (Sunday.) The door is fully open, but I cannot yet make up my mind to enter. The sermon was on *The Things that Remain*. While Dr. Tuttle wished that I could have stated more conservatively my position on the Bible and Christ, he believed that the spirit of the discourse was thoroughly Christian.

THE DECISION DELAYED

The following day, the writer left the city and was absent about two weeks, visiting friends. A letter, received towards the end of this period, stated that Dr. Tuttle was to be absent Sunday,

April 12, and asked whether the writer of this sketch could not supply the pulpit. So he returned to the city and preached in the Church of the Redeemer, morning and evening, to large congregations. Among the entries which he finds in his diary, about this time, is the following:

April 14, 1886. — Have not yet seen Dr. Tuttle, but will call upon him to-morrow. He was expected to-day. I do not know whether he will want me to preach for him again or not. Shall know soon.

THE DECISION REACHED

April 17, 1886. — Next Sunday I preach again for Dr. Tuttle. He means to hold on to me to the very last.

Later: After mailing my letters and papers, I went to give Dr. Tuttle my subjects for next Sunday. He said in effect: "Now, I do not understand why you hesitate longer. I know where you stand and I give you a free platform. I do not mean, nor does any member of that church, to lay a restraining hand upon you. You *must* feel yourself free, or you cannot be a man. I would not, for a million of dollars, lay a chain upon you. Come, try it—try it for a year, and if, at the end of that time you feel that you are, in any wise, hampered, you will be just as free to go elsewhere as you are to-day. Make the experiment. I want to travel most of the year, and you will have your own way." He is putting it in such a light that there is really no reason why I should not take the offer for a year.

April 20, 1886. — Whether for weal or woe, for better or worse, I have decided. I shall remain in Minneapolis. I make the experiment for a year. At the end of that time, I shall be free to go if I cannot stay.

April 22, 1886. — I may be making a mistake; God knows, I do not; but I am going to try the experiment. It seems best to me now.

On Easter Sunday, April 25, 1886, the writer, with more than thirty others, was formally received into the fellowship of the Church of the Redeemer by Dr. Tuttle.

THE WORK BEGUN

Following almost immediately upon this decision, came the death of Dr. Tuttle's son, James, who was a few months older than the writer; next came a journey to Nebraska on account of the illness of the doctor's brother; then the drifting for a month or more of the steamer in which his younger son was returning from Europe. These combined circumstances made such a strain upon Dr. Tuttle that he resolved to spend the winter in Thomasville, Ga., for the rest which he so much needed. Upon an excursion to Cuba, during this winter, in company with W. W. Eastman, he so exposed himself to the sun, that he suffered an attack of congestion of the brain. These things threw the entire work of preaching upon the writer almost from the beginning. It was a severe tax to preach to such a congregation, without any accumulated resources. The sermons previously preached — most of them, not all — had

gone up in a "chariot of fire," and had given more light while they were burning than when they were preached.

DEATH OF JAMES C. TUTTLE

April 29, 1886. — Have been preaching twice a Sunday on account of the sudden and dangerous illness of Dr. Tuttle's son (James) with whom he resides. The young man is now out of danger, but is still confined to his bed. News has also come of the fatal illness of the doctor's brother in Nebraska, and he will probably have to go there the first of next week. So I am busy, with moving and all.

May 1, 1886. — This has been a very sad day. After luncheon, I called at Dr. Tuttle's and found his noble son dying. I comforted the broken father as well as I could. . . . Again at Dr. Tuttle's. His son was dead. I sat down by his side, and we talked of our departed, his and mine. He is terribly cut up, but not morbid. This young man was his strength and comfort—so refined, so noble, so devoted to his father—one of the men that the world cannot spare. "It was no visitation of God," said the doctor; "my son was never strong; this could not be helped. The law was written in his constitution." How deeply I feel to-night for the grief-stricken father! It seems as though I had "come into the kingdom for such a time as this!" . . . "I must leave everything to you," said the doctor, "I can think of nothing. I do not know whether I can ever think of anything again."

May 2, 1886. — Have called at Dr. Tuttle's three times to-day. He is very heart-broken. To-morrow at 2 P.M., the funeral service takes place at the house; strictly private; very simple. No singing; no remarks. Mr.

Boynton will read a passage from the Bible, and I will offer a brief prayer. That is all — but enough.

May 3, 1886. — Attended funeral (of James C. Tuttle) at 2 P.M.

TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF JAMES C. TUTTLE

As the writer's acquaintance with this rare man had just begun, he will let those who knew him better pay to his memory the tributes due. The editor of *Our Church* published the following:

In the sudden death of Mr. James C. Tuttle, which occurred at his late residence in this city, on Saturday, May 1, not only the family thus bereft, but the entire community, sustains a real loss. Indeed, rarely is the passing away of one so young, more generally, more sincerely, and more justly, mourned. Mr. Tuttle came to this city with his parents while yet a lad, and had here grown to years of manhood, embarked in business, and established a home. Mr. Tuttle will be especially missed in the Church of the Redeemer, in all the affairs of which, from his early youth, he had taken a deep and active interest. The onerous position of secretary and treasurer, which he had held for some years, imposed much painstaking labor, and, we fear, will not be easily so well-filled again. It was, however, in the intimacy of private friendship and the home that the rare excellence of Mr. Tuttle's character was best revealed. To those permitted to know him in these relations, he was singularly thoughtful, unselfish, conscientious, and affectionate; a noble son, a faithful brother, and a most dutiful husband and father. His life was not a long one, if measured by its years, but if "he lives the longest who

thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best," though thus cut off in its morning, we may not justly say, "It was an early death."

An editorial in the *Evening Journal* said:

No citizen of Minneapolis was possessed of more sterling or manly qualities than James C. Tuttle. In every relation of life he seemed almost a model, a thoroughly honorable and capable business man, affable and genial in his intercourse with all who came in contact with him, a tender husband, a devoted son, a proud and happy father, a staunch, true friend—in which relation he stood to almost the entire community—he was one of those rare characters whom to know is to honor, admire, and love.

A SIGN OF THE MILLENNIUM

One more extract, and only one, from the writer's diary, may be introduced here:

May 4, 1886. — Spent an hour or two with Dr. Tuttle this afternoon and quite cheered him up. He even laughed when I told him about the First Congregationalist service of last Sunday eve. Dr. Bridgman, quite a broad-minded Methodist, of Hamline College, had supplied the pulpit of the First Church and was to preach in the evening. During the afternoon the building burned, and Mr. Powers (Universalist) went and offered the use of his house for the evening. It was accepted; and when Dr. B—— came over from Hamline, he was met and informed of what had happened, and conducted to the Universalist house of worship. "Well," exclaimed the good doctor, "here is a Congregational Society that took up a collection for the Unitarians (Kristopher Jansen, whose meeting-house

had been damaged by a storm) worshipping in a Universalist church, and preached to by a Methodist! Surely the millennium is not far off."

A WINTER IN THE SOUTH

The determination of Dr. Tuttle to spend in the South, the Winter following the events already narrated has been mentioned. He went to Thomsville, Ga., with members of his family. "Our residence for the Winter," he writes, "is the 'Piney Woods' hotel. Names of this character are so often misleading, you may suppose that there is not even a pine tree anywhere about here, but in this case we are not deceived. There is a boundless abundance of pine woods. . . . What do I do here? I read, write, study, walk, ride, converse with the people in 'the parlor,' sun myself in the long South porch of the hotel, or retire to the North side when the shade is more comfortable, and give a few moments now and then, an hour even, to tending the babies — that is, my two little grandchildren." Among the guests at the hotel was a member of the National Reform Association, "a body, which has for its chief object the insertion in our National Constitution of the word 'God,' and a recognition of the fact — claimed as a fact by all Christians — that Christ is the King of all nations." One of the strongest and

finest passages Dr. Tuttle ever wrote, contains his reflections upon this movement. It is found in a letter written from Thomasville to the *Universalist*.

It may, however, be suggested to our worthy friends of the National Reform Association, that a National Constitution is not necessarily, godless, because the word "God" is not in it. It may, for all that, have more truth and righteousness in it than others, where the Divine Name is a score of times repeated. The name of God has been cheap in some ages and among certain peoples. Constitutions, which professedly built upon it, have perished. Empires that inscribe it on their banners, are no nearer saints than our modest republic, which did not dare, or which forgot, to stamp itself with so sacred a word. The Jews punctuated their statutes with the name of God, sealed the four corners of their Government with it, but were not saved from disintegration and dispersion. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter the kingdom of heaven." It is reported that Alexander Hamilton, on his return from the Convention in New York, on being asked by Dr. Rogers, an eminent chaplain of the Revolution, why the word "God" was not placed in the Constitution, replied, "Indeed, doctor, we forgot it." Then it was not an intentionally atheistic act. Forgot it! Was this worse than a designed omission? Not necessarily. They may have been so intent on the Divine Things they were doing as not at that moment to remember the source of them. Just this has happened many times in this world. Persons have been so absorbed in good deeds as to have missed praying; while others have been so buried in praying as to lose thought of the good deeds. This much we may say of our National Constitution; there was never written,

since the world began, another which had more of God's truth in it, more of man's sincerity, and which has been a greater blessing to the world.

A TRIP TO CUBA

While spending the Winter in the way of which he has written, the even tenor of his existence was broken by "a generous invitation, sent me by telegram, to Thomasville . . . by a Minneapolis friend then at Jacksonville, to accompany him and four other gentlemen — one of them an ex-mayor of our city — on a brief trip to what Abbé Raynal once called, 'the fairest emerald in the crown of Ferdinand and Isabella.'" But early in 1887, when Dr. Tuttle visited the island, it hardly deserved the fine figure of Abbé Raynal; or if it did, the rhetoric would apply to the country alone.

Cuba is a bit of Spain sitting at the foot of Florida. One might almost toss a stone over to it from Cape Sable, but the civilization of the island is as distant as the throne that rules it. In looking at this island, one sees into the face of Spain. The religion, the houses and shops, the speech, the poverty, the decrepitude, the faded prestige, the social abandonments, the Sunday cock-fights and bull-fights, and masked balls and gambling habits of Spain, are here. . . . Havana hangs out signs of decay everywhere. It has seen better days. The whole island was once rich, but is now too poor to pay its debts. . . . I feel more than ever that Cuba should belong to the United States. It is one of the gardens of the world; under our care it would be a paradise, and the most attractive of all our Winter resorts.

Its climate is an eternal Summer, and yet, its cool sea-breezes, laden with tropical fragrance, qualify its languid, enervating effects, and make it, for the larger portion of the year, a healthful residence.

A LETTER FROM THOMASVILLE

After his return to Thomasville, from Cuba, and his recovery from the effects of the trip, Dr. Tuttle wrote the letter which follows :

THOMASVILLE, March 1, 1887.

DEAR BRO. SHUTTER:—I am too weak to write much . . . I was very sick, they say. They, perhaps, exaggerated the danger. On my Cuban trip I exposed myself, it is thought, to the hot sun too much. I am improving. The attack left me weak, and somewhat depressed. This may possibly delay my return to Minneapolis. My physicians are positive in this advice, that I remain East longer and out of work and care. I do not know whether their advice is wise or not. I will be sorry if I cannot see you all and be among you at the time planned. Your year expires the first of April. The trustees should meet and arrange for the future. I shall ask them to raise your salary and reduce mine. I want you now to consider yourself the leader altogether, and do the same in all things exactly as if I had no relation to the Society. I take it for granted you will remain. The entire parish praises you and is fast loving you. I do not want to resign, but I want you to be practically the controlling pastor. I will write more of this soon. I read your articles, as I see them, with deep interest. I was pleased with your reflections on Beecher. A great man has gone! Love to all.

Yours, truly,

J. H. TUTTLE.

So ended the year of experiment, unless it has been experiment all along, and is so still. The writer is inclined to think that nothing gets very far beyond the experimental stage in this world.

DEDICATION OF THE WASHBURN HOME.

Late in the Spring, Dr. Tuttle returned to Minneapolis. In June, the Washburn Memorial Orphan Home was dedicated, and Dr. Tuttle delivered the address upon that occasion. He was one of the first to whom Gen. C. C. Washburn, the founder, had communicated his plans. "I have," he writes, "made my last will and testament, realizing fully that I may be suddenly called away. I long have had the thought that I ought to do something for mankind before resigning up 'this pleasing, anxious being.' I know that I cannot stay here long, and what I can do, I desire to do, if possible, in my lifetime. In Minneapolis I have spent my time, and have done something towards its development. I have seen it grow from nothing to its present large proportions. I wish to leave some memorial behind me of my devoted mother. I have thought that I could do no better than to establish in her memory a home for orphan children, and I have, therefore, provided in my will for such a foundation. My desire is to select, without any disturbance, a suitable site for such an institution.

It should be three or four miles from town and easy of access. Twenty or forty acres will be required, and if they contain some natural shade, it will be desirable. I propose the erection of a building costing about \$100,000, with an endowment fund sufficient to support about one hundred orphans." Dr. Tuttle was requested to look for a spot answering to the above description. The present site was finally suggested by Maj. W. D. Hale, and donated by Hon. W. D. Washburn. The institution and its magnificent work are now too well known to need anything but the brief mention that is here possible; but it is interesting to understand to what extent Dr. Tuttle shared the confidence of the remarkable man who built the Washburn Home. In the course of his dedicatory remarks, Dr. Tuttle said:

"Nothing," it has been said, "is more characteristic of the barbarous periods, than the utter neglect of children;" while on the other hand, "the extent and wisdom with which children are cared for, are a measure of the civilization of a people." And what more distinctive evidences can we have of the realization of Christianity than those which an institution of this quality and magnitude affords? There are signs, here and there, it has been feared, of considerable loss in the outward forms of religion; of some abatement in the fervent intensity of religious worship; of some faltering in pronouncing old confessions of faith; of some disposition to pare away or entirely reject old formulas of doctrine, but whatever decline may have been noticed in that direction has, we assume, been more than

offset by the growth of practical religion, the religion which helps the widow and the fatherless ; which feeds the hungry and clothes the naked ; which seeks to mend the lunatic's mind ; which seasons justice with mercy ; which stands as father and mother to orphan children, gathering them in its arms and carrying them to sheltering homes. Religionists of this kind, Jesus invites to his kingdom ; on deeds of this kind, he has placed the seal of his blessing. The times which produce men like Mr. Washburn, suggest neither a decay of Christianity nor a growing impoverishment of human nature. An age, distinguished as this is, for multiplying its refuges for the poor and friendless, which keeps an open ear for the varied voices of want, which devotes so much of its wealth to the diminution and extinction of human misery, cannot surely be wanting in moral vitality or in Christian earnestness. The love of God and the love of man go hand in hand. Faith and Hope are the trunk and branch of the gospel ; Charity is the blossom.

“ And most avails the prayer of love,
Which, wordless, shapes itself in deed,
And wearies heaven for naught above
Our common need.”

CHAPTER XI

ASHES AND BEAUTY FOR ASHES

Destroyed by Fire — Courtesy of Other Churches — Services in the Grand Opera House — Address of Dr. Tuttle — The Emblem of Hope — Rebuilding the Temple — Some New Features — The Rededication — A Second Visit to California — In the Land of the Midnight Sun — The Midnight Sunrise — The Sixty-sixth Birthday.

THE year 1887 closed with a record of great prosperity. Many had placed their names upon the roll of membership; many others had come into the Society and taken pews and sittings; new workers had appeared; the financial showing was better than ever; new life was stirring in the Sunday-school and among the young people. The outlook was bright. The coming year was to realize high hopes. Then, suddenly, an awful calamity befell. On Sunday morning, January 15, 1888, while the writer was preparing to go to the church to conduct the morning service — Dr. Tuttle being absent in New York — the head usher, J. Fred Cole, appeared, exclaiming, "The church is on fire!" It was the coldest morning of the Winter, although the sun shone in an unclouded sky. Snow lay thick and white upon the

ground and upon the roofs of houses. The firemen went bravely at their task, and crowds of spectators cheered them on; but the intense cold and the difficulty of locating the fire baffled their efforts. The water froze where it fell, and the clouds of flameless smoke continued to rise. So dense were these clouds that the most intrepid firemen could not cross a threshold or enter a window. All unseen the work of destruction was going on within, behind thick walls of stone. One after another, the heroic firemen succumbed, and others took their places; but all was in vain. The fire burned on slowly but unchecked. At last, about three o'clock in the afternoon, the flames burst through the roof and sent showers of sparks and glowing embers upon all the roofs in the neighborhood; and only their coverings of snow prevented many another disaster. The roof of the church fell crashing through to the basement, and all inside was reduced to a red mass of ruins. Now, the firemen were able to work to better purpose, and by nightfall the conflagration was extinguished. "What remained of the burned church," says Dr. Tuttle, "was transformed, even during the fire, into fantastic and even majestic piles of ice. It presented a most picturesque sight for weeks, and multitudes came to see it. A frieze of icicles bordered the broken walls. Transparent stalactites were suspended in the doors and

windows, and deep blue grottoes opened towards the interior of the vestry." The origin of the fire was never discovered.

COURTESY OF OTHER CHURCHES

The burning of this beautiful house of worship called out expressions of sympathy from all quarters. Even while the flames were wreathing themselves around the rafters, invitations came from orthodox as well as liberal societies, to use their buildings as long as might be necessary. Plymouth Congregational was first; then the First Unitarian and Centenary Methodist; then the Jewish brethren offered their temple. Lowell somewhere sings: "Before man made us citizens, great Nature made us men." The line may be re-adapted; "Before good men and great men divided us into sects and parties, God gave us hearts." Deep down in our being, beneath the artificialities of form, and ritual, and creed, He wrote his everlasting and unchanging gospel of love. It cannot be suppressed. It will cast off every weight that theology has piled upon it; it will break through every middle wall of partition. After all, men are brothers; they have one Father and one destiny.

SERVICES IN THE GRAND OPERA HOUSE

A meeting of the trustees was held next day in the office of Hon. W. D. Washburn, where it was decided not to accept any of the kind offers that had been made, but to secure, for Sunday morning services, the Grand Opera House. It was also resolved to go forward and rebuild the church. The following Sunday, January 22, 1888, the congregation gathered at the usual hour of service in the Grand Opera House. Of this first meeting, the *Pioneer Press* remarked: "Had it been anything but a religious service, one would have said that there was 'a good house' at the 'Grand' yesterday morning. In fact, all the seats were occupied below, and a good part of the balcony was called into requisition. Although everybody tried to be as cheerful as he could, there was an undercurrent of subdued emotion, and, do the best they could, it was a solemn occasion. To be sure, the house was brilliant . . . but the vision of that burning church of one week ago was too fresh in their minds to let them think of much else. . . . Dr. Tuttle, the pastor, who was in New York last Sunday when the sanctuary burned, was present, and by his side was the Rev. M. D. Shutter, his assistant. . . . The service was beautiful; the choir, probably the best trained in the city, sang charmingly, as they always do; the ministers spoke elo-

quently and touchingly; and altogether, it was much better than many of the members had feared who shrank from worshipping in a theater. . . . Mr. Shutter conducted the opening services, which were the same as usual, the hymns and responses being printed on slips, as all of the service-books of the church had been destroyed by the flames. Mr. Shutter, in his prayer, alluded to the fact that they had gathered there in the shadow of a great calamity. He spoke of the fond memories and hallowed associations of the building that had been burned, and asked that what seemed a misfortune might prove not a misfortune. Exceedingly appropriate were the Scripture readings." The key-note of the whole service was the sentiment of Paul: "We are troubled on every side, but not distressed; we are perplexed, but not in despair; . . . cast down, but not destroyed."

ADDRESS OF DR. TUTTLE

The principal address of the morning was by the pastor, Dr. Tuttle. Naturally, his sorrow over the sweeping away of the outward symbol of his life-work was deep and poignant; but over it all rose at last the strain of hope and courage.

These are not the old surroundings. . . . Where are we? What does all this mean? It means that our beautiful church, our Church of the Redeemer, the church we worked so long and with such struggle to build, and

which, when built, was such a blessing to us all; the church which was so perfectly planned, so skillfully arranged, so artistically wrought, so faultlessly furnished and fitted to the Divine Purpose for which it was erected; . . . the church which was the pride of its builders, the admiration of architects, which our citizens praised as often as they passed it; which attracted the eyes of visitors; which was an object of wide interest to the denomination it represented; whose completion and dedication was an epoch to our cause in the Northwest—it means that this church has been despoiled and ruined by fire. The altar before which we worshiped, where we baptized our children, married our sons and daughters, gathered in memory of our Lord, and sometimes carried our dead—the altar, the communion-table, the pulpit, the organ, the pews, the picturesque gallery, the magnificent ceiling, the lofty roof that sheltered us, the noble windows—alas! the lovely memorial window consecrated by tender recollections and tearful love—all these were scorched and charred and undermined, and heaped in indistinguishable fragments into one frozen, blackened mass! . . . It is unnecessary, as it is impossible, to tell you the attachment, the affection even, I had for that church, which has been ruthlessly snatched from us. . . . If ever there was a spot on earth where I should have dared to put the sign, “Gate of Heaven,” it was at the altar of the Church of the Redeemer. . . . But you must not think, my dear friends, that my mourning in this way over the loss of that church swallows up my hope of the future of the Society. You must not believe that I am yielding to anything like despair. Since I returned, particularly since I have learned of the hopeful meeting of the trustees, of their determination to reduce this calamity to a minimum; since I have conversed with some of our people, and found how firmly,

heroically, you stand under this blow, the skies have cleared wonderfully, and my courage has revived. . . . The pluck and grit, and energy and enterprise, which characterize the Western people, are saved to us. And when I look back and see what you have done, how great obstacles have melted away before your united wills, and when I remember that these same brave, willing forces, are spared to us, that our numbers are larger and our wealth more ample than ever before, there is no rational success, it seems to me, which does not lie within the reach of your possibilities.

THE EMBLEM OF HOPE

In closing the service, the assistant pastor related the following incident: "A day or two ago, as I passed by the ruins, I stopped and looked up over the front entrance, where the beautiful rose window used to be, but where all is now a mass of ice. I do not know what caused it—possibly there were some fragments of colored glass behind the ice—but as I looked, the rays of the sun so fell upon that spot, that the colors of the rainbow flashed upon the ice. The symbol of hope was still shining there. The message of hope comes to us from the history of the past. The gospel of hope shall again be proclaimed there; and from every window the light of hope shall again shine upon every pathway."

REBUILDING THE TEMPLE

The work of rebuilding was begun as soon as the ice had cleared away in the Spring. It was

found that most of the old walls could be used; but it was decided to lengthen the structure twenty feet, according to the original plan, both for the better architectural proportions and for the additional room which was needed within. The Building Committee was composed of O. A. Pray, W. W. Eastman, and E. W. Herrick. In course of a year, the lecture-room was ready for occupancy, and the congregation gladly bade farewell to the Opera House and went back home. The Winter and Spring that services were being held in the "Grand," Dr. Tuttle spent in Germany, leaving the affairs of the church in the hands of his assistant—returning in the early Summer. Another year was required for the completion of the auditorium, and most of this year was also spent by Dr. Tuttle in Europe. Accompanied by his son, Dr. George Montgomery Tuttle, he revisited Germany and made an extended tour through Russia. He returned in time for the rededication of the finished church, which took place November 24, 1889. That was a great event. No one, who was present, will ever forget it. The new edifice had arisen, almost as by magic, upon the ruins of the old. Those who had mourned the destruction of the one were there to rejoice over the glory of the other; and it could have been truly said that "the glory of the latter house was greater than that of the former."

SOME NEW FEATURES

Before describing the services of rededication, attention must be called to some of the changes that were made in rebuilding. The church, as a whole, was much more beautiful than it was before, while for convenience it "showed the vast improvement that had been made in the art of church building within the last dozen years." One of the most important changes in the new interior was in the gallery. This did not, as before, extend entirely around the auditorium, but was retained only across the rear and on either side of the organ. Thus, the transepts were left free, and the great beauty of the transept windows could be seen and appreciated. These windows were, perhaps, the most striking and splendid features of all. The east window, the work of Tiffany, contained four memorial panels. The figure of Memory, upon one side, was placed there in commemoration of Harriet Putnam Morrison; the figure of Hope, upon the other side, of the Rand and Coykendall families.¹ The two interior

¹ Readers of this book will recall the terrible tragedy on Lake Minnetonka, in the Summer of 1885, in which nine persons were drowned, and two distinguished families almost completely blotted out. On a beautiful afternoon, one of those sudden wind-storms which so often occur at the lake, swept down upon the steam-yacht "Minnie Cook," and capsized it. Among the victims were Hon. A. C. Rand, formerly mayor of

panels, altar-pieces, were dedicated, one to the memory of Harriet Merriman Tuttle and her son James, the other to the memory of Frederick A. Gilson. The west window contained two memorials of two panels each, the work of Herter Brothers. The panels, in which the figure of Purity is central, were placed there by Edwin W. Herrick, in memory of his wife, and son, and daughter; the panels with the angel, and the youth fallen by the wayside in life's journey, commemorated the son of Hon. W. D. Washburn. Another new feature was the organ, whose magnificent front is still one of the most elaborate pieces of wood-carving to be seen in this country. Not only the vines and flowers, but the groups of choir boys, five on each side of the organ, were hand-work. All the carving was designed by Pelzer, the famous sculptor of old Kaiser Wilhelm, and executed by German workmen. The beautiful communion-table was presented by the family of John Edwards, in memory of a daughter, Mrs. Eugenia Noteware, and the pulpit Bible was

the city — a man universally esteemed and honored — together with his wife, son, daughter, and nephew; and his son-in-law, John R. Coykendall, wife, and daughter. Nothing that has happened in Minneapolis, not even the mill explosions of 1878, ever threw such a pall of sorrow over the city. The beautiful figure of Hope, in the east transept of the church, perpetuates the memory of those noble lives that passed from earth in the storm and waves at Minnetonka.

the gift of Mrs. Caroline A. Holmes. The auditorium, as a whole, was "a noble example of the best modern ideas in decorative art." "It is unfortunate," says a critic, "that, in many of the churches where large sums of money are expended in decoration, too little study is made of the subjects as a whole. Certain portions of the decorations, by themselves, may be good, but there is not one consistent and harmonious scheme. In this instance, a careful study was made with reference to the general effect," and the result was a gratifying testimonial to the taste and skill of John S. Bradstreet.

THE REDEDICATION

"The mellow chimes of the Church of the Redeemer," says the *Pioneer Press*, "mute for nearly two years past, rang out their sweetest music yesterday, calling to their rejuvenated house of worship the faithful of that old and popular church. It was a notable occasion. The noble edifice was to be dedicated anew to the work which the fire interrupted, on that cold winter's morning, over a year and a half ago. In that time a new church, practically, handsomer even than before, has been built, and, with large accessions to its roll of membership, the Society starts out on another era of its brilliant history. All the old members were present to rejoice with their pastor that the work

was completed. Some had only just arrived from across the seas, and others turned their steps from different parts of the country to be present on this occasion. It was a grand family gathering. The new church, commodious as it is, was filled shortly after ten o'clock, and still the people kept coming. All the chairs in the building were brought in to fill the aisles, and then the overflow swept into the parlors, and crowded the gallery to the very railing. Not less than fifteen hundred people were in the church, and hundreds turned away, unable to gain admittance at all. It was pleasant to see many older members of the church occupying pews corresponding to those they held in the former edifice. But for the new glories of the superb stained glass windows, the wonderful organ, and the other added interior embellishments, they might have imagined themselves back in their old places, after a vacation or a change of scene." In the pulpit with Dr. Tuttle, upon this occasion, were his assistant, and the other Universalist clergymen of the city. Following is the program :

Invocation	Rev. L. D. Boynton.
Responses with Congregation,	Rev. W. H. Harrington.
Scripture Reading . . .	Rev. Le G. Powers.
Reading of Hymn . . .	Rev. August Dellgren.
Sermon	Rev. James H. Tuttle, D.D.
Prayer of Dedication . .	Rev. Marion D. Shutter.

Prof. Ludwig Harmsen presided at the organ, and the regular choir, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Weed Munro, Miss Olive Fremsted, and Henry Elliott, were assisted by other singers. Chevalier Scovel, of the Boston Ideals, sang, "There is a green hill far away." But "the feature of the occasion," to quote again from the *Pioneer Press*, "was Dr. Tuttle's sermon.¹ The venerable pastor was in his element. The eloquent memories of a quarter of a century of service as pastor of the Church of the Redeemer came on him like a flood, and made his words full of momentous significance. He had far more to say than could be said on an occasion like this. His heart was full, and it found utterance in one of the most interesting discourses that he ever made to his people. His sermon was over an hour in length, but so full of reminiscences, so hopeful and cheerful in its tone, that the time passed as by enchantment. His text was from Isaiah, *Beauty for Ashes*, in itself of most singular appropriateness to the occasion. At the close of the service there was an impromptu reception, with Dr. Tuttle as the central figure, and his hand was nearly shaken off in his effort to return the congratulations that were showered upon him." Thus ended another of the great days in the history of the Church of the Redeemer.

¹ The full text of this great sermon, *Beauty for Ashes*, will be found in *The Field and the Fruit*.

A SECOND VISIT TO CALIFORNIA

Soon after this service of rededication, Dr. Tuttle went to California to spend the remainder of the Winter. His old Chicago friend and parishioner, A. G. Throop, had some years before removed to Pasadena. Early in 1886, he had gathered together a few Universalists, and had secured visiting ministers for occasional services. After awhile, a lot was purchased. At length a building fund was started. On the 19th day of January, 1888, a parish was organized and incorporated. On May 15th, of the same year, Rev. E. L. Conger accepted a call to the pastorate. The work prospered. The congregation increased. In April, 1890, a beautiful and commodious house of worship had been erected, at a cost of \$50,000, and was dedicated free of debt. The sermon, on that happy occasion, was preached by Dr. Tuttle. It was fitting that the man who had revived Universalism in California should be present and preach upon such a day of rejoicing, for here was another monument, due in part, at least, to his influence both on the coast and in the old Chicago days when Father Throop — then in the prime of life — was his parishioner and friend. His text was from Psalm **xxix**, 2: "O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness." In the course of his remarks, Dr. Tuttle said:

The foundation, the essence of the truest character is reverence. Even the smallest bit of it is a help to any one. To see the coarse savage kneeling to something, which he invests with superior virtue, shows that he is not altogether a savage; that there is present in his benighted soul a redeeming, uplifting motive. I would not, then, if I could, take the Pagan's god from him — not, I mean, until I could offer him a better one. I knew a man, in our own Christian land, who said that the only object he felt like worshipping was his little girl. Well, that was better, unspeakably better, than no worship; for she was purer, more innocent, more beautiful than he. Many a child has taken its parent's love, and multiplied it into religious love. Many a father has found Christ by seeing him reflected in the sweet, loving face looking up from his knee. Many a husband has loved his wife first, and then God; and many children have had their paths lighted to heaven by the candle of filial affection.

This extract furnishes a fine illustration of the perfect balance and sanity of the preacher, the utter absence of anything like fanaticism or bigotry, and the rational manner in which he looked upon life and religion, identifying religion with all that is best in life, and even with the feeblest and most unintelligent aspirations for the good.

IN THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

It is a far cry from Pasadena to the North Cape; but three months after the dedication of the church in that beautiful California city, Dr. Tuttle was traveling in the frozen North. One of his experi-

ences upon this journey is so unique that it deserves a place in these pages, and his description of the event is so delightful, that it must be given in his own words: "Altogether, I have had in my life, sixty-six birthdays, enough of them to have become very common, and not worth troubling the public with generally, or being mentioned outside the family or the wider circle, perhaps, occasionally, of a few intimate friends. The last anniversary of this kind, however, which occurred on the 27th of July, 1890, came in so unique a place and manner that I yielded to the temptation to give some account of it to the numerous readers of the *Universalist*, among whom I am so fortunate as to have many acquaintances scattered about."

Where I was born and brought up, in Central New York, the sun was supposed, and it was so declared in the calendar, to rise in the East and set in the West. If I heard or read, in my early boyhood, as I doubtless did, of a mid-night sun, a sun that rose and set at nearly the same instant, and directly in the North; or rather, which did not really set at all, but only threatened or seemed intending to do so, sinking near to the horizon and then stopping and beginning at once to ascend, not disappearing for a moment, I must have regarded it as little more than a myth, as I now do most of the Norseland tales, an entertaining story which adventurous navigators in Arctic regions were fond of telling on their return to their more credulous and less experienced listeners. The almanac, which mother always kept hanging over the great fireplace in our humble home, which was her prophet, an encyclopedia which she daily

consulted for all sorts of knowledge, terrestrial and celestial, told us when to expect the sun in the morning, and when we should have our last glimpse of it over the western hills in the evening. For our children's heavy eyelids it came up, it is true, too soon, even there in that latitude, and we would have promised sometimes half the money we ever expected to be worth to induce it to delay its rising a few hours; but what would we have said or done if father had knocked at our door each night at twelve o'clock, crying out, "Sun's up, boys!" On the other hand, we should have blessed a midnight sun at our holiday season, at Christmas time especially, to cut short our sleepless waiting to examine our stockings.

THE MIDNIGHT SUNRISE

Then follows a most graphic account of the phenomena attending the descent and immediate upward movement of the sun when it touches the lowest point: "Well, I do know now, setting aside these pleasantries, that there is such a thing on this earth of ours as a midnight sun, for I have recently seen it. . . . The ship's bell, announcing the hour of twelve, is the first sound to break the stillness. And there is the midnight sun, with its lower edge touching, or nearly touching, the horizon. There it rests. The last step in its descending race is taken. It will not go below the horizon. . . . But what happened after the midnight sun? Another thing just as strange — the midnight sunrise. And the second was no less brilliant and produced no less wonderful effects on the sky, water, and

mountains, than the first. The sunrise light, however — else we imagined it — seemed different, as at home, from the sunset light. Others have observed and spoken of this inexplicable dissimilarity. It would seem impossible that the sun, immediately after turning its goal, should cast a changed hue over things; but nature does seem to know when her shining god starts his chariot upward, and to wear a more cheerful blush. The snow summits almost instantly alter their tinge."

THE BIRTHDAY CELEBRATION

The letter closes with the description of the sixty-sixth birthday celebrated at the North Cape, under the light of the new-risen midnight sun:

I personally shall have another good reason for remembering that midnight sun, since I saw it at the portal of my sixty-sixth birthday. On this birthday my sun neither rose nor set, a thing that never happened to me before. . . . When the sun's midnight display had closed, the particular members of our party called me into a partial hiding-place in the rear of the ship, and placed in my hand a valuable present of a silver paper-knife, with an artistically and uniquely carved and chased handle, including a striking figure of the Norseland god Thor, applying his hammer with deadly effect upon an evil snake entwined about his body. . . . Besides, the ladies in our party had interviewed, with entire success, the cook and steward, and had a huge cake made for me, posted and appropriately embossed with my name and age, and which Capt. Folke-dal brought in with both hands, his face beaming with

satisfaction, and doubly beaming, by reason of the cake's border of sixty-six burning tapers— and laid before me. . . . The menu laid at my plate had a special addition on the reverse side, of a little birthday address of a dozen lines in Norwegian poetry, composed by Capt. Folkedal, containing— so my translator said— some beautiful and well-expressed sentiments. Referring to the sun, which we had come so far to see, and which, on my birthday, did not go below the horizon, he wished it might long continue to shine for me, both in midday and midnight brightness, keeping me as young as I seemed now, and light my way to, and far beyond, the earthly pale. And this was not enough. The captain taking my arm before I had finished my meal, led me on deck, where he ordered the American flag unfurled and the four guns fired. Is it likely that I shall ever forget that wonderful Sabbath and my sixty-sixth birthday?

CHAPTER XII

COMPLETION OF A TWENTY-FIVE YEARS' PASTORATE

Resignation — Pastor Emeritus — The Celebration ; Dr. Atwood's Sermon — Remarks of Dr. Tuttle — Monday Evening — The Speeches — The Letters — The Presentation — The Marble Font.

ALTHOUGH the members of the Church of the Redeemer and parish were not unprepared for such an event, there were few dry eyes in the congregation when, on Sunday morning, June 28, 1891, the following letter was read from the pulpit :

“DEAR BRETHREN: On the first Sunday in July, the twenty-fifth anniversary of my pastorate will occur, and this seems a natural opportunity for me to ask your permission to resign. I, therefore, herewith respectfully tender you my resignation, desiring that it shall take effect on the day mentioned. It is unnecessary for me to assure you that the decision to sever the happy relation I have so long held with our church here, has cost me no inconsiderable struggle. And this step has not been made suddenly, nor without earnest, prayerful reflection. My advancing age has been warning me that such a change must, in the nature of things, come soon ; and as you, five years ago, secured for

me an able and successful associate, we are all fortunately relieved from any anxiety regarding my successor. I do not leave an empty pulpit behind me. All things in the church are well prepared for the change. The continuity of the parish will suffer no break. I have in my heart and mind enough to make a much longer letter, but, as I intend to express myself more at length, elsewhere, on this matter,¹ brevity, perhaps, is better now. If my life among you these many years has not shown my perfect confidence in the Church of the Redeemer, and my deep abiding love for it, any words I might use here would be in vain. And yet, though it must appear a commonplace form, I must thank you, and the church, and the congregation, a thousand times for your ten times thousand kindnesses to me. That our Heavenly Father will continue to bless you all and keep you all in his loving charge is, and will be, my sincere and constant prayer.

Your affectionate pastor,

J. H. TUTTLE."

PASTOR EMERITUS

This letter of resignation was referred by the Society to the Board of Trustees, with power to act. At a meeting of the trustees, held a few days afterwards in the office of Dorilus Morrison, it was unanimously decided that Dr. Tuttle must not

¹ See *The Field and the Fruit*.

sever his connection with the Church of the Redeemer, but must accept the position of Pastor Emeritus for life. The satisfaction felt by the congregation and the community at this arrangement, found expression in the columns of the daily press. The *Tribune* said: "All Minneapolis will be glad to know that Dr. Tuttle's resignation does not entirely sever his pastoral relations with the Church of the Redeemer. It is understood that he will remain as Pastor Emeritus, preaching occasionally and sharing in other parish work. At all events, it is said to be his intention to remain in Minneapolis, where he has a legion of friends." The *Journal* announced that "Happily, the resignation of Dr. Tuttle does not mean that we are to lose the kindly smile, the gentle word of good cheer, the warm grasp of the hand, of a man who, by his beautiful and helpful life, has endeared himself to all who have ever had an opportunity to know what his friendship and sympathy are worth." So there was great rejoicing everywhere that Dr. Tuttle was still to be a part of the city and of the church.

THE CELEBRATION; DR. ATWOOD'S SERMON

It was also resolved by the trustees, and gladly ratified by the Society, to signalize, in some fitting manner, the approaching anniversary. As adequate preparation could not be made for the first Sunday

of July, special services were held on the second Sunday, July 12. In the pulpit were his old friends, Drs. Atwood and Hanson and Deere. The invocation was made by Dr. Deere, prayer was offered by Dr. Hanson, and Dr. Atwood delivered the sermon. His text was John xvii: 19, "And for their sakes I sanctify myself, that they also may be sanctified through the truth." The speaker remarked that "his interest in the occasion did not grow out of the fact that Dr. Tuttle is a Universalist minister, or that he had held a long pastorate, but out of his belief that James H. Tuttle had, from the beginning, sanctified himself to the service of God and the good of his fellows. This is what gives significance to this anniversary." Continuing, he declared, that "Mr. Tuttle saw the possibilities of civic and church life here twenty-five years ago, put his gentle, patient, loving spirit into the unfashioned material of that early time, and, by working and waiting, and waiting and working, has wrought this marvel of transformation which our eyes only partially see, but the full value and glory of which is measured by the eye of God alone. Stand up, my brother, and receive your crown! It is not of gold that tarnishes, nor of laurel that fades, but the undecaying amaranth of a city's gratitude and a people's affection, braided to-day with immortelles contributed by the angel hands of the dear departed."

REMARKS OF DR. TUTTLE

Dr. Tuttle himself spoke at this morning service. He reviewed the circumstances of his coming to Minneapolis, and told of his relations to the clergymen and others who had come to this anniversary. The address was, by turns, "tender, pathetic, humorous."

Twenty-five years ago the middle of this month, I was present, by invitation, at a meeting of the friends of our cause in St. Paul. It was my first visit to Minnesota. I had come up from Chicago to assist in organizing the Minnesota State Convention of Universalists. I met at that meeting two or three of the trustees, and some of the members of this church. They requested me to come to Minneapolis, and spend the remainder of the Summer. I came, and brought my family with me. You had no church building at that time, and the services were held in Harrison Hall, on the corner of Nicollet and Washington avenues. I preached a sermon in that place on the first Sunday in July, 1866, so that the anniversary was really last Sunday instead of this. Some of those I saw in that early congregation, I see before me to-day. Many more I do not see, and they are seen no more upon the earth. They are invisible to us, but we may not be invisible to them. We cherish the memory of these loved ones. It is possible they send back their thoughts to us ; while they are away from us they are with God in Paradise. And we are with God, and because we are with him to-day and shall be always, we shall be in Paradise with them. I think of all these loved ones who have gone before.

These windows speak of some of them; our hearts speak of all of them.

Before the Summer was ended, the trustees suggested to me that I remain for one year. When I came, I had no expectation of remaining longer than a few weeks. You did not believe, nor did I, that the one year would be extended. If I have stayed too long, you are partly to blame. It is true you did not, and have never, asked me to remain longer than one year. But at the end of that time you did not declare the pulpit vacant. You have never given the least hint that I was clever enough to take hold of, and so I have kept on. In 1866, Minneapolis was little more than a village on this side of the river, and St. Anthony the same on the other. You had no railroad, and very little of what you have to-day. The place where this church stands was out in the country. But I was pleased with Minneapolis. It had a New York and New England appearance, and I felt at home in it at once. I was charmed with the scenery and the adjoining country, woods, hills, lakes, the clear sky, and invigorating air, and I was glad to remain here.

I have never tired of Minneapolis, or its climate, or its people. I have been fond of traveling, but I was more fond of returning here. I can say honestly that I have never, for one moment, wished for another station. My love for you has never grown old, nor for a moment lost its warmth. I have spent my longest and best years in your midst; I have experienced here my greatest joys and my deepest sorrows. But I must not dwell on these questions. I have neither the time nor the courage, and so I pass to make just a simple explanation of the service this morning. It is unusual for you to see so many clergymen on this platform. . . . These ministers who have come from their homes are my friends, and have been.

Dr. Atwood came to my house in Rochester before he entered the ministry. I remember talking with him that day, but forget what I said. I wish I could say it had a little influence on him. Nevertheless, he entered the ministry, and the whole country, East and West, unite in saying that he did not make a mistake. . . . Dr. Deere I have known for these many long years. We were school-mates together. He occupied this pulpit during my vacation in California. I am glad he is here. Of Dr. Hanson, I cannot say that I knew him when he was a boy, but we have known each other these many years. I wish I could tell you of all the other friends I see in this congregation who have strengthened me. I see before me a gentleman, eighty years of age, who has come all the way from California (A. G. Throop). . . . I feel honored with their presence on this occasion. . . .

I came to you because I had faith in God, and in Jesus Christ, and in human nature. Without that faith I could not have come to you, and I would have been of no service to you. I have learned here the more to love God through my love for you. My trust in human nature has been enlarged by what you have given me of human nature through your generosity, large-heartedness, Christian principles, and religion. You have aided me to see the good in human nature. I leave with you this one word : If this church has made any advancement, it was because you accepted Christ as your authority and your leader. Continue, and all will be well. God bless you, everyone.

In the evening Dr. Deere preached an impressive sermon, based on the second chapter of Philippians. He unfolded the thought of the apostle that Jesus stooped from his exaltation to the lowliest offices of service, became even a slave that he

might serve and bless mankind, and, in that consecration of his powers to the helplessness of others, found his highest happiness and greatest glory. He made frequent applications of his theme to the occasion, and found a rich illustration of it in the career of the man the occasion celebrated. In his earliest days, at the theological school, and ever since, he had manifested that irenic disposition that overcomes opposition, not by beating it down in controversy, but by melting it away by "a sweet reasonableness." He closed by announcing the fact that "this day of the celebration of Dr. Tuttle's twenty-fifth anniversary was also the anniversary of the birth of his sainted wife, who, for so many years, was his devoted and accomplished helpmate."

At the close of Dr. Deere's discourse, Dr. Hanson briefly addressed the congregation. He recalled the circumstances under which his acquaintance with Dr. Tuttle began. It was just twenty-five years ago, that he discovered, on a Mississippi steamer, between Dubuque and Minneapolis, a trunk marked "J. H. T.," and jumping to the conclusion that they were the initials of a man about whom he had heard in Rochester and Chicago, he accosted the first person who seemed worthy of those initials and introduced himself. Dr. Hanson then referred to the wonderful growth of the city, and the still more wonderful growth of

our cause, and attributed the latter to the first-class materials Dr. Tuttle had found, and to the consecration and skill with which they had been used. Thus closed the first day of the great celebration.

MONDAY EVENING

The next evening, as the audience assembled, the rays of the setting sun streamed in through the glorious memorial windows in the west transept, illuminating the entire scene. Above the pulpit a large white monogram, from a bank of green, was visible. An arch of green, decorated with flowers, rose round the pulpit. Banks of flowers surrounded the rostrum, and multitudes of palms rendered the entire altar front a mass of beauty. The auditorium was crowded with an immense concourse of people, of all creeds and parties. Sectarian divisions and prejudices were lost in the common tribute to that which transcends them all — character. The platform was occupied by a crowd of clergymen and other guests — many of whom had a national reputation. Dorilus Morrison, president of the Society from the beginning, was in the chair, and, as one of the distinguished guests remarked, “his courtly grace would have honored an assembly of princes.” The newly elected pastor acted as toast-master, introducing the speakers and reading the letters and telegrams.

"We do not come to bury Cæsar, but to praise him," were the words with which he introduced the ceremonies, after the strains of the organ had ceased. Then he read a cablegram from Hon. W. D. Washburn, dated Hammerfest, July 12, 1891: "From the land of the Midnight Sun, all send greetings on the joyous event."

THE SPEECHES

The first speaker was Father Throop, who recounted the circumstances under which he had persuaded Dr. Tuttle, thirty-two years ago, to remove from Rochester to Chicago. He thought "Minneapolis under obligations to him for bringing him so far along on his way. Dr. Tuttle had been his spiritual adviser ever since — especially during the fearful days of the war when his two noble sons were killed. He loved him more than any other living man." J. H. Swan, of Chicago, described, in earnest and feeling terms, the great work Dr. Tuttle had done during the Chicago years. Dr. Harris, one of his successors in the Chicago church, declared that "he had continually heard his praises and his virtues recited. He felt it an honor to follow and enter into the labors of such a man. He had stamped himself on the people of Chicago, as no other man had ever done."

The next speaker was C. M. Loring, a member of the parish. He told of a motto he had once

heard, "Do all the good you can, to as many people as you can, in all the ways you can, and as long as you can." He thought that Dr. Tuttle was the only man he had ever known who had lived up to those exacting teachings. Referring to his great popularity, Mr. Loring said, "I once traveled with him, and everywhere we went, we found people, who exclaimed, 'Don't you remember me, Dr. Tuttle? Why, you married me!' and then they would bring out the children and have a jubilee." Rev. L. D. Boynton, the former associate of Dr. Tuttle, regarded him as one whose name was synonymous with everything good. A member of another communion had said to him, "There are two denominations to which I am unalterably opposed, the Catholic Church and the Universalists; and yet the two men in the State for whom I have the greatest reverence are Archbishop John Ireland and Dr. James H. Tuttle." Mr. Boynton also related another incident. A good man had said to him: "When I heard Mr. Shutter preach a most excellent sermon, I looked all the time at Dr. Tuttle, and I do not know which helped me most." "The only criticism I ever heard on the doctor," continued Mr. Boynton, "was when I occupied the pulpit; and then everybody wanted to know why Dr. Tuttle didn't preach."

Gov. Wm. R. Merriam and Mayor P. B. Winston were among the guests upon the plat-

form. Mayor Winston likened Dr. Tuttle "to a finished garment from the loom of life, in which the warp and woof of joy and sorrow were blended in the perfect art of God." Prof. W. W. Folwell, of the State University, spoke of the "wide influence of Dr. Tuttle upon all sects and parties and good enterprises." He paid a warm tribute to him as one who promoted the public good in all directions, and praised him for his staunch support of the State University. Hon. R. D. Russell, City Attorney, told of the time when he came to Minneapolis, and how a Presbyterian minister of Chicago had urged him to make the acquaintance of Dr. Tuttle. "I did so," said Mr. Russell, "and learned from him to value character over creed."

Other speeches were made by such men as Dr. S. G. Smith, of the People's Church, St. Paul, and Rev. H. M. Simmons, of the Unitarian Church, Minneapolis. James T. Wyman was humorously introduced as "a Methodist who had fallen from grace sufficiently to associate with Universalists." He said that "he really thought that Dr. Tuttle had made the punishment for wrong-doers about as long and as hot as any one could wish, and did not know but that he should properly have been a Methodist." Judge Isaac Atwater, in greeting his old-time friend, said that he left no enemies behind him. "Here was a man who had built up a strong church by simply preaching the gospel as he un-

derstood it, and minding his own business; one who had not built up a false popularity by clap-trap and sensation, but by faithful work." Hon. George A. Pillsbury had never heard a word against Dr. Tuttle, and almost wished that he were still a Baptist. George A. Brackett had known Dr. Tuttle for twenty-five years, and could honestly say that he was a better man for that long acquaintance. Charles Carleton Coffin, the historian, had come all the way from Boston to congratulate his one-time companion of the plains, and to tell him how his own life had been influenced by the sermons Dr. Tuttle preached twenty-five years ago in Chicago, in behalf of the common brotherhood of man, black and white. Sol Smith Russell, the actor, followed in a few well-chosen words of appreciation, and gave an appropriate recitation. Such were the speeches — not mere formal words of shallow compliment, but heartfelt tributes of gratitude and love.

THE LETTERS

During the course of the evening many telegrams and letters were read from absent friends.¹ One telegram was sent by the two hundred members of Grace Church, Rochester, Minnesota, with "Christian greetings and congratulations." There were letters from his old fellow-workers

¹ Some of these will be found in the Appendix.

Drs. Montgomery and Saxe ; letters from Drs. Collyer, and Miner, and Cantwell, and Sawyer ; from President Northrop, of the State University ; from Drs. Tiffany and Holman, of the Methodist Church, and from the Episcopal Bishop of Indiana, Dr. J. B. Knickerbocker. There is only room here for the beautiful epistle of Bishop Knickerbocker :

Many thanks for your kind invitation to be present at your twenty-fifth anniversary commemoration. I wish it were possible for me to be present, but it is not. With all my heart, I congratulate you on having reached this important way-mark in your ministerial life. In the hurry and change which distinguished our American life, few are permitted to remain at their posts so many years, and to witness the good results of patient sowing of the seed. You have been greatly blessed in having your lot cast in the beautiful and growing city of Minneapolis, and in having an appreciative people who have always been ready to hold up your hands and second your zealous efforts on their behalf. You have been spared to see great results of your earnest and faithful labors. I should love to be with you on this very happy occasion ; my relations with you were always pleasant, and with many of your good people I had delightful social intercourse. I look back upon the twenty-seven years I spent among the good people of Minneapolis with unusual delight. It was with great sorrow I parted from them. What wonderful changes have taken place in the quarter of a century you have spent in Minneapolis ! How wonderfully has the city grown ! What blessed charities have sprung up, and how generously have your people

aided them all! What progress has been made, too, in Christian unity! The hearts of Christian people are more dear to each other, as they are dearer towards their common Lord and Saviour. May God hasten the time when they shall all see eye to eye, and present a united front against all that is evil. What sorrow, too, have these twenty-five years brought to your heart and home! Only Christian faith and love for him who doeth all things well, can enable us to say, "Thy will be done," and look forward with blessed hope to a reunion in that better land where there shall be no separation. I trust you may be spared to celebrate the golden wedding with your beloved people, and that health and prosperity may crown your days.

THE PRESENTATION

After the speeches and letters in the auditorium, the audience adjourned for an informal reception to the lecture-room of the church, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. Here Mr. Morrison presented Dr. Tuttle with a marble bust, Tennyson's *Elaine*, a beautiful work of art representing a character drawn by the poet he loved so much. The doctor was then permitted to speak for himself, and when he found his voice and had thanked everybody, he said: "Occasionally, I thought something was dropped to-night that referred to me. But most of what has been said must have been intended for some other man. It does not belong to me. You have been sketching an ideal man that lives

only in your generous hearts. The real man I know to be quite different." Everybody was happy; no one seemed anxious to go, and somewhere between the hours of twelve and one, the last guest shook the doctor's hand and bade him good-morning. One of the daily papers commented upon the whole occasion in terms like these: "He has built in Minneapolis a monument of good works that will survive the age of those which live in brass or marble. He lives, and will always live, enshrined in grateful hearts and tender memories. In all this city, there is perhaps no man so universally honored and beloved. In his long pastorate, he has been so fortunate as to stir up no strifes or divisions; to make no enemies. The last night's services in his honor were a spontaneous demonstration of Minneapolis citizens of all creeds, all professions, all walks in life. From the speeches, the applause, the general tone of feeling, it was evident that

'None knew him but to love him,
None named him but to praise.'"

THE ANGEL FONT

On his part, Dr. Tuttle was not willing to let the church he had built, and the work he had done, be his only memorial. He wished to make a gift, at this time, that would be for the church, "a

thing of beauty and a joy forever." He found what he wanted during his trip to Norway, which has been related in the previous chapter. Together with his friends and the members of his family, who were with him upon that journey, he visited the Frue Kirke, in Copenhagen. Among the other statues there, wrought in marble by the genius of Thorwaldsen, was the angel with the shell to hold the waters of baptism. Gazing upon the pure white marble, and studying the exquisite outlines of the kneeling figure, the heart of Dr. Tuttle was filled with loving memories of his congregation at home, and he exclaimed, "That is just what I want to give my people when I complete my quarter of a century and retire!" He spoke of the plan to the members of his family who were there, and they decided that it must be done; that nothing could be more beautiful and fitting to crown his ministry and seal his devotion to the church. He at once sought out the American consul, and found that the sculptor who could best execute his desire, was Prof. Theobald Stein, of the Royal Academy of Arts, in Copenhagen. The order was given. The marble was secured from Carrara. An exact copy was made under the direction of Professor Stein; and Thorwaldsen's angel kneels to-day beside the altar in the Church of the Redeemer — the parting gift of its pastor, the perpetual token of his love!

CHAPTER XIII

THE THIRD, OR TUTTLE, CHURCH

Dr. Tuttle's New Plans—Sale of Cornell Lots and New Purchase—Organization and History of the Third Society—The Leadership of Dr. Tuttle—Laying a Corner-stone—Completion and Dedication of the Building—Subsequent History of the Tuttle Church.

THE completion of his twenty-fifth year of service in the Church of the Redeemer did not mean that Dr. Tuttle intended to retire completely from the pulpit and from the work he loved. His own people, of whom he was now Pastor Emeritus, would gladly have had him rest. They felt that he was entitled to release from active service. They wanted to see him among them; they wanted him to occupy his accustomed chair in the pulpit, and to take such part in the Sabbath worship as he might find convenient, or simply to give them the benediction of his presence. But it was not so to be. Dr. Tuttle had other plans, which quickly developed. He felt that there was something for him to do in another field, something which only he could do. What seemed to him, and to others, a forlorn hope, awaited his leadership to insure victory.

SALE OF THE CORNELL LOTS AND NEW PURCHASE

Mention has been made, in a previous chapter, of the purchase of certain lots from the heirs of Judge Cornell for the erection of a mission church, when the time should come. It ought to be explained that the funds for these lots, \$500, were raised by the Ladies' Social Circle of the Church of the Redeemer. This was the occasion: On October 26, 1880, a special meeting of this organization of ladies was called, at which Mrs. W. W. Eastman presided. Dr. Tuttle, always full of the real missionary spirit, which is simply the desire to extend the truth we have tried and proved, appeared before the society and spoke to them of his desire to establish a mission church. The society pledged \$500, and this amount, a year or two later, was paid for the lots already mentioned. It was paid through the trustees of the church, and the title was held by them, as the Ladies' society was not incorporated. These lots were afterwards sold for \$3,000, and the money reinvested in two lots at the corner of Blaisdell avenue and Twenty-seventh street. Conditions had changed, and the prospect for a third Universalist Church seemed better in the new locality. The event was to prove the wisdom of the later purchase.

HISTORICAL SKETCH OF THE THIRD SOCIETY

The Third Universalist Society was the outgrowth of a Sunday-school opened in Chestnut Hall, February 22, 1885. The Society was organized May 5, of the same year, with the following board of trustees: George W. Libby, H. J. Hawes, J. W. Babb, Captain Christiansen, and Dr. Conner. Chestnut Hall was in the second story of a building located at Twenty-sixth street and Blaisdell avenue, and here services were held during the remainder of the year 1885. The following year, the congregation moved into Avery Hall, just across the street. The services held in these halls, under the first pastor, Rev. W. R. Dobbyn, increased in numbers and interest, until the necessity for a building of their own became impressed upon the Society. A neat frame chapel was built, during 1886, upon the lots purchased by the Church of the Redeemer. Mr. Dobbyn continued as pastor, until September 1, 1887, when his resignation made it necessary for the pulpit to be supplied for a while by the other pastors of the city. This continued until January 1, 1889, when Rev. Le Grand Powers, who, up to this time, had been pastor of All Souls', took charge of the new Society. He served faithfully and successfully for two years, and was followed by Rev. Matt Wing, who was installed October 11, 1891. His pastorate was

very brief, and again the Society became dependent upon supplies who could only hold meetings Sunday afternoons — an unsatisfactory arrangement, but the best that could be made.

LEADERSHIP OF DR. TUTTLE

It was at this juncture that Dr. Tuttle formed his resolution. Feeling that the work was not progressing as it should, and realizing that something better in the way of a house of worship was needed for that community, he took hold of the enterprise. He wished to get the Society better organized and to secure an adequate building. So he went out from the celebration of his twenty-fifth anniversary at the Church of the Redeemer, and threw himself with all the ardor and enthusiasm of youth into the work. The hour of holding service was changed back to the morning, and every Sunday, at 10.30, he stood in the pulpit. During the week he visited among the people, encouraging them to believe in the possibility of great things, and among his friends in the Church of the Redeemer and in the city, he personally solicited financial aid in his undertaking. He would accept no remuneration — simply requiring that a certain amount be raised by the congregation every Sunday, and held by the treasurer for the coming temple. Not only would he not accept a penny of pay, but no one will ever know

how many hundreds of dollars, from first to last, he paid out of his own pocket to build the house upon which he had set his heart.

LAYING THE CORNER-STONE

By July 13, 1893, everything was ready for the laying of the corner-stone, on whose front, the Society decided, must be carved the name of Dr. Tuttle. The ceremony was performed by the Masonic Fraternity. An account of the proceedings in one of the daily papers says: "The day was perfect in brightness, and, although warm, was rendered comfortable by a stirring breeze. The procession, which formed on Hennepin avenue, near Masonic Temple, comprised the officers of the grand lodge of the Masonic order, numerous subordinate organizations of this city and St. Paul, and visiting brethren from various other lodges of the State. Knights Templar formed the escort, and were dressed in all the splendor of their rank, with sword and cap and gloves. The officers of the grand lodge and the Master Masons wore the regalia of their respective positions. All in all, it was an imposing sight." A great crowd, thousands of people, had gathered around the temporary platform on which the ceremonies took place and from which the addresses were made. In introducing Right Worshipful Grand Master Dickinson, Dr. Tuttle said :

This church is not to be erected in opposition to any other church in this neighborhood, but it is to be built rather as a helper to other churches, as another working member in the brotherhood of churches. This is to be a church of which our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ, is the real corner-stone. It is to be a religious home of all classes of people who may choose to come. It is to be a refuge for the weary; a fountain of comfort for the afflicted; a light to those who have been walking in darkness; a defense for the truth and for human rights of all kinds; an advocate for all righteous reforms; a rebuking voice against evil and sin. These people hope, therefore, to have and to deserve the good will and sympathy of all good men and women.

The corner-stone contained a copy of the Holy Bible; a copy of *The Field and the Fruit*, by Dr. Tuttle; *Justice and Mercy*, by Mr. Shutter; copies of the *Universalist Banner*, and *Leader*, the *Church News*; Minneapolis papers, *Tribune*, *Times*, and *Journal*; order of the day; Masonic official records; history and picture of the church, names of subscribers to building fund, and cards of Sunday-school children who contributed. After the stone had been put in position, prayer was offered by Rev. L. D. Boynton, Right Worshipful Grand Chaplain; music was furnished by the Masonic Quartet, and the oration was delivered, by the writer of this book, upon the "Lessons of the Corner-stone." In the course of his address, he paid the following tribute to the

man so venerated and beloved who had made the whole undertaking possible :

The lessons taught by this ceremony are appropriate to the occasion. They are to be taught perpetually within the walls that are rising before us. This house is to be dedicated to the work of building character. Whatever instrumentalities may be used, whatever methods may be employed, whatever ideas may be inculcated, whatever influence may be brought to bear, the sole aim of all will be to bring men to the "measure of the stature of the fullness" of that wonderful life which we still and always believe to be the best that has been lived upon this planet. These lessons are also appropriate to the occasion, because the man whose honored name graces the front of this corner-stone has himself exemplified them, lo ! these many years, before this community. That name is synonymous with "brotherly kindness and charity," with uprightness and integrity. This enterprise is itself a testimony to his spirit of self-sacrifice for the good of others, and the advancement of a cause in which he believes with all his heart. Its completion will add another to the noble achievements which stand like monuments along his pathway, and we shall all most heartily trust that the "end is not yet."

"And stay thou with us long! vouchsafe us long
This brave autumnal presence, ere the hues
Low-fading, ere the quaver of thy voice,
The twilight of thine eye, move men to ask
Where hides the chariot? in what sunset vale
Beyond thy chosen river, champ the steeds
That wait to bear thee skyward?"

May the wheels of that chariot tarry long before the steeds rush upward along the king's highway to the bright, eternal stars and the jeweled gates beyond !

FROM CORNER-STONE TO COMPLETION

In less than a year from the laying of the corner-stone, the building had arisen upon it, and stood complete and ready for dedication. It was, and is, a beautiful structure. The stained glass windows were the gift of Dr. George Montgomery Tuttle. Decorations and furnishings were in perfect harmony. Many of the furnishings had been presented by personal friends of Dr. Tuttle — some of whom belonged to other denominations. On June 10, 1894, the dedication services were held. Dr. Tuttle spoke briefly, saying that "everyone had been generous and kind. Almost everything done for the church had been a labor of love. They never could have accomplished the task themselves. Thanks, that could not be expressed in words, were due to the outside people who had extended a helping hand. The Church of the Redeemer had always been a substantial friend, and the pastor had always said a good word and extended encouragement, in the hours when it appeared as if the clouds were growing very dark and could not be dispelled. He thanked Dr. Shutter, the Ladies' Society of the Church of the Redeemer, which had contributed \$1,000, and all others for their help and sympathy." He himself had composed the hymn for the occasion. Following is the order:

1. Organ Prelude.
2. Choir of the Church of the Redeemer.
3. Invocation Rev. M. Wing.
The Lord's Prayer Congregation joining.
4. Choir.
5. Responsive Reading . . Rev. W. H. Harrington.
6. Choir.
7. Scripture Lesson Rev. S. W. Sample.
8. Hymn, by J. H. Tuttle. Read by Rev. A. Dellgren:

Father, our house is builded now,
Thy altar here is raised;
Let every heart before Thee bow,
Thy mighty Name be praised.

In faith we planned, in faith we wrought,
And Thou on all didst smile;
The Saviour led our act and thought,
And gave us strength the while.

Our hope, dear Lord, is crowned to-day,
Our waiting purpose filled;
Thy blessed presence lights the way,
Our minds with joy are thrilled.

Wilt Thou accept this temple-gift,
Here make Thy dwelling-place?
In holy peace our souls uplift,
In love our souls embrace?

Here teach us how to pray, to live,
To make our deeds divine;
To suffer, trust, to love, to give,
To be forever Thine.

9. Dedicatory Sermon, Rev. Marion D. Shutter. Addresses by Rev. H. M. Simmons, and Pres. Cyrus Northrop, of the State University.

10. Choir.

11. Dedicatory Prayer Rev. L. G. Powers.

12. Hymn:

O! Thou whose own vast temple stands
Built over earth and sea,
Accept the walls that human hands
Have raised to worship Thee.

13. Sentence of Dedication.

Minister — And now, in the presence of this people, invoking the guidance and blessing of the Holy Spirit, I do solemnly set apart and dedicate this house to the worship of God the Father, and to the ministry of the gospel of Jesus Christ, His Son.

Minister and People — Now, therefore, O Lord God, arise into thy resting place, thou and the ark of thy strength. Let thy ministers be clothed with salvation; and let thy people rejoice in thy goodness.

14. Doxology.

15. Benediction.

The theme of the dedication sermon was the "Higher Knowledge of Jesus Christ." Then followed the brilliant address of Rev. Henry M. Simmons, of the First Unitarian Church, on "Unity in Diversity." In closing, he hoped "that the new building would be devoted to the preaching of peace and brotherhood; that Dr. Tuttle would be looked upon as the special pontiff of the eighth ward; and that the new church would stand among the other good works, as a worthy memorial to Dr. Tuttle's name." Pres. Cyrus Northrop, of the State University, always captivating upon the plat-

form, said, that "if he had been invited to attend the dedication of a Universalist Church, he would probably have done so, could he have arranged the matter; but when they put *Tuttle* before *Universalist*, he would come any way. We all know a Christian when we see him, and Dr. Tuttle carries in his heart the spirit of Christ." After the service, "the congregation gathered around the pulpit to congratulate Dr. Tuttle, who was, beyond question, the happiest man in all that gathering, at seeing the completion of a cherished hope." The task he had undertaken was accomplished; and with this achievement closes his active career in the pulpit, and as a builder of churches. Something else he had in mind — a similar undertaking — but it was not given him even to make the attempt. Had not the disabling stroke fallen upon him so soon, there would doubtless be another edifice of the same kind to endear his memory to another congregation. It was not so ordained. Another ministry of a different sort was decreed him. He who had served so many years, through strength, and activity, and speech, was soon to minister through suffering and patient endurance. Who knows but that the latter is the higher and diviner service? — that with him it was the completion and crown of the former, the supreme expression of his faith in God, and his confidence in the eternal love and justice?

SUBSEQUENT HISTORY

It is the aim of this sketch, as in the chapter on the Second or All Souls' Church, to speak mainly of the agency of Dr. Tuttle; but here again his interest continued unbroken to the very end. He was so anxious that those who followed him should succeed! He sent them messages of encouragement; he continued his financial aid to the expenses of the church; he sought to enlist the coöperation of others. Wherever he was, he carried the church upon his heart. He was depressed when any one spoke in tones of discouragement; he was filled with joy when any one reported progress. The pastor who came first after the dedication was Rev. John Murray Atwood, son of his old-time friend, Dr. Isaac M. Atwood. He came in the opening years of his ministry, a young man, well-furnished, earnest, and devoted to his work. It was no easy place for one just on the threshold of his profession — following one of the greatest preachers of the denomination; but with splendid courage and signal ability he kept on, growing and developing every year, till he was called back to the East, where he is now, the loved and successful pastor of the Second Church, of Portland, Me. He was followed by Rev. Randall H. Aldrich, who had built several churches in Maine, and whose praise was on the lips of his people. They parted with him reluc-

tantly at the call of the West. A man of singularly beautiful and consecrated spirit, he faithfully served the Tuttle church for two years, and his influence will long be felt.

REV. A. R. TILLINGHAST

The present pastor, Rev. A. R. Tillinghast, came the first day of March, 1903. He had built up at Waterloo, during a pastorate of six or seven years, the strongest Universalist Church in the state of Iowa. It was felt by all who knew him that he was just the man for this important field in the metropolis of the Northwest. At this writing, he has completed his third year, and the church has taken on new life in all its departments. Through the kindness of Mrs. H. H. Kimball, an organ has been placed in the niche reserved for it at the time of dedication, and the building has been thoroughly renovated and refurnished. Plans for enlargement are under way. The young people are organized and at work. The finances of the Society have been revised and a new system put in operation. The congregations are the largest that have ever gathered — often taxing the auditorium to its utmost capacity. To the power of strong and vital speech in the pulpit, Mr. Tillinghast adds the qualities of an able administrator. The outlook for the Tuttle Church is bright, and its future seems assured.

Dr. Tuttle heard the news of his success with delight; and, under date of January 21, 1903, he writes from New York to Mrs. Hannah Taylor:

I am glad Dr. Shutter exchanged with Mr. Tillinghast, and that you heard the latter; he seems to be the right man for the Tuttle church, for which I am delighted. I have had faith in that church, but have been sometimes a little discouraged. I feel encouraged now. All our churches in Minneapolis, and the one in St. Paul, Dr. Shutter thinks, are doing well.

A little later, to the author, he wrote:

I thank you for your letter and for the report of the Tuttle church. I rejoice that the latter has done, is doing, so well. I feel relieved regarding the church. I hear from it frequently, and always good news.

The following Spring and Summer he spent, as usual, at the lake,¹ and frequently communicated with Mr. Tillinghast. Before going back to New York, in the Fall, he came in and looked through the renovated church. From Loafden, October 16, he wrote to Mrs. Shutter:

I was in town, for the first and only time this season, on Tuesday. I wanted to call, to get at least a glimpse of you, but I had not a penny's time with which to purchase the golden opportunity. I had several times disappointed Mrs. Edwards in my attempts to lunch there, and thought I must go to her, if anywhere. I did not reach there — went in my automobile — until 12 M., and I waited until 3 for John to come. Mr. Tillinghast was telephoned, and he kindly came over, bringing the key to Tuttle church. I got a moment's look into the latter, and left for home

¹ Minnetonka.

somewhat excited, nervous, and weary. . . . The Tuttle church, by the cushions and the organ, has been amazingly improved. I was delighted, but was too much wrought up to tell Mr. Tillinghast so.

In closing this chapter, the writer is permitted to use portions of another letter, which show Dr. Tuttle's deep and lasting affection for the church. It is dated October 30, 1903, and was written to Mrs. H. H. Kimball. Recalling the visit of which he spoke in the other letter just quoted, he continues:

Mr. Tillinghast came, and I had a glimpse of the church, and but a glimpse. I did not examine it as thoroughly as I wanted to; . . . but even the partial look I had pleased me very much. Beautiful church! I do not know a more beautiful of its kind. The cushions and organ have improved it amazingly — the organ particularly. The organ front is fine — much finer than I expected, and larger. I could not — I was so excited — tell Mr. Tillinghast how pleased I was. . . . I thank you sincerely for the grand things you have done there. I am deeply interested in that church, as you know, gave toward it more than I was able, worked for it, prayed for it, and carried it on my heart and mind. I was, sometimes, a little discouraged, things went so hard and slow; and yet I always believed that the church was needed, that it was favorably located, and that it would some day fill as important a place as the Church of the Redeemer. Well, it seems prospering now; its prospects never before looked so bright, and much of it is owing to you, and it must be a great satisfaction to you. I feel confident now that the church is to go forward, until it becomes an important factor among the churches of the city.

CHAPTER XIV

LOOKING TOWARD THE SUNSET

In New York—Reminiscences of Dr. Chapin—Dr. Eaton—Heber Newton—Anecdote of Robert Collyer—Beginning of the End—Trip to Alaska—Church Reception—Reviewing the Summer—A Bundle of Letters—Dr. Eaton's Funeral—The Second Stroke—The Last Year—Letters to Mrs. Hallowell, Mrs. Shutter, and Miss Cleveland—The Last Letter—At the Gates.

AFTER waiting to see the pastor of Tuttle Church, Rev. John Murray Atwood, firmly established in his new charge, Dr. Tuttle went to New York to spend a little time with his son, before embarking upon any other venture in the way of church building. The Autumn and Winter of 1895-96, he passed in the metropolis. On Sundays, he visited the prominent churches and listened to the eminent men who filled their pulpits. "Fifty years of confinement to my own pulpit," he says, "my own voice, and my own ways of conducting religious services, must have left me with somewhat narrow views in such matters. It has, at least, helped to give novelty, pleasure, and profit, perhaps, to the opportunity I occasionally have of attending other churches, even those outside of our





VIEWS AT LOAFDEN.

denomination." Interesting sketches of his experiences and observations appeared, from time to time, in the denominational papers.

REMINISCENCES OF DR. CHAPIN

When he attended the Church of the Divine Paternity, which the great orator, Edwin H. Chapin, had made famous, he notes that his son's coachman, who drove him to the doors, had formerly been the coachman of the wonderful preacher. "As he shot along Fifth avenue and landed me in front of the church, I naturally thought of the many times he had driven Dr. Chapin there, then whirled away to wait, to return, to bring the great man home again. This time he had left only an humble hearer at the steps, a stranger whom scarcely one in the house would know; but one, nevertheless, who might feel that he had a special right there, because Dr. Chapin's old coachman had brought him; and more, because of his admiring remembrances of Dr. Chapin himself. . . . I heard Dr. Chapin often in his best days, on the lecture platform and in the pulpit, and I could almost imagine him standing up in his old place, facing his large audience, reading his hymns and his Scriptures with a force and beauty of intonation seldom heard, bearing the people heavenward on his uplifting prayer, swaying and charming them

into ecstasy of feeling by his splendid eloquence and poetic images. The contrast between Dr. Chapin, as I remembered him, and the man who actually occupied the pulpit, on this occasion, was marked, though it cast no belittling reflection upon the latter. Dr. Eaton's decided ability as pastor and preacher has been amply attested by the handsome success he has achieved in his continued charge of that parish. Dr. Chapin was physically stout and thick-set, and he wore a full beard; Dr. Eaton though not thin, is rather slight and delicate in figure, and has a fair complexion. . . . Dr. Chapin used a manuscript always in preaching, and was, with momentary exceptions, closely, though not objectionably, confined to it. Dr. Eaton has never appeared to have a manuscript in sight. His voice is pleasant, winsome, but not powerful. His manner is polished. He indulges in no startling attitudes, and is moderate in his gestures. His style is not, by any means, dull or commonplace, and yet it is not strained, nor in the least bit sensational. He succeeds, which is the main thing, I suspect, in holding the attention of his listeners, in satisfying their intelligence, and in stirring their emotions, not by boisterous, or vehement, or surprising oratory, but by bold, diaphanous reasoning, sprinkled with frequent, well-chosen illustrations."

HEBER NEWTON

Reviewing the service he attended at the Protestant Episcopal Church, corner of Fourth avenue and Sixty-sixth street, Dr. Tuttle says: "Dr. Newton achieved considerable notoriety, a decade and more ago, by what were generally deemed very radical utterances, and by placing his orthodoxy under grave suspicions. The air, hereabouts, was thick with rumors concerning him, and many thought they saw a threatening sword impending over his denominational relations. The opposition, however, though it kept up a lively agitation for a time, stopped short of expulsion. His congregations increased, his sayings flew abroad, his fame grew, and he appeared to gain as many friends outside as he lost inside the pale of the Episcopal Church. . . . Judging from what I saw and heard last Sunday, I conclude that his influence has not perceptibly ebbed. The house, not a large one, was completely filled with very substantial looking people. How many were drawn there, as I was, by the topic, 'The Creed of Christ,' which the newspapers announced, I do not know. . . . The sermon, for an Episcopal pulpit, was unique, and, for most Episcopal pulpits, impossible. Such a sermon, a quarter of a century ago, if preached by a Universalist, would have suggested heresy to his hearers. The speaker said, 'We have left us,

not the Lord's Creed, but the Lord's Prayer. Christ never, in any instance, formulated a belief — none, at least, more than we have in the two words, 'Our Father.' Then, with a rising voice and a swelling energy, the speaker dilated upon the surprising inconsistency, the religious crime even — in view of the plain, incontestable fact that Christ had no creed — which Christians, in all ages, have shown, in insisting on so many creeds and such long ones, in wasting so much time in discussing them: yea, in quarreling over them, making them conditions of church membership and future salvation. His condemnation of creed-making and creed-building seemed so strange to me in such a place, that I almost stopped at times to prick my consciousness to ascertain if I were not dreaming, or if I had not, by a singular mistake, dropped into the presence of one of the most radical preachers in the land. And yet, the tone and manner were impressively reverent. There was nothing of the flippant, skeptical air about him. 'If Christ,' he continued, 'who was our teacher, our guide, our example, could do without a form of belief, and saw no necessity of providing mankind with one, why should we be so anxious to adopt one, to force one upon everybody? Creeds are well enough as expressing our opinions, as embodiments of human speculations, but they should never be deemed mandatory. They should never be thrust upon

people, should never be required as tests of Christian wisdom and Christian character.'” In reflecting upon the sermon, Dr. Tuttle concludes: “To have a creed is one thing, to force it upon others, to make it a test of one’s character, or of one’s fitness for Heaven, is quite another thing. I do not see how we can dispense with creeds; but I think I can see how we could, if we would, dispense with bigotry and uncharitableness.”

ANECDOTE OF ROBERT COLLYER

Among the visits that Dr. Tuttle made, at this time, was one to the Church of the Messiah, where his old Chicago colleague, Robert Collyer, was preaching. As he sat and listened, his mind went back over the past: among other incidents, he recalled one connected with the great Chicago fire. Dr. Tuttle says:

I hastened from Minneapolis to Chicago, anxious, and yet dreading, to meet my many friends there. What a sight! I can never forget the awful — the appalling — picture that met my sight. The Church of the Redeemer, my old Chicago church, had been converted into a storehouse for charities, food and clothing, and ministering angels. We drove to the North side. Congregations were gathering in tears on the street, and round the fronts of their burned churches, to hold some kind of a brief service. Robert Collyer had made a pulpit of the stone steps of his crushed and charred temple, and was reading, with a choked voice, as we came near, appropriate pas-

sages of Scripture to his heart-broken people. Then he read a hymn, and the crowd sang, or tried to. Then he prayed — I remember much of that remarkable prayer. It was a deep, quiet outpouring of sorrow; a simple, direct, honest talk with God by an overburdened soul, a soul now sinking in the valley of despair, now rising on the mount of hope, now turbulent with uncontrolled emotion, now comparatively calm and placid. The prayer was so strangely intermixed with pathos and quaintness, that it swung us, sometimes, from tears to almost silent laughter; and yet the smile he caused by his curious expressions, instead of lessening the solemnity of the scene, only served, like lightning in the night, to make it more visible. He said, "O Lord, this is a sorrowful hour to us all. Our beautiful church, where we have worshiped Thee and taken sweet counsel together so often, is now a heap of ashes. We, thy poor, helpless children, assembled here by these mournful ruins, look up to Thee. O, our Father, pity us. O Lord, we have been to Thee many times in our troubles, in what we thought were our troubles, and which were no troubles at all; but, O Lord, Thou hast got us this time!"

THE BEGINNING OF THE END

In these, and other delightful ways, was Dr. Tuttle enjoying his well-earned and well-deserved leisure, when a terrible blow, swift and sudden, fell upon him, and for a time, at least, laid him aside from all the activities of life. Never again was he to stand in the pulpit; never again was his voice to be heard in public. All work of that kind was done forever. Plans he had hoped to

carry out must be abandoned. The future was all changed. Like his great Master, henceforth he is to be "made perfect through suffering." These were the circumstances: One evening in April, 1896, after meeting some of his Minneapolis friends at dinner, and enjoying himself in their society with his usual zest, he retired to his room in the best of spirits, and, apparently, in the best of health. The following letter from his son, dated April 27, 1896, tells the rest:

MY DEAR MR. SHUTTER: Father has expressed a wish that I should write you in his behalf and tell you of his rapid and gratifying progress toward recovery. I am glad to do this and to give you direct and definite information in regard to him, knowing that you can make use of it to answer the inquiries of many of his friends who, probably, expect to receive reliable news of him from you. When he was first stricken, we feared that he might be crippled for life, and, perhaps, even unable to speak again. Fortunately the hemorrhage into the brain was a very light one, and will, probably, leave few, if any, traces in the shape of permanent injury to any of his powers or functions. He already has regained the power of speech, and talks with fluency and ease, with only, occasionally, a little hesitation and with a slight thickness in his enunciation of certain words. He can walk unaided, rise from his chair, or sit down in it, without help, and even moves the affected arm somewhat, although this member is always the slowest and last part to recover. There is every ground for hoping that he will recover entirely, except for some impairment in the power of the right arm and hand, which is rarely regained completely in such cases. While real-

izing fully, from the first, the significance of his misfortune, he has borne it with his customary cheerfulness and courage, and without the least complaint, and his happiness and gratitude at his splendid and speedy recovery is very great and very touching to see. He has found his best encouragement and comfort in the tender solicitude and loving devotion which so many of his friends have shown throughout his illness. Mr. Lowry has been kindness itself, having visited him every day, without exception, since he was stricken, and many others from Minneapolis gather almost daily at his bedside and make him happy by their cheerful words. Letters pour in upon him from friends all over the country, and the interest and affection shown him touch him deeply — give him new life.

I have secured an experienced and most excellent manservant for him, one who is fairly educated and can read aloud to him, conduct his correspondence, and act as a companion and attendant, as well as serve as his valet. I shall take father to Minneapolis, in June — probably about the 25th, and we shall all spend the Summer with him at Mr. Northup's, at the lake. I expect father to be about soon, to take a daily drive before long, and to be fit to take up his old life in most ways by the time we leave for the West.

If there shall be no recurrence of his trouble, his physician — the best authority in such ailments that we have — assures us that his recovery will be almost complete, and that he may be spared for many years for a life of activity and usefulness. We are all inexpressibly happy at the bright outlook, and I am sure that father's large number of warm friends will be glad to know that his recovery is so assured.

The fond hopes expressed in this letter were not altogether doomed to disappointment. Under the best medical skill that New York afforded, and the most careful nursing, the results of the stroke were measurably overcome. The open-air life at Lake Minnetonka, from Spring to Autumn, contributed much. The will of the patient was itself a large factor — the determination to conquer, to maintain his interest in life and in the events of the day. He simply would not give up. In course of time, he began to see his friends once more, and to visit at their homes some of the most intimate. Occasionally, while spending a Summer at the lake, he would come to church, but never dared venture even to sit in the pulpit. His control of his emotions was too uncertain. "It was a sad fate," he writes, "which decided that I should be removed from the field on which I had toiled so long and hoped for so much; but there must be good reason for it; the Great Ruler does no wrong."

TRIP TO ALASKA

The Summer of 1901 was a memorable one. It was the privilege of the writer and his family to accompany Dr. Tuttle and his son upon a trip through the Canadian Rockies, to spend a week with them and other friends upon a house-boat on the Kootenay Lakes, and afterwards to go with

them to Alaska. Never before did Dr. Tuttle's intense love of nature, and his scientific knowledge of nature, come out to better advantage than among the scenes in which that Summer was passed. Not one particle of his enthusiasm had been abated by the physical shock, nor had one of his faculties been dulled. His eye was the first to catch any feature of unusual beauty in the landscape, and he was not content until he had pointed it out to others that they might share his delight. On board the *Queen*, skirting the Alaskan shores, he was astir in the morning, first of all in the party, watching with his glasses for glaciers, and arousing the sleepers with his exclamations of wonder. One might have thought, from his spontaneous enjoyment of all that he saw, that it was his first journey of this kind, instead of his last, for he entered into the experience with all the eagerness of youth.

CHURCH RECEPTION

On the evening of September 25, just before his return to New York, a reception was given to Dr. Tuttle in the lecture-room of the church. Hosts of his old friends, outside as well as inside of the parish, came to see him. He was at his best. He greeted everyone with the old cordiality. What seemed to everybody so marvelous was that his memory of names and faces was per-

fect. Many of that great throng he had not seen for years. Some said, "I am going to see whether Dr. Tuttle remembers me;" but never once did he trip.

REVIEWING THE SUMMER

The following letter from New York, dated October 31, 1901, will show how alive he was mentally, how busy he kept, and how he valued his friends:

DEAR DR. SHUTTER: The momentum my Summer experiences gave me, I have kept up, almost uninterruptedly, since my return, and harmlessly, even profitably, too. I attended the Bicentennial, at Yale; was there from Sunday to Thursday. This two hundredth anniversary was a grand affair! I cannot tell you how I enjoyed it. It enlarged my conceptions of Yale's influence in this country immensely. I was in great luck there. My entertainer, Mrs. Messick, was Dr. Northrop's, also.¹ He condescendingly took me under his wing, allowed me to stand, sit, and march by his side, and hence I saw and heard everything. Without his help, I should have seen and heard little. He was an invited guest, and one of the principal speakers; wore his gown, badge, and Oxford cap, and I, in my simple, every-day garb, badgeless, would have been turned back and left stranded but for his protection. I came face to face with scores of distinguished persons; was introduced to many of them. I never saw so many brains gathered under one roof at the same time. I witnessed President Hadley's conferring of degrees, titles, on threescore of the world's famous men, including the

¹ Cyrus Northrop, LL.D., President Minnesota State University.

President of the United States. I am greatly indebted, and very grateful, to Dr. Northrop's exceeding kindness. He made one of the most, if not the most, effective addresses. I was proud of him. He certainly exceeded all I heard as a speaker. On the following Saturday, I went up — taking John with me — to Charlestown, N. H., to share in Mrs. Gilson's eightieth birthday. My presence, as I intended, surprised her. She had no hint of my coming. I met Mr. John Crosby, his mother, and Caroline there. Had a delightful time. I enjoyed the ride up the Connecticut River, through the gorgeous October scenery. I have been absent two Sundays, and to church, in the city, but once. I called on Dr. Eaton at once, but he was not able to see me. His wife said he was improving, and that she thought he would soon be at work again. I fear. I know too well what such attacks mean. His assistant preaches every Sunday, but I have not yet heard him. I may go up next Sunday. Our city is full of excitement over the mayorship. I hope Low will prove the successful competitor. We think over, and talk over, our last Summer's experiences. I endured and enjoyed it all wonderfully well. I am stronger for it all. It will be for a long time, always, indeed, a pleasant theme for our recollections to dwell upon. I have heard but little of the Convention at Buffalo. I shall read all about it in this week's *Leader*. I am glad you made Mr. Washburn president of the Convention. The New York *Tribune* contained a notice of his appointment and a little bit of his history. I delight in any honor that is shown him.

How rapidly Minneapolis people are dropping out of the ranks of the living — Mrs. Atwater, George Pillsbury, I. C. Seeley, Mahlon Black — all since I left. Does the life-clock there run too fast that it so soon runs down? October has been full of fine weather. We seldom have

such a succession of mild, sunny, beautiful days. With such a Summer behind you, you must preach, if possible, better than ever. I hope Mrs. Shutter continues well. How kind she was to us on our trip! We owed much of our comfort and happiness to her.

A BUNDLE OF LETTERS

Nothing can better illustrate the life and interests of Dr. Tuttle during his closing years than the letters he wrote to his friends. They reveal the man as he nears the sunset, as his sermons revealed him at the noon-tide. The one which follows, written from New York, bears the date of March 28, 1902.

MY DEAR MRS. SHUTTER: I thank you for your interesting letter and for the pen-pictures it contained; pictures seen and suggested. It caused me to live over old days and scenes. You said nothing of your health, from which I infer that it is satisfactory. At last you have got on the good side of the goddess Hygeia. I hope she will continue to take good care of you. If I meet her I shall thank her on my own account for the kindness she has been showing you. How busy you all are! and how much noble work you are doing! I once hoped I might share with you all in such helpfulness, but a power above me decided otherwise. I have not been permitted to gather even the grapes that grew from my own planting. But I am allowed to know that the vineyard has been better cared for by other hands. I am thinking of the dear Church of the Redeemer, in these days especially. Easter is here. An interesting occasion to me always, but not so much so as when I was with my church at home. The Easter bells do not ring

the same, the flowers do not seem quite the same, and even the fine Easter hats and dresses I see in the streets, are not quite the same. To me something has gone out of the day. I am living on delightful memories of it. I wish I could be with you all next Sunday; that I could stand in that dear old pulpit, with Dr. Shutter, and look down on that still dearer congregation, look into those hundreds of familiar faces.

Since writing that last sentence, I have been down in the parlor and seen one of those familiar faces — W. D. Washburn's. He and his family are in the city, on their return from Cuba. They stopped at Nassau, where they met George, who had been there for three weeks. . . . They all had a royal time. Mr. Washburn brought me good words from George, the best of all that he is better, that he will soon be able to be in his office again. . . . We see Minneapolis friends occasionally, hear from them in one way and another oftener. Mrs. Christian lunched with us, recently, on her return from Egypt. . . . My memory goes back frequently to the house-boat life last Summer. What charming experiences that and the Alaska trip were! . . . You have had, from all I hear, a finer Winter than we — hardly more snow. The weather here has kept its reputation for fickleness. The Spring has come now, or it is so near we feel its warm breath. The crocuses are showing their faces in the park. I thought I saw a violet there yesterday. . . . I hear Dr. Eaton is slowly improving, too slowly I fear. I am living quietly, but I can hardly say monotonously. The city is not lacking in entertainments of all kinds: lectures, theaters, and operas. I go to church, somewhere, every Sunday, to Dr. Eaton's generally. I wish I could slip into the Church of the Redeemer and hear Dr. Shutter. With all my losses I feel I am greatly blessed every way. When complaints

rise to my lips I try to drive them back. Since Mr. Peavey's departure I have been more than ever awed at the earthly side of death, and felt more than ever the need of the comforts on the heavenly side.

DR. EATON'S FUNERAL

NEW YORK, April 18, 1902.

MY DEAR DR. SHUTTER: I have just returned, Mrs. Northup and I, from Dr. Eaton's funeral, which occurred in the church at 3 this afternoon. There was, of course, a great crowd and deep, general mourning. Sad! Sad! Sad! All our clergymen in this section were there. I did not know the man who made the address. I think he was Dr. Mason, of Chicago. Dr. Coleman Adams, of Hartford, read the service on entering the church; Dr. Collyer made the prayer; and Mr. Patterson read the Scriptures. I sat in the congregation; not with the ministers. Dr. Collyer's prayer was earnest, sympathetic, touching. I am in my room, at my table, alone. All are out but the servants, and I don't know that they are in the house. I am alone and sad. I feel the loss of Dr. Eaton deeply. He was my pastor for several years. Can it be that the dear, noble man has gone? That I shall not, in this world, see and hear him again? He was not, perhaps, a great man in any one thing, but he was greater than most preachers in many things. He could not have so successfully followed that marvelous orator, Dr. Chapin, had he not been a clever man. I am sad, but not in despair. God is good; He rules above and below. I did not look on Dr. Eaton's face today. I felt that I would wait until I meet the translated one. And that meeting in the better, fairer land is not far off. I shall, in two years more, have completed my fourscore. It is well. God is good. How little Dr. Eaton dreamed, or I — he came to see me after my attack — that

he would pass away before me! He was called away in his prime, in his usefulness; I remain in my decay. Why? The good Father knows. I will, at least, try to be grateful for countless blessings.

THE SECOND STROKE

Shortly after this letter, Dr. Tuttle left for Rochester, New York, where he was present at the unveiling of the memorial windows, of which an account is given in the second chapter of this book, and where the response he had written for the occasion, was read by Dr. Atwood. He then came on to Lake Minnetonka to spend the Summer, as usual, with his nephew, W. G. Northup. In the meantime, his son had purchased a large tract of land in the vicinity, with a small cottage upon it. In directing the laying out of the grounds, the filling up of an extensive marsh, and the dredging along the lake front, the attention of Dr. Tuttle was absorbed, and he was kept constantly in the open air. He always had a taste for landscape gardening, and here was ample scope to exercise it. At intervals he read and studied the best books upon the subject, and consulted with living masters of the art. The results he put into the grounds of "Loafden."

One evening after a day spent in directing the men at work, upon his return to Mr. Northup's residence, he suddenly found himself unable to

swallow or articulate. He did not realize what had happened; but in a very few days his condition became so serious that his life was despaired of, and, at one time, it seemed but a question of hours. But his wonderful vitality prevailed; and within four or five weeks, he was again watching the progress at "Loafden." The latter part of the Summer, and the Autumn of 1902, was passed by the writer and his family in the cottage, and it is to this fact that Dr. Tuttle refers in a letter written just prior to his departure for New York for the Winter.

SUNDAY MORNING, Nov. 2, 1902.

MY DEAR MRS. SHUTTER: If our present intentions do not fail, we shall leave for New York next Thursday evening. So our season at the lake, a strange one in many ways, is drawing to a close. I feel that I must answer your good letter before I leave. Loafden seemed lonely after you left. I was very sorry when I passed each day, not to see your cheerful face, and not to get your pleasant greeting! I am more than grateful that you occupied the cottage, you and yours, for a while, and that we had so much, though not half enough, of your company. It was a great comfort to me to have you there, to have you dedicate the little cozy house, to its best life. We have rain, rain still, and cold too, but have had some fine, perfect days. I have been in the cottage but once since you left it, though I have been over every day, as was my wont, to watch the men work. We have made no changes that you would notice, except the wall at the terminus, jumping-off place, in the old road. The weather has prevented our doing all we would like to have

done this Fall. The rest must wait until Spring. . . . The lakers have nearly all gone in, and the lights in the windows at night have gone out! Mrs. Peavey and Mrs. Hefflefinger called, Friday, to say good-by. I was sorry to have them go, though I saw little of them. They are such noble people! I have lost a great deal in not seeing more of them. I always loved to call there, but my condition forbade that this season. I shall be compelled to live quietly, and see but few this Winter.

THE LAST YEAR

The Winter passed, and another Springtime came. "I am better," he writes, "than I was last Summer, than when I returned to New York; but still far enough from myself. My throat troubles me, my articulation is yet poor, and I am almost as nervous as ever. Will I ever get over it? I fear not in this world." The following letters tell the story of the year:

(I)

TO MRS. HALLOWELL

NEW YORK, April 33, 1903.

I was glad to have a word from you, and from so near the grounds we are attempting to improve. I don't know when I shall get to the lake — not until in June, I fear. The doctor does not want me to go out before he does. My unfortunate experience last Summer makes him cautious about trusting me. I really want to be out there now. I want to see the budding of the shrubs and trees. . . . We shall not be able to make as many changes on the place

this season. The old barn has been taken down, I hear. I fear, however, that I shall miss it. I like old barns, and that was a landmark. . . . I am grateful that you go to the lake so early. I like to think that you are there, and how glad we shall be to see you. You and your husband augment the interest of our place wonderfully. I think you aided not a little in deciding us to purchase it. The value of any place is enhanced by the right kind of neighbors.

(II)

TO MRS. SHUTTER

LOAFDEN, July 10, 1903.

We arrived Wednesday morning, of this week. Mr. Underwood sent us in his private car; this made our trip comparatively more of a pleasure than a fatigue. . . . We are already quite settled in our own little, toy cottage. It is so associated with you and yours, I have thought of you constantly, and thought I would send you, this morning, a few hurried lines, to let you know we are here. Things seem quite natural, only it is strange not to go, as usual, to the Northups. . . . Mrs. Northup had our house in readiness. We have a bathroom put in, and things seem comfortable. I slept well, last night, and already feel the good effects of the out-door air. Dickey will be over with his men in a day or two. You and yours will, of course, visit us soon. It will seem so good and natural to see you here. What a storm yesterday morning! The West beats all, even in thunder and lightning. The wind threatened to blow us into the lake. It did blow over some of my trees. The Peavey house is not open! Much to our regret. To have Highcroft closed saddens the whole locality. And poor Mrs. Peavey is ill! I wrote her yesterday. . . . I am anxious to see the changes you are making in the church.

(III)

TO MISS CLEVELAND

LOAFDEN, July 26, 1903.

The coming of your letter made my sunny yesterday still sunnier. It was good of you to think of us and write to me. . . . We are settled in housekeeping and getting on nicely. . . . I keep out in the open air as much as possible, and am slowly gaining strength. . . . It is not easy for me to write, and yet I write more easily than I talk. My articulation is poor, hardly understandable to strangers. I send a heart-full of love and good wishes to you all. To-morrow is my seventy-ninth birthday. I do not celebrate it in any way. Seventy-nine! an old man! and yet I do not feel so old. My life is near its end — my earthly life. I have, notwithstanding my sorrows, and some of them deep, enjoyed my life. I have been greatly blessed all my days. Dear, infinite Father! how good and how gracious and how merciful He has been to me! I wish I had served Him better I have tried to do my duty.

(IV)

TO MISS CLEVELAND

LOAFDEN, October 4, 1903.

It has been a strange Summer in respect to weather, hardly any Summer at all, more like Autumn or Winter; rainy, cold, and disagreeable. Yet, I have, of course, enjoyed it. I have lived out of doors and taken great pleasure in watching the men at work, and in giving occasional directions. I think we have improved the place somewhat. Among other things, has been constructed a water-garden, a garden for growing pond-lilies, native and foreign, and other aquatic plants. The garden, beautiful as it is, I shall plant with lilies next Spring — if I live.

THE LAST LETTER

The writer and Mrs. Shutter attended the National Convention at Washington, October, 1903, and upon their way home, stopped in New York and spent a day with Dr. Tuttle. He was in the happiest of moods. They talked with him of the Convention just closed and of the next one — to be held with the Church of the Redeemer. He took them driving in the park, and, afterwards, he accompanied them to the station. As the cab turned about to carry him back, he waved his hand, and smiled through his tears. It was their last look! Some days later came this letter — the last — which the recipients prize above the power of words to express.¹ They prize it for the affection it breathes, and for the picture it contains, drawn by his own hand, of his very last days. There he is — still full of interest in life, in nature, in literature — and standing upon the threshold of new temples of knowledge.

¹ It was for some time a matter of doubt with the author, whether to publish this letter or withhold it. It seems almost too sacred to be given to other eyes than those for which it was written. But, on the other hand, it was Dr. Tuttle's final word and message concerning the church, its pastor and his wife, and concerning himself. It showed his satisfaction, upon looking back, with the course of events in the church he loved. It breathed his benediction. So, eliminating the passages too entirely and sacredly personal, the author gives the letter to his readers.

MY DEAR MRS. SHUTTER: I was more than glad to receive your letter. Your too short call made us very happy. It was a bright day, and your coming made it brighter. We see things through ourselves, and I was so happy within that day that all without was beautiful. I don't know when I have enjoyed a day more. When I had parted from you and the doctor at the station, it seemed as though the sun had gone suddenly under a cloud. A feeling of loneliness settled over me as I was riding home. I wondered to myself that I did not urge you *more* to remain another day. My joy at your coming, and regret at your going, was a demonstration of the deep regard and love I have for you and the doctor. You have both grown deeper and deeper in my heart each year. How lucky for our Church of the Redeemer, and all that belongs to it, that Dr. Shutter came to us. It was the making of us. In selecting him for our pastor, we wrought better than we knew. I hope the benefit was mutual. . . .

I do want you both to know as well as you can, how I love you, and how much you are to me. My happiest days last Summer were those you spent with us. I wish you lived nearer so I could see you oftener, have more of you. Wish you could go and ride with me in the park to-day. Wasn't that a beautiful ride we had in the park? I shall not soon forget it, it shines like a flame of joy in my memory. Speaking of the park — I want to tell you a scheme I have worked up relating to it — did I tell you? I think not. Well, perhaps you remember that Mrs. Northup, on my birthday, gave me a book treating of trees, shrubs, and vines — the exact flora found in the park. The author is a Mr. Parkhurst, living in Englewood, N. J. At my request, he is coming up these fine days, and pointing out to me, in the park, the objects there, he so eloquently describes in his work. Of course, I knew the common

folk dwelling in the park, but I wanted to be introduced to the "élite," the "four hundred," from which my plebeian ignorance excludes me. He, Mr. Parkhurst, rambles with me — think of it! about the park, pointing out the distinguished individuals. This gives me out-of-door exercise, health, and knowledge. It makes the park *immensely* more interesting to me. Yesterday, in our walks about the majestic grove, Mr. Parkhurst showed me a *Cedar of Lebanon*, whose ancestors may have served as beams and pillars in Solomon's Temple! The sight of it filled me with strange sensations; and he showed a *Paulownia*, which, I imagine, is deemed among its floral fellows as a *Gladstone*, tall, grand, imperial in appearance.

On looking back over this letter, I am frightened at the chirography displayed. The truth is, my illness unharassed my physical forces, and mental ones too, more or less, and turned them loose in a field of lawlessness, and I have not since been able to catch and halter them, and lead them back into obedient service. I generally get on better with my pen than with my tongue, but in this instance the former has limped, and wobbled almost as badly. I think it is tired — it hurried too much. Mr. Parkhurst comes again, next Monday, and we take another walk in the wondrous groves. He has written a work on *The Birds of the Park* also. He is to bring that for me. Besides my plunge into botany, I am taking up the study of Italian. Think of it! It is said that Cato learned Greek when he was eighty. Ought I not then to learn Italian at seventy-nine? I am, too, refreshing my memories of Florence through *Romola*, the book which you gave me years ago; masterful, or mistressful, work! The weather continues fine! a gloriously, perfect, Indian Summer! The torches which Autumn lighted in tree and shrub, are growing dimmer, of course, but the skies are clear, placid, and

the atmosphere inviting. I am thankful for the love the dear friends sent by you to me. I send my love in return to all who ask after me. By-the-by, I have a photograph of you and the doctor taken at Washington by our boy, William Taylor. I had also a Lewiston paper containing an elaborate interview with him, on his Washington experience, the General Convention and reception by the President. Quite interesting! I think our boy is getting on finely. He sent pictures of his new church. I am glad the Convention is to meet in Minneapolis next time. Shall I live and have strength to be there? So I hope and pray. You can imagine just where I am sitting and writing this letter. You can see my inspiring surroundings. Dr. Shutter is looking down over my shoulder. I lift my eyes, and lo! there is Mr. Washburn, Mr. Lowry, and other faces I love to look upon. Quite a number of Church of the Redeemer people peer down lovingly from the walls. I will stop. My love to the doctor, and keep a heart-full for your own dear self.

• • • Affectionately,

J. H. TUTTLE.

“ The hour draws near, howe’er delayed and late,
When at the Eternal Gate,
We leave the words and works we call our own,
And lift void hands alone
For love to fill. Our nakedness of soul
Brings to that Gate no toll;
Giftless we come to Him who all things gives,
And live because He lives.” ¹

¹ Whittier to Oliver Wendell Holmes, on his eightieth birthday.





VIEWS AT LOAFDEN.

CHAPTER XV

BEYOND THE GATES

Last Illness and Death of Dr. Tuttle — The News in Minneapolis — Remains brought from New York to Minneapolis for Burial — Funeral Services in the Church of the Redeemer — Interment at Lakewood — "Nothing pays but Goodness."

THUS the busy, shortening days flew by, till at last there came a morning, early in December, when Dr. Tuttle could not visit his beloved trees. He seemed to have an attack of "grippe." Nothing was thought of it at first, as he had suffered such attacks before and had readily recovered. By the 6th, however, his son became convinced that it was much more serious than at first supposed, and expressed to the writer his apprehensions in the following letter:

Father's condition seems to me to be much more serious to-day than it was when I wrote you yesterday, and I have grave fears as to the outcome. I have just telegraphed to Mr. and Mrs. Northup, asking them to come on at once, if they can do so, and I feel sure they will want to come if possible. All of father's symptoms are more pronounced to-day, and there are several new ones of ominous significance, showing great loss of strength and vitality. It is very difficult to give him any nourishment, and the hiccough keeps up steadily. It hardly seems possible to me that he

can fight through this battle successfully, as he did before. It is evidently a sort of "grippe" of very severe character, and it is a grave malady for one of his years and feebleness.

To the complete surprise of everyone, however, the patient rallied the very next day, and put to flight for the time the fears of his friends and attendants. Another letter from his son, dated at 5 P.M., December 7, is full of hope :

Almost a miracle has happened ! and my dear father, whose condition at this hour yesterday was practically hopeless, is now apparently so wonderfully improved as to make it seem as though he were out of any immediate danger and on the road to recovery. It is a repetition of what occurred a year ago, when we thought all hope gone. The change for the better began last night. He slept quietly nearly all night, and this morning there was a marvelous change and improvement in every way. He greeted me by saying, " I am so happy ; I could not go and leave you alone." His eyes were clear, and for the first time in days, we could understand what he wanted to say. The fever has gone. . . . Our hearts are full to overflowing with joy and thankfulness that he is to be spared again to us for a time, and I know that you and all who love him will share our feelings. Father asked to have his love sent to you all.

But the improvement was only apparent. He seems to have come back from the gathering shadows to leave one more message of love, and then he passed on to where

" Flows forever thro' Heaven's green expansions,
The river of God's peace."

Thus, on Tuesday, the 8th of December, 1903, departed the great and noble soul, whose work and influence these pages have so feebly depicted.

THE NEWS IN MINNEAPOLIS

The news was received with profound sorrow by his old friends in the city where he had lived and labored so long, and the press, in making the announcement, accompanied it with kind and sympathetic comment. The *Journal* said:—

The announcement of the death of Rev. Dr. J. H. Tuttle will bring sorrow to the hearts of many people in Minneapolis. Dr. Tuttle was one of the kindest, gentlest, and most sympathetic of men. His long life in this community, as pastor of the Church of the Redeemer, was a daily benediction on all with whom he came in contact. Charitable, sympathetic, and large-hearted, he won the love and respect of all, and probably held the confidence and shared the heart-aches of more men and women than any man who ever lived in this community.

The *Times* editorial contained the following:

Wonderfully beneficent was the influence he exerted during the period of his ministry here, for he was dear to his people because he was near to them, ever ready with comfort in times of trouble, and with encouragement when a kindly word would do the most good. He lived a witness to the grand results of his labors and modestly to enjoy many sweet evidences of the appreciation of those to whom he had ministered.

The *Tribune* said: "Dr. Tuttle was prominent in all movements for the good of the city." Expressions of sympathy came from people identified with many other churches. Everyone felt that "a prince and a great man had fallen in Israel."

THE FUNERAL SERVICES

The body was brought from New York for burial, and carried to the Church of the Redeemer, where it lay in state before the altar. The services were held Saturday morning, December 12. There were many evidences of the sincere respect and reverent remembrance in which the man who had worked in this field for a quarter of a century, was held. All the churches of the city were represented in the crowded auditorium, and the baptismal font had been filled with Dr. Tuttle's favorite roses by members of the Tuttle Memorial Church. The casket, as well as the Bible, were covered with flowers and floral emblems.

The services were in charge of the writer, who offered the prayer and made the address. Prof. Emil Oberhoffer played Guilman's funeral march, and the choir of the church sang, "Lead, Kindly Light." After the reading of the Scriptures, the choir sang, "One Sweetly Solemn Thought." At the close, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was sung by the choir and congregation, and Chopin's fune-

ral march was played as the casket was carried out.

The active pall-bearers were George W. Porter, Charles J. Martin, John Washburn, W. H. Lee, A. T. Rand, John Atwater, Morris Hallowell, and Preston King. The honorary pall-bearers were the trustees of the church,—Hon. W. D. Washburn, Judge M. B. Koon, Clinton Morrison, E. W. Herrick, and Thomas Lowry. Mr. George H. Partridge was absent from the city, and Mr. W. G. Northup sat with the mourners. Dr. George Montgomery Tuttle, the sole survivor of the immediate family, was present. The only other relative present was George Tuttle of New York, a grandson, who was accompanied by his mother, Mrs. Howard Mansfield.

PRAYER

Our Father in heaven, to whom shall we go but to Thee, with this great sorrow? Thou hast the words of eternal life. Thou art the source of all our help.

In such an hour, it seems as if every prop were broken, as if every foundation had crumbled: but Thy life and Thy love, the everlasting arms, are underneath. Thou remainest. Thou art the one fixed fact amid these shifting scenes. The children of men emerge from the shadow, toil their brief day in the sun, and then disappear from our sight, back into the shadow; but from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

Be with us in this bereavement. The family, the

church, the community, are stricken. He whom we loved and revered — our father, our pastor, our friend — has gone. How empty life seems, when such a presence has passed away! But we thank Thee, O God, that he has lived. We thank Thee for his life, so lofty in its purpose, so noble in its aspirations, so broad in its sympathies, a life that was saying to us every day, "The pure in heart shall see God."

We thank Thee for his gentle influence. Whatever men may doubt in the parchments, whatever they may reject in the creeds, who can question Thy goodness, when it stands revealed in such a character? Who can doubt the ocean of Thy love when its waves beat upon these shores of time in lives like his? In such epistles hast Thou written Thine everlasting gospel, that all may read and believe.

What multitudes are thanking Thee to-day, O God, for the inspiration he gave them to the loftiest manhood and womanhood! What multitudes remember and bless him for the consolation he spoke to them, as the very prophet of God! How many whose faith he quickened have crossed the dark stream in the strength of his message, and have already welcomed him, with songs and rejoicings, to the eternal shores!

For this sorrow of ours, O Father, is not hopeless and despairing. We sorrow, indeed, but not as those who see nothing beyond. We sorrow as those who came to the sepulcher seeking their Lord, and found it blossoming with angels, who said, "He is not here, but is risen." So come we to the tomb to-day. He whom we loved is not here, but is risen, risen to honor and glory and immortality, risen to the presence of Him who broke the gates of death, and let the angels through into every grave!

May we never forget him! May his influence live on

in every heart! May his spirit still hallow the walls of this temple he loved! May the work he began go on in triumph! May all who love this church take fresh consecration before the casket that holds his precious dust, and pledge anew devotion to the cause that was his and to the God whom he served!

Bless us and comfort us all. So guide us that we may see aright Thy loving purpose. Then, at last, shalt Thou give us a song for every sigh; then every tear shall catch the rainbow, and every thorn shall bear its rose.

And Thy name shall have the praise forever. Amen.

ADDRESS

How strange this all seems! — that there should be a sorrow without Dr. Tuttle to console; that there should be a bereavement without him to sustain us. I do not think that any one of us quite realizes just what has happened. For while our pastor, beloved and venerated, could not be with us much in our gatherings during these latter years, there was a satisfaction in knowing that, whether in his new home in the great city, or among old friends and neighbors at the lake, he was not very far away. We could sometimes look upon his benign face, and catch glimpses of the beatific vision; we could touch his hand; we could still go to him in trouble; we could read his messages of comfort when the world went wrong with us; we could share his joy when the church was prosperous, and all was well. And so

in a thousand ways we felt his constant presence and interest. He was still and ever a part of us. He might have said with St. Hildegarde, "I put myself into your soul;" and there are many of us who could exclaim with Tennyson, —

" Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho' left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine."

And now the gentle shepherd of Israel has departed. We bring his body back to-day to this altar where he used to worship; before the pulpit from which he used to speak the word that inspired, the precept that guided; to tell of the love that encircled this sad world in its pitying arms, the hope that set the star of victory over every grave. And here amid the scenes he loved, lighted by the pictured windows on which he delighted to gaze, and where the sculptured angel, his own gift to the church, now offers him a tribute of roses, — he lies to-day in the solemn majesty of death.

What memories throng this sacred hour! The past is alive. The story of those years in which he wrought, from small beginnings up to great results, writes itself anew in lines of living light upon the memory. We see the humble hall in which his work began. We mingle with that first

handful of devoted believers in the love divine that conquers sin at last in every soul, and throughout the universe. We see, anon, the modest meeting-house that rose for the gathering congregation; and then this stately temple of the triumphant years. We mark the toils and struggles and sacrifices of that heroic company, and of the Christ-like man who led them on. "They labored, and we have entered into their labors." We see him doing battle for his faith against the prejudices and hostile opinions that assailed him; but in so sweet and beautiful a spirit that he conquered the bitterest foe of his theology by his love, and won the heart even when the intellect halted. By the beauty of his character and the breadth of his sympathy, which embraced all creeds and classes, he silenced at last the clamors of opposition, and made the old fields of controversy blossom with flowers of friendship. His motto was, "In Christ there is neither Greek nor Jew, barbarian, Scythian, bond nor free, but Christ is all in all." And he lived to see the truth, for which he stood in his youth and manhood, permeating, in his age, the thought of Christendom.

Of those who wrought with Dr. Tuttle through those years of struggle, some remain unto this day, but many have fallen asleep. There is an invisible background to this great congregation, where those who have entered the diviner life have

gathered as to a triumph, while we stand with bowed head and falling tears. The Prays, the Kings, the Morrisons, the Cornells, the Chowens, the Crosbys, the Gilsons, the Eastmans, and multitudes of others, his tried and true fellow workmen, bid him welcome to-day, while we falter our farewells. When the twilight fell upon him here, they thronged to meet him at the gates of morning!

Over yonder and lingering here, there are multitudes who thank God for Dr. Tuttle. He has been to them inspiration and purpose; he has taught them the meaning of life; he has given them glimpses of heaven. It was worth while to have lived such a life. I have turned and turned again the pages of his book; I have read and re-read those sermons of such breadth and sweetness and heavenly aspiration he has left us; but oh, the sermon he is preaching us to-day! — the sermon that comes with the solemn emphasis of death! He is teaching us what a true life means. He is teaching us the real and eternal values. To all who gather here to-day, at least for this brief hour, the glamor of the quest for gold is gone; the fever is stayed; the struggle is hushed. Who asks or cares to-day whether Dr. Tuttle was rich or poor? Who cares whether he left anything behind or not? He has left a spotless name; he has taught us that the best thing in life is love. It was what he wanted most; it was what he gave

most freely. He has taught us the value of faith in God and in the life eternal. By this faith and in this love, he lived and worked. Is there anything else, O friends and brethren, that is worth our supreme thought and effort? All the work of our hand shall perish; the iron will melt and the granite will crumble. Only faith, hope, and love abide; and the greatest of these is love! And this is the lesson of his life!

And then, dear heart, when the days of physical weakness came, and a spell fell upon his active powers, he felt sometimes that his usefulness was ended. But out of his very weakness he made us strong. For he did not give up and lie down to abandon the struggle. He accepted the challenge of disease, and, turning to new pursuits, bade the sun and moon stand still, and lengthened the day of his life when the shadows threatened to fall. And down to the very last, he found new and enlarging interests, and was knocking at gates of knowledge yet to open. I never knew a man who had a stronger hold upon both worlds. He loved the beautiful in nature and in art; the high and noble things in literature; the friendships in which he had his very being; and all the time he had a faith that entered within the veil, and took hold on things invisible. And he himself was the best proof of immortality—the brain that persisted in its work, the heart

that loved, the soul that made melody despite the broken instrument!

Of what he has been to me during these years of our association, I dare not trust myself to speak. The fullest heart makes sometimes feeblest utterance. I do not hope in this world to look upon his like again. And if I never see him in that fairer land which he has entered, it will be because he will be so near the central glory and I so far away, that he will be swallowed up in excess of light.

And now we lay him to rest in that beautiful spot he selected and helped to dedicate as the city of the dead. His tomb will overlook the lakes he loved. There by the side of the wife of his youth who fell asleep beyond the sea; by the son who was long the strong staff upon which he leaned, he will rest through drifting snows and blooming springtimes, while nature renews from year to year the marvel of death and resurrection.

And yet he is not there, and those he loved are not there. They are risen — risen to a glad reunion, risen to a life of companionship, unhindered, immortal, "beyond this realm of broken ties."

"NOTHING PAYS BUT GOODNESS"

Rev. Henry B. Taylor, of St. Paul, wrote to the *Leader*: "On the severest Saturday of the Winter

occurred the funeral of Dr. Tuttle. Who that was present will forget the occasion? Great sorrow there was at the thought, we are not to see him here again; but, too, a kind of solemn joy that such a man had lived, and, through the influence of his full life, would live on, even here, blessing generations yet unborn. 'Ah,' said one to another, as we heard the last note of victory in the funeral march, 'NOTHING PAYS AT LAST BUT GOODNESS.'"

A PRAYER

(Written for Dr. George Montgomery Tuttle)

To those from earth ways lately passed,
Thy Infinite is strange and vast;
O, with the tenderness Thou hast,
Guide him now gently at the last.
God of the old, grant this, I pray,
Lead him a little lest he stray;
For he, upon Thy service bent,
Is weary grown and weak and spent.
Show him Thy glories, one by one,
Thy kingdom in his life begun;
Since he is frail and old, give space
Lest he be blinded by Thy face.
Idle my strength which shielded him,
Empty my heart, with memories dim;
Lonely my hands that serve no more.
I would not call him from that shore,
Where stains and feebleness of earth
Are lost in glorious heaven birth; —

I only ask, when strong and free
He faces toward eternity,
In worship, praise, and love for Thee,
He sometimes shall remember me.

ALICE K. FALLOWS.

NEW YORK, *December 8.*





CHURCH OF THE REDEEMER,
with additions of 1903.

CHAPTER XVI

"THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER"

Kingship of Character — Firm Religious Faith — Broad Sympathies — Loyalty to his Church — Progressive Spirit — Conclusion.

THE story is now told. The earthly career of Dr. Tuttle is ended. His form rests in his beloved Lakewood. The story is now told; and, whatever the defects in the telling, it is hoped that the story itself may be to many an inspiration and help. "Our comfort is," to use the words of Carlyle, "that great men taken up in any way are profitable company. We cannot look, however imperfectly, upon a great man, without gaining something by him. He is the living light-fountain which it is good and pleasant to be near." Surely, such a light-fountain was the man to whose life and work these pages are devoted. Everyone felt that "it was good to be near him;" and now, while "he rests from his labors," his "works do follow him." His influence abides. The story is told, but it remains — even at the risk of possible repetition — to set forth its lessons in the clearest light. He was a successful preacher, he was a builder of churches, advancing

to the very front of his profession; but he was more. What was behind all this? What won him the attention of crowded auditories? What drew men to him and made them willing to build temples at his suggestion? The answers to these questions have been given in fragments, from time to time, as the narrative has run on; but it is important so to state them that they shall be the last things to meet the eye of the reader, and the ones that shall linger longest in his memory.

THE KINGSHIP OF CHARACTER

The first thing that impressed one in Dr. Tuttle was his genuine manhood. "Among the many good and wise men I have known," says a life-long friend, "I do not hesitate to place Dr. J. H. Tuttle in the front rank and almost, if not quite, in the first place."

"To me," says Rev. L. D. Boynton, "he was a great preacher. In his pulpit efforts he may not have measured up to the arbitrary standards of homiletics. In point of literary attainment, profundity of thought and forensic ability, others may, and probably have, excelled him. But if to gain and hold the ear, and impress and win the heart of an audience, is the test of supremacy in preaching, then Dr. Tuttle was a great preacher. I have never known an audience that did not listen when

he spoke, nor have I ever known of any person who was not impressed by what he said. He never fell below an occasion. His choice of themes and method of treatment were always so finely adapted to the hour and the place."

But whatever Dr. Tuttle may have been as a preacher or organizer, he was pre-eminently a great moral and spiritual force. He himself was the power. People felt that, however good and great the sermon, the man himself was greater and better; that his moral qualities were more effective than any church machinery he might handle. When he spoke of goodness, he was not merely describing it; he was giving a personal experience. When he preached about love and sympathy and righteousness, people felt that he was the living sermon. When he spoke of God as our Father, they knew it was no message from the past he was imparting in worn-out phrases; they believed that to him the Fatherhood of God was a precious and perpetual fact. If those lips, now speechless forever, could break their marble silence to-day, they would admonish the preachers of the gospel everywhere to live the truth, if they would proclaim it with power. The words of Isaiah or Paul, or Jesus himself, are empty and meaningless — they are but sounding brass and clanging cymbals — unless they are recharged, whenever they are uttered, with the life and spirit of Isaiah and Paul and Jesus.

When the writer came to Minneapolis, he found that all people spoke well of Dr. Tuttle. He was universally respected and honored. There were men in the city who had done great things; who had laid the foundations of vast business enterprises; who, for that time, had built large fortunes; but none had more influence, in many ways—certainly upon the city's best life—than he. There were those who opposed his creed; and, indeed, there were some who thought he was doing great harm to the souls of men, because he was so good. They regretted that so dangerous a heresy as God's final triumph should have so exalted an expounder. There was "a kind of halo of goodness about him, a benignity in his expression," which impressed even the children. A little girl of the Sunday school asked her mother, "What does God look like?" The mother could not answer. The child, however, went on thinking the matter over, all by herself, until one day she came with a smile and exclaimed, "I know now what God looks like; he must look like Dr. Tuttle!"

HIS FIRM RELIGIOUS FAITH

Here was a man who believed something, and whose belief took hold of him. It was no mere speculation; it shaped his life. "As I see it," says Dr. Atwood, "in the light of a golden mem-

ory to-day, the forces organized in Dr. Tuttle, and acting on the life around him, were unfailing faith in a good God, in a sane universe, in the supremacy of right, in the unbreakable unity of mankind, in love as the key to every soul, and in the final victory of good. To Dr. Tuttle these were not abstract propositions, — theories about religion. They were great, blessed, beautiful realities. He no more thought of denying them or of ignoring them in daily life, than of refusing the air or the sunlight. They were to him equally palpable and practical, and alike indispensable. Here, I think, is the secret of that unusual quality in this man which distinguished him from other men. He was not in professional or theoretical alliance with God, but in actual, daily, unbroken co-partnership with the Father.”

While his own faith was fixed as are the mountains round about Jerusalem, he always had a tender side and a good word for those who doubted. Who that heard the remarkable sermon he preached from the text, “Lord, I believe; help thou mine unbelief!” will ever forget this passage: “Even our Saviour, on a certain occasion, cried, ‘My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?’ These words have always seemed mysterious to me, and once in my life painfully so. And yet at times I have gathered comfort from them. For if he who was our perfect example; if he whose

faith overtopped all other faith that has ever been in the world; if he even for a moment felt that the ground was giving way under his feet, and that his Father's face was receding from him,—why may not we, in our smaller agonies, dare to show a shrinking trust, a faltering prayer?" Upon one occasion after the writer himself had preached, a young man came to him and asked, "Do you receive members into your church on the basis of that discourse, love to God, and love to man?" The reply was, "Certainly; that is exactly what we do. We have no right to require anything else." When this incident was related to Dr. Tuttle, he heartily approved the answer. Then he added, in his characteristic way: "I would receive into the church any one who believed in the second of those commandments, even if he were not certain of the first; and I should trust him to find his way sometime to the first through the second."

HIS BROAD SYMPATHIES

Dr. Tuttle's theology would have been called conservative in the days when the foolish controversy between radicalism and conservatism was on; but he could see the good in all men, no matter how widely they differed with his opinions. On one occasion, mention was made of a very brilliant clergyman and a man of high character,

whom Dr. Tuttle greatly admired, but whose views he deprecated. He closed the conversation by saying, "Brother S — says some things that I wish he would not say; but I would like to be as good a Christian as he."

This sympathy for everything that was good and noble made him prominent in all the benevolent work of the city. He was constantly called upon from the outside, for his counsel and help. It was because he was not narrow and sectarian. He belonged to everybody. A letter that came to the writer after Dr. Tuttle's death, from one of the most prominent Presbyterians in the city, says: "I stop this morning to remind you that I am one of the bereaved. . . . Goodness is a divine attribute, and Dr. Tuttle possessed it in a remarkable degree. It was the goodness of the man that drew me to him, and I shall always hold his memory in affectionate remembrance." "When people needed him," to quote once more from Dr. Atwood, "no matter who they were, or what they had done, or what had happened, he went to them full of loving comfort and wise counsel. I chanced to be in Minneapolis when a young man was awaiting trial for a particularly atrocious murder. He was affecting 'Dare Devil Dick,' and regaling the reporters with dissertations pitched in a low key of depravity. Alluding to the case, Dr. Tuttle said, 'I

must go and see his poor mother, and I must go and see *him*. They belong to us. The family formerly attended our church. I remember that boy when he was fair and full of promise. Brother Atwood,' said he, turning suddenly as he spoke, 'that young man might just as well be where your son is, in the Christian pulpit, as to be in a felon's cell, if he had been trained as he should have been.'"

LOYALTY TO HIS CHURCH

With all his outreaching sympathies, with all his interest in the good work going on outside, he was loyal to his denomination, as these pages have shown; and always devoted, first and foremost, to the Church of the Redeemer. Here the great work of his life had been done. This church was his pride and glory. "Above his chief joy, he remembered this Zion." Whenever he builded elsewhere, he felt that he stood upon the vantage-ground afforded by the Church of the Redeemer. Never, even in his deepest affliction, when helpless under the blow that smote him, did the welfare and prosperity of that church cease to lie upon his loving heart. On Easter Day, 1903, a telegram was sent to him, conveying the good wishes of the congregation and notifying him of a large accession to the church. Immediately, he penned this reply:

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DEAR DR. SHUTTER: Your telegram came into my hand this morning. I was, as you can easily imagine, and as you knew I would be, exceedingly *delighted!*—delighted at the greeting from the congregation, at the glorious news that so many had joined the church, and that you were so thoughtful and kind as to send the telegram. I was thrilled through and through with joy. It must have been a happy day to you,—to you all. Never before did so many join at one time. The greatest number at one service joined at the time you came into the church. I congratulate you and the church. . . . How I wish I could have been there, and shared the grand occasion with you! One of the days among the great number to be remembered in the Church of the Redeemer. It must have been a “red letter” day.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRIT

Dr. Tuttle was always kept fully advised of the work of the church, especially of the new lines of activity undertaken. He heard from many sources of what was being done. He was in perfect sympathy with every practical departure from traditional lines. No one more fully and intelligently grasped the trend of the modern world, or approved more heartily of the re-adjustments going on in the churches to adapt themselves to new conditions. He realized that Minneapolis was no longer a village, and that village methods had ceased to apply in churches belonging to a metropolis that dominated the empire of the Northwest. Had his active life been prolonged

another decade, he would have thrown himself, with all the old-time ardor and enthusiasm of his nature, into what, for want of a better name, is called "institutional work;" but which, in reality, is simply the old-fashioned gospel of brotherhood and love applying itself to the problems of the time. He wrote to the author (June 9, 1901), "You have been working hard, and with grand results. I think the idea of a Summer training-school,¹ which Mrs. Shutter and you have succeeded in securing, is a good thing. How much more church work means, in these days, than it used to! Religion is coming to mean a life rather than a dogma,—a doing something rather than a believing something."

Holding such sentiments in regard to the work of a church, it was with profound satisfaction that Dr. Tuttle heard (early in 1903) of the proposition to make such changes in the building as would make possible more and better up-to-date

¹ Dr. Tuttle refers here to the public playgrounds and vacation schools in which the pastor and his wife were actively interested from the beginning, but which had no connection with the church other than the personal work and contributions of certain of its members. A sketch of the history of this movement is given in the "Report for 1903." It began with playgrounds, and gradually added one feature after another, until 1901, through the efforts of Mrs. Shutter, in the Mother's Club of Unity House, a contribution was given which added the vacation schools to the playgrounds. It was this fact which Dr. Tuttle had in mind.

work in the Church of the Redeemer. He writes: "I shall be interested in seeing the changes you are making in the church building." June 8, 1903, he goes into the subject more fully:

DEAR DR. SHUTTER: The news in your last letter interested and pleased and surprised me not a little. I have long felt that such large and expensive churches as the Church of the Redeemer should not be shut up so much of the time. Things there have been tending towards a larger work. *The beginning of the larger dispensation was your Settlement work,*¹ I think. That showed you the great good the church was capable of. You have been growing into the idea as well as into the power of an Every Day Church. . . . I am glad the church is branching out in its undertakings. It is astonishing how much missionary work of one kind and another some of the churches in this city are doing. I brought home, yesterday, a program of work from Dr. Mackey's church, which I will send you. It may interest you to look it over. That is a grand thing for Mr. Lowry and Mr. Morrison to do. There is great wealth in our church, and it should be utilized in behalf of our cause, more than it has been. I suppose I will hardly know the church when I see it. I am glad your assistant proves so satisfactory. I

¹ Unity House, founded in 1897. The history of this work is now being written.

had a line from Dr. Bisbee. . . . He was much pleased with the outlook of our cause in the Northwest, in Minneapolis particularly.

CONCLUSION

Such was JAMES HARVEY TUTTLE in his work, his character, his faith, his sympathy, his loyalty to his church, and his progressive spirit. The story of his career is the story of a Christian minister, and of what may be accomplished in that high calling. Was it worth while? The young men of to-day, — so many of them, — are turning their attention to enterprises where financial rewards may be won. The life of Dr. Tuttle was a standing protest against the materialism of this age, — whether it appears in philosophy or in business. Does not the career of such a man teach us that there is still a place for the highest talents and the most complete furnishing, in the Christian pulpit and in the leadership and organization of the forces that make for righteousness? Can any calling be superior to that which is charged with keeping high the aims and ideals of mankind, and supplying moral incentive and inspiration? Is there any work on earth more important than that which applies the principles of religion to all human relationships and interests, and seeks to answer the prayer of the Master, "Thy Kingdom come; Thy

Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven"? Can anything be more blessed than to administer the consolations of God to the weary, the discouraged, the bereaved? When all has been said and done, this world is not a finality; nothing is final but the character we form. Is it not worth while for young men to consecrate their lives and energies to something that will last after the iron has rusted and the granite crumbled? And may we not hope that the tide which is bearing so many out to other destinies, will some day return? May we not look for a revival of zeal in the greatest work that can appeal to the spirit of sacrifice and service? Triumphant above all the victories of time must be the experience that can voice itself — as could the experience of Dr. Tuttle — in the serene words of the Apostle: "*I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me the Crown of Righteousness, which the Lord, the Righteous Judge, shall give to me at that day: and not only to me, but also to all them that have loved His appearing.*"

APPENDIX

I

LETTER OF LICENSE

To all whom it may concern:

This certifies that Bro. James H. Tuttle has this day received the fellowship of the Mohawk River Association of Universalists as a preacher of the everlasting gospel of the grace of God, and is hereby recommended as such to the kindness and brotherly love of all believers in the Lord Jesus Christ, and societies and churches in the faith of the gospel wherever God in His providence shall open a door or call him to labor.

Done at the annual session of the Mohawk River Association of Universalists at Newport, this fifteenth day of June, A. D., 1843.

D. SKINNER, *Moderator.*

JOHN W. HICKS, *Standing Clerk.*

II

CERTIFICATE OF ORDINATION

RICHFIELD SPRINGS, N. Y., January 11, 1844.

This will certify that at an Ordaining Council held in this place, this day, on application of the Universalist Society in this village, and in accordance with the Report of the Committee of Fellowship and Ordina-

tion of the Ostego Association, it was resolved to ordain Bro. James H. Tuttle as a minister of the gospel, and he was accordingly ordained.

O. WHISTON, *Moderator of the Council.*

HENRY LYON, *Clerk.*

III

A PUPIL OF DR. SAWYER

(*From a Letter by Dr. Tuttle*)

I knew Dr. Sawyer forty-five years ago and more, was a student of his at the Clinton Liberal Institute, located then at Clinton, N.Y., now at Fort Plain. He was then in his prime, and acting in his double capacity of teacher and preacher, having charge of the Institute and of the Universalist Church in the village. Those whom he instructed in the class-room, he addressed from the pulpit on Sunday. He taught the theological students in one place how to become preachers, and, in the other, he taught them through his example how to preach. I was young, inexperienced, too far behind him in years and wisdom to be admitted into his close confidence, but I saw and learned enough of him to wish sincerely that I might some day, as nearly as possible, become just such a personage.

IV

LETTER FROM MRS. GEORGE W. MONTGOMERY

ROCHESTER, August 15, 1904.

Of his early history I am not able to give you any information. I only know that he was pastor of the

churches at Richfield Springs and at Fulton, N. Y., whence he came to Rochester. The Doctor (Montgomery) had met him at ministerial meetings, and when his health failed him, felt assured that he (Tuttle) was the man for Rochester. . . . His ability in the pulpit was strong and convincing; his pure life, his genial manners, won the hearts of the people. He gained such esteem and regard in the estimation of all who knew him, that they rendered him a friendship that will never die. Dr. Tuttle was my husband's closest and dearest friend; there was perfect harmony between them, which was continued unabated, and I have faith to think that it still continues.

V

DEDICATION OF LAKEWOOD CEMETERY

In July, 1871, after the subject of a new cemetery had, for some time, been under discussion, an informal meeting of citizens was held, at which a committee was appointed to make investigations and report. The committee reported in August to another meeting of citizens, called to effect an organization. The following trustees were elected: William S. King, H. G. Harrison, W. D. Washburn, George A. Brackett, D. Morrison, Dr. C. G. Goodrich, W. P. Westfall, Levi Butler, and R. J. Mendenhall. Dr. C. G. Goodrich was elected president; A. B. Barton, Superintendent and Secretary; and R. J. Mendenhall, Treasurer. The Committee of Investigation reported that, "after a thorough examination of the suburbs of the city,

they had selected one hundred and thirty acres of undulating land lying between Lakes Calhoun and Harriet." The report was accepted, and the Trustees were instructed to purchase the grounds. The land thus purchased was formally set apart for the uses of a cemetery, September 16, 1872. The address was delivered by Dr. Tuttle:

"We have gathered here to-day to dedicate these grounds to the purpose of a cemetery, to set apart this spot as a resting-place for our loved ones when death has called them away. And where is there a lovelier spot than this — one better fitted by nature for death's silent repose? . . . The name you have chosen for these grounds, Lakewood Cemetery, is not less beautiful nor less appropriate than Mount Auburn, Greenwood, Laurel Hill, Mount Hope. We have, as this title indicates, lake and wood, shade and water, both of which, while they gratify our æsthetic sense, are suggestive of peace and rest. The Saviour retired to the shady 'garden' and the 'still mountain' for prayer; the disciples, for a like purpose, went at 'evening' to the 'river's side'; you will come and lay your dead down in their graves on the shores of this lake, while the beauty and quiet always found here will subdue your grief and tranquilize your spirits."

VI

ADDRESS AT DEDICATION OF MILLERS' MONUMENT
(1885)

The disaster commemorated in the dedication of the Millers' Monument, occurred on Thursday evening, May 2, 1878. Shortly after 7.30, the city was startled by an explosion that shook every building for miles, and destroyed the heavy plate-glass windows in many business blocks. There was an ominous glare in the direction of the milling district. It was found that an explosion had taken place in the large Washburn Mill, followed by the destruction of the Humboldt, Diamond, and other mills near to it. A great conflagration raged all night and threatened all that section of the city. The explosion was caused by long accumulations of flour dust upon walls and machinery. Eighteen men lost their lives in the wreck. A monument to these dead workmen was erected in Lakewood, by the Head Millers' Association. The dedicatory address was delivered by Dr. Tuttle. Following are extracts from this address :

"The event your president has just described passes before us in painful vividness. Too well we remember the awful hour. Too well we recall the startling shock, the ominous roar and rumble, and then the second report as though a thunder-bolt had shot up from beneath us, splitting the air in twain ; the mighty shaking of the ground, the trembling of the houses, suggesting the gigantic throes of an earth-

quake; the rush of the people into the streets, with white fear in their faces and aching wonder in their hearts. . . . It was discovered, at last, that flour mills constructed after the manner of these, were hardly more safe than magazines of powder. . . . The fear led to investigation, investigation to invention, and invention, reaching finally the root of the evil, applied a successful remedy. And so, out of the calamity, as is often the case in this world, through the providence of God, a good was born. . . . You did not forget, and none of us here to-day should forget, that these men who died in their harness of work, and whose names you have inscribed on this stone, were laboring men, and were faithfully engaged when death found them, in useful, honest employment. From what more honorable positions could they have been taken? In what better attitude could they have ended their days, than that of honest toil? And among the many kinds of labor, which one is more useful, or more necessary, or more praiseworthy, than this particular one in which these men were engaged? . . . Christ taught us to pray for our daily bread; and might we not all properly add a prayer for him who has most perfectly learned the art of furnishing this food, who is every day hard at work in creating it? . . . An interesting incident occurred in the building of the present Washburn A. Mill, the mill occupying the site of the old one destroyed. Mr. C. C. Washburn, kindly remembering the unfortunate victims who fell in the ruins of the former structure, desiring to make some lasting expression of regard

and sympathy for them, to mark the new building with some distinct recognition of the honor due to their occupation, as well as to the general dignity of labor itself, caused these words of Thomas Carlyle to be inscribed on a marble slab and placed in plain view in one of the walls of the mill: 'Labor wide as the earth has its summit in heaven.' You have transcribed these words to this monument. . . . On one side of the monolith we observe the figure of a broken wheel. This symbol of broken lives, lives interrupted, broken down, cut off in some way, and before time and work have worn them out, suggests the many dangers we walk among, the alarming frequency of fatal accidents. What multitudes of lives are suddenly broken every year by one or another terrible casualty! And these casualties seem to multiply. As our civilization, our opportunities, our work, our achievements increase, our dangers increase. We seem obliged to offer our lives as a sacrifice to our advancing greatness and power. The invention of machinery invites the chances of being destroyed by it. The wheels of existence are so numerous, run so busily and so rapidly, what wonder is it if one breaks now and then? Our lives here are mortal, and hang on slender supports. But the broken wheel, while it may remind us of our present earthly conditions, need not be accepted as the final symbol of human being. The resurrection, and the future life, let us hope, will mend what is broken here and restore what is lost. Let us, then, select for ourselves another symbol here to-day; let this whole granite shaft, rising in its lofty

strength and pointing toward the skies, stand as the index of our Christian faith, which shows the high and glorious way those souls have gone, which left their broken bodies behind."

VII

REMARKS AT THE FUNERAL SERVICE OF THE RAND
AND COYKENDALL FAMILIES (1885)

If I had the choice of obeying my own feelings on this occasion, I should close my mouth and sit down with this family and with these friends, and mingle my tears with theirs. I feel so overpowered and cast down by what has happened, and by what I see before me, that my utterance may fail, and even my thoughts may leave me. Almost the fittest expression for such a time as this, is humble, reverent silence. What can we do more than bow our heads before our Heavenly Father in meekness, confessing our feebleness, our perplexities, and our sorrows, waiting for the help of God! Fortunately for you, and myself, it is not expected, nor is it desired, that I shall refer at all to the details of this indescribable calamity; that I should dwell upon it in any way or in any part. In the few words which I may have the strength to speak, I will only call your attention to some thoughts our religion suggests to us in such a trial as this, to some light which Christianity sends down to this, our terrible darkness. For surely, there is not much light and much explanation elsewhere. The problem remains unsolved, unless it is solved by Divine Revela-

tion; for, if we are left to our own wisdom, to human knowledge, and even to human science, we might still shrink from the contemplation of this subject. If we have nothing else to look forward to, we stand before this calamity with an agony as dumb as it is deep. But let us conceive, my friends, once this life is continued on into the future, that all death can do and does do, is to open the door of that future; all that death can do and does, is to break the chain which binds us to this world, and give us the greater freedom of eternity. Death is, after all, not death. If it is only a transition; if we do not really die after all, but only exchange worlds, from this world of sadness and trial, to one of sunshine and love; if death does not destroy the soul or its powers; if friends who separate here for a time, and for a short time only, are sure to meet again and to meet with their former love for each other, to dwell together forever — then surely, there is something to sustain us, there is something to comfort us. Let us remember the Divine Word says, "Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God, that He may exalt you in due time; casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you." As mysterious as all this seems, as dark and cruel as it may appear, let us believe that it is all under the eye and control of Divine Wisdom and Divine Love, and that God will order it all to a greater issue than we are now able to see. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." This is God's promise, and He will fulfill it. The clouds that are so thick and dark about us now, will break at last,

and we shall see the sunshine of God's smile once more. I never saw, I think, in all my acquaintance, a happier family than was this ; a more united family, one that brought more sunshine to each other and to all their friends. This house always seemed to me a home in the highest and truest sense. The love that reigned here was marked, and it was beautiful to behold ; and it seems to me that there is yet some comfort in the beautiful thought that husband and wife were not separated ; that they have some of their children with them, and that they have a home, if but part of one, in the higher and more beautiful life. The heads of this family had been heard to say, that when they left this world, they hoped to leave suddenly and together. They left it suddenly ; they left it together. Lovely and pleasant in their life, they are not divided in their death. One of the homes is complete on the other side. Let us believe that if they could speak to us to-day, all of them from their higher life and their more beautiful life, they would speak words of encouragement and cheer. If they were in our place, and we were in theirs, let us remember how cheerfully they would speak, what courage and faith they would have. They have passed their struggles. They are in that beautiful land where shadows come not, and farewells are not spoken.

VIII

LETTER TO THOMAS LOWRY

(Mr. Lowry had presented the church a portrait of Dr. Tuttle done by Powers, the St. Louis painter)

MINNEAPOLIS, November 17, 1885.

DEAR SIR: If the gift from you of my shadow to the Church of the Redeemer is considered, as it seems to be, a great favor to the church, it is certainly a great honor to me. It is, perhaps, indelicate for me to say anything about the matter, and yet I have felt every day since the affair occurred, that I wanted to thank you from my inmost heart. I was not at all surprised at your kindness and generosity, for they have become too common to surprise any of us, but I never imagined that you could think my face of enough consequence to be treated in this distinguished manner; that you could wish, when I had disappeared from the pulpit, to have my reflection seen on the walls. Well, I love every stone in that church; I love the people that worship there, as I never loved any other on the earth; and there is no place, I assure you, where I have more desire to be remembered. I cannot sufficiently thank you for the gracious favor you have thus shown to me and to my congregation.

Yours truly,

J. H. TUTTLE.

IX

SOME LETTERS OF CONGRATULATION ON DR. TUTTLE'S
TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

From President Cyrus Northrop, of the State University

AT SEA, NEAR LIVERPOOL, June 21, 1891.

I have received, since I came on board the vessel, a verbal invitation to be present at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of Dr. Tuttle's ministry in Minneapolis. It would give me the greatest delight to be present on that occasion, if circumstances permitted—as, I am sorry to say, they do not. I have already, on one or two occasions, shocked the modesty of the dear doctor, by publicly expressing my personal regard for him and my estimation of his worth. I will not do it again, but I beg you to convey to him my most hearty congratulations, on a day that must be full of precious and delightful memories to him, and to count me in the public assembly among those who heartily love him.

From Rev. A. A. Miner, D.D.

Dr. Tuttle is one of the men of whom our church has good reason to be proud. Noble in character, sound in the faith, diligent in his profession, and wise in his methods, he has impressed his Christian personality, not only upon the whole Northwest, but upon every section of our general church. His magnificent success in his own city is a fine incentive to all our young men for heroic planning, per-

sonal consecration, and assiduous toil. This closing portion of our century's work will be all the richer and all the more satisfactory for the large and healthful contributions he has made thereto. Please bear to him my warmest tribute and heartiest thanks for the great service he has rendered the kingdom of God in the world. Nor can I withhold my recognition of the generous and Christian manner in which the people of Minneapolis have seconded his every effort. I shall long remember the pleasant occasions I have enjoyed among them.

From Rev. J. S. Cantwell, D.D.

CHICAGO, July 9, 1891.

You do not need to be assured of my hearty interest in your anniversary. In common with our entire church, I rejoice at the completion of your twenty-fifth year of pastoral service with the Church of the Redeemer. It has been a ministry which has greatly honored our church, and yielded blessed results, not only for your own city, but for Universalism throughout the Northwest. The occasion of Sunday and Monday next will be memorable, and our whole church will take a special pride in the observance; for it celebrates the twenty-fifth anniversary of a pastorate which has made us all stronger, and given us, under God, much cause for devout gratitude and joy.

From Rev. Robert Collyer

NEW YORK, July 1, 1891.

I would love to be with you when you meet to hold that festival, and join with you all in your congratu-

lations. Brother Tuttle is my dear friend, and has been for a great many years. We never knew the day when we were not good comrades from the time when we first drew together in Chicago, and so it will be, I know, to the end of the story. And the church of which he has been the honored minister all these years, has shared the common blessing of his friendship and fellowship, as well as of his sincere and noble ministry. Dr. Bethune, of this city, used to say that he thought short pastorates were a merciful interposition of Providence in behalf of the congregations; but this has not been true of my beloved brother, and will not be true, if he should hold on as long as Dr. Gay, of Hingham, who preached from the text, "I am this day four-score and five years old," and then held on some years more, and was translated so that he should not see death, as the bell chimed for his service on a Sunday morning. I count it almost a misfortune that I cannot be with you. Why did you plant your radiant city so far away? But the best blessing I have to my name I send, and congratulations — with the prayer that I may see you some day, and say all to his face and yours, which is in my heart as I write.

From Rev. Thomas J. Sawyer, D.D.

I cannot forbear, among the flood of congratulations which will pour in upon you, to tell you how much I rejoice in you and your work, during this quarter of a century — and, indeed, your whole ministry now of nearly twice that time. It is now forty-five years, I

suppose, since we first met — you, a young man, just beginning life in the great world ; I with a dozen or fifteen years' advantage of you in experience, and more probably in age ; but we have both lived to witness great changes, not only in our personal history, but in our beloved church, and in all the churches of the country. For the eminent services you have rendered to the great cause to which both our lives have been devoted, I thank you. May God bless you, and long continue your life and usefulness!

*From Rev. F. O. Holman, D.D., First Methodist Church,
St. Paul*

ST. PAUL, July 7, 1891.

It has not been my fortune to know Dr. Tuttle personally, but the man who has retained the enthusiastic affection of his church and congregation for a quarter of a century, and who has so preached righteousness in the great congregation, and so lived it in public and private life that his name is honored by good men of all creeds and confessions — such a man belongs not alone to his friends and neighbors, but to all who have felt the benediction of his wide-spread influence. Hence, I, too, may claim the right to pay my tribute. In these days of conflicting creeds and many-colored views of truth, it is a delight to turn from human speculations and guesses at truth, and rest in the truth itself, as it is incarnated in a righteous life and a godly character. May Dr. Tuttle long live to enjoy the love and veneration of the church to which he has ministered and of the city which his residence has honored.

X

LETTER ON THE DEATH OF FATHER THROOP

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., March 23, 1894.

MY DEAR DR. CONGER: Your telegram bringing the sad and wholly unexpected news of Brother Throop's death is this moment received. What shall I say? I cannot express my sorrow. I mourn with you, with the family, with our church in Pasadena, with all the people in California, in Chicago, and elsewhere, who knew that good and noble man.

To know him was to love him. He was one of the best and truest of friends the world has ever had. He was one of my best and truest friends. Our acquaintance was very intimate, and it lasted more than thirty years. I have admired and loved few men, if any, more than he. I saw him in prosperity and in adversity, and he was always the same grand, loyal, upright man. Is it possible that I shall not on this earth look into his honest face again, nor feel the pressure of his warm, manly hand? But I must remember his strong, unwavering Christian faith, his solid belief in immortality, in a blessed reunion of all God's children in the world to come.

I must try to imitate his faith and say, God's will be done. Farewell, my dear brother. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labors, and their works do follow them." God bless and comfort you all. I can hardly resist going to Pasadena to-night. But I am not well . . . and it

seems almost impossible to leave. I feel as though I must be with you, and yet that I cannot. Love to all.

In haste, in sorrow, but truly, J. H. TUTTLE.

XI

LAKE MINNETONKA

(From a letter by Dr. Tuttle to the Universalist)

About a dozen miles west of Minneapolis, there is a handsome body of water, or a body of water handsomely set, called Minnetonka Lake. The name is Indian, and signifies Big Water. . . . Few lakes anywhere excel it in beauty. It is difficult to estimate its size, it is so irregular, has so many arms and bays, but it may be briefly described as being twenty miles in length, and from one to five miles in width. If one should undertake to measure its endlessly deviating shores with a rowboat, one would have a prodigious task on hand, and yet an agreeable task, if given leisure and strength for it, since the continual succession of charming views would more than compensate for the weariness encountered in such a voyage. Minnetonka has no resemblance to Lake George, nor to that paragon of small waters, Lake Como, in Italy. It lacks in ruggedness of outline. It has no mountain background, no high, bold cliffs hanging over it, no wild forest approaches. It has a few lovely islands and considerable wooded shores. Five points of land jut into it here and there. It has some quiet pools and secluded nooks. It is beautiful, very beautiful, but its beauty is of a soft, mild type.

XII

A LETTER TO MRS. HANNAH TAYLOR

JANUARY 23, 1902.

"The arrows of death have been flying thick in Minneapolis, recently. The old friends are passing rapidly away. I was shocked, more than shocked, at Mr. Peavey's and Harvey Brown's death. So we pass one by one—and to a better, happier world, I hope and believe."

XIII

FROM A LETTER TO REV. A. R. TILLINGHAST

NEW YORK, Oct. 26, 1903.

MY DEAR MR. TILLINGHAST: I was so nervous, excited, and wrought up, when I saw you, that I could not say what I wanted. The thought of the times I had in the Tuttle church, the years I worked for it, the anxieties I had for it one way or another, completely upset me. I hope you understand it all. It was very kind of you to come over and bring the key, and show me the church. I should have, and intended to have, thanked you for it. I did not look the church over as thoroughly as I should have liked, but I saw enough to be very much pleased with what you have done. It is certainly wonderfully improved by the cushions and the organ—especially the latter. It looks fine. You should all be congratulated. I am so grateful that Mrs. Kimball has taken such an interest in the church and done so much. She has

rendered inestimable aid. . . . Please remember me warmly to the dear friends in the church. . . . I hope and pray that your fine success with the church will continue. I heard good things of you and yours on all sides.

Sincerely yours,

J. H. TUTTLE



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